

Sunspot, Uncanny Valley

All circuits go and powered on,
Reconstructed from the pieces that were left into,
a convincing automaton,
a believable facsimile, a six million dollar masterpiece.

oooooh I'm so close,
you might not believe I'm a machine inside the ghost.

Machine,
Machine,
Forged from the wreckage of spare parts,
This tin man doesn't want a heart.
Machine.

Refurbished scrap without a soul,
unconstricted by the defect of attachment.
Programmed for perfect control,
To smile is upgrade, this kiss is manmade.

oooooh I'm so close,
you might not believe I'm a machine inside the ghost.

Machine,
Machine,
Forged from the wreckage of spare parts,
This tin man doesn't want a heart.
Machine.

In my nightmares, I'm still human,
I don't dream electric sheep,
In my nightmares, I'm still human,
this cyber core only skin-deep,
I welcome emptiness,
I will seek the void,
the uncanny valley,
separates the men from the droids.

oooooh I'm so close,
you might not believe I'm a machine inside the ghost.

Machine,
Machine,
Forged from the wreckage of spare parts,
this tin man doesn't want a heart.
Just like Data in reverse,
this sentience is only a curse.
Machine.