

Job For A Cowboy, Entombment Of A Machine

It bleeds! It breathes!

What stands before us, is not a machine
It breathes, it will bleed and it (will) dream!

(Scream)

Its body is covered in hundreds of wires
And a mouth that attempts to speak, it attempts to lie
Only murmurs, collapse from its jaws

And a world, a world without,
A world without you

But I rise, the dead will pride
It breathes, beyond this life,

So sleep, sleep among us, hesitate no more

En...tomb-men...of-a-ma...chine (entombment of a machine)
We kneel and we plead for no mourning ahead of us,
With only delayed movements, from its figure, we all begin to strain

Entombment of a machine
Entombment of a machine

What stands before us is not a machine
What stands before us is not a machine

My legs weaken at the site of this damaged program,
This program kept you breathing, it kept you alive
These circuits diffused once more

Its body is covered in hundreds of wires

Only murmurs collapse from its scream

Entombment of a machine

But I saw it die.
But I saw it die
But I saw It dead.
But I saw it die.
I saw it die
I watched it DIE!