

# Mechanical Poet, Handmade Essence

At candlelight  
I've left the Buried Town  
My father has no might  
To keep me down

Some foreign scents  
Infesting clammy shade  
Induce me to repent  
Of my gambade

[Chorus:]  
I'm not a creature - I'm a doll...  
...With cold synthetic heart  
I'm not a living thing at all...  
...You're just a "piece of art";  
I've got a gear instead of soul

Within a bulb I have a matter that can feel  
The bitter truth that strikes me with dismay  
Mechanic system, which supposed to be ideal  
I'm just an ugly brat of lab assay