Sufjan Stevens, Dear Mr. Supercomputer

Oh my God
I can't believe it
What went wrong?
The human race, in its place
Superstition man's religion
And conditioned mysteries incomplete
And the raven with its haven
Gods-in-graven
Girls and boys Illinois
Springfield with its freak and banter
Strike the cantor
God is dead, God is dead
Oh my God I can't believe it
What went wrong?
The human race, in its place
In religion, superstition
Man's conditoined mysterious incomplete
(Superman, Old machines
Kind as that, Energenes
Good as dead, Man-Machines
Computer, effigy
Sound the horn, make the bed
Pull the cord, raise the dead
In my car, on this street
On this earth, on this feet)
Take it for a patient man I caught it
Patient is the kind that gets you paid
Even if I had, man, I got it
Seems I never had it anyway
Sometimes it may seem your best intentions
Take off with a fever anyway
1-2-3-4-5-6-7 All computers go to heaven
If you think you got the vision,
Put it in the conversation
1-2-3-4-5-6-7 All computers go to heaven
If you think you got the vision,
Put it in the conversation
I rejoice in what I carry in my heart
it overwelms what a man
Great Emancipation plans,
and public transport, clap your hands, Abraham
Oh religion, superstition,
Man's conditioned mysteries incomplete
Oh the Raven with its haven
Gods-in-graven
All is dead, all is dead