

My robotic afterlife was tainted with rejection.
I'd gaze at my reflection and see rust.
Let's form a club for all the clones that never made it.
Techno lepers, cyber chumps,
prosthetic paupers plunging pliers in your pocket...
And if I dance when you are feeling bored...
And if I serve you when you're lazy,
lying limp across the floor,
will you inject a little joy into my stick?
Will you respect me in the morning?