

Autonomy

Drengé

I can't tell if you're laughing, or if you're crying inside
How would you know if I'm funny if there's water in your eyes?
You're just too good to be true
Doesn't that mean there's something wrong with you?

And I'm struggling when to spot
Whether something's real, or something's fake
Or not

Do androids dream of electric sheep?
Or do they dream of being naked in public, and missing teeth?
When they look in the mirror, what do they see?
Do they see badly-dressed, overweight autonomy?

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Or not

Uncanny valley, what is it like?
When I pull a smile, something so bright
When it stares straight through you, you look away
Perfection wasn't what you wanted anyway

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