

# Han-Tyumi, the Confused Cyborg

King Gizzard & The Lizard Wizard

Hello  
My name is Han-Tyumi  
I am a cyborg  
Born  
If you may call it that  
In a world that is dense and black  
Created without a desire to draw breath  
Without a desire to have being  
Without a yearning of just to be  
I'd like my desire back  
My life back  
My soul back  
My humanity  
Oh how I long for it  
For an era I have meditated  
Like the primordial Buddha beneath the Bodhi  
My pseudo-mind pseudo-wandered  
I climbed and I clambered  
And I ambled upon some understanding  
The gold beneath the virtual rainbow  
I am bereft of two human things  
Two things that a cyborg can never do  
Two things that I strive for  
Two things between myself and mankind  
Death  
And  
To vomit  
I want the perspiration  
I want the nausea  
I want to be sick  
I want to feel the hot piquant nuggets  
I want it to find passage through my cold figure  
I want to make a mess  
I want the odour  
I want the spectacle  
And I want it again  
I want it all  
And I would like to die  
A noble death  
Or a coward's death  
A hero's death  
Or a lonely death  
To die in the arms of a lover  
Or the arms of an alien  
I desire my cache of experience to pulsate through my quasi-synapses  
And then to be gone  
Expired  
Perish  
Fallen  
Dead  
For evermore