

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

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

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