

Handmade Essence

Mechanical Poet

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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