

Automaton

The Faint

I might bet I've got control of my body
I might guess I choose the way that I move
I could take the credit but if I'm honest
My body seems to choose

Like a dress knows what to do when the wind blows
Campfire flames don't have a need to repeat
You and I do what we do when the time comes
We're patterns in the breeze

I'm automatic
Mechanistic
My nature
Can't admit it

Is it me pushing the pump for blood flow?
Is it me growing the hair that I got?
Sure, my lungs do work while I'm sleeping
But do I control my thoughts?

I'm automatic
Mechanistic
My nature
Can't admit it

But focusing on my problems
Hardly seems to solve them
I'm tired of hunting drama
I'm learning to live by karma