

Eighty pounds of me have turned to cipher and debris
In preparation of a future moving in
I was not sufficient with a low nocturnal vision
And resilient but retrograding skin
Sure I am excited to be happily invited
Though a wire has been gnawing like a mole
This is not the lie, I had expected to apply
When I was dragging my deformity down the hole

Down the hole

I am fit for every stage of labor in the golden age
Of marrying technology and mind
Thanks to the ambition of my physical edition
I am taller than the man I left behind
I have good intentions but a few of my extensions
Are sharpening the ending of a pole
This is not the lie, I had expected to apply
When I was dragging my deformity down the hole

This is what you made of me, a big mistake
This is what you gave to me, another traitor

Another traitor

This is what you made of me

This is what you made of me, a big mistake
This is what you gave to me, another traitor

Another traitor, a failed creator