

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