

# Machine

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I'm not a machine

Looking around, everything I see  
It seems to lose its color  
Don't know what's become of me  
Barely alive, how did I survive  
One day just like the other  
I'm sick of this routine

So I'm gonna cut these strings  
Cut them and set me free  
Nothing controlling me

I'm not a machine, I'm not a machine  
I've got the breath in me  
I'm not a machine, I'm not a machine  
I'm not a machine, I'm not a machine

My body is here but somewhere along the way  
I lost my mind  
It's never too late to be found  
Waiting on someone to pick me up  
But I got left behind  
But it won't bring me down

Cause I'm gonna cut these strings  
Cut them and set me free  
Nothing controlling me

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Change the circumstance  
It's gonna take me  
Here is my memory  
Reset the way you think  
No more commands  
No demands  
No more losing control  
No pushing buttons  
No automatic no more  
Let me go  
Let me go  
Let me go  
No pushing buttons, no automatic

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