

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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