

It won't be long now till scientists  
Program a soul into the A.I.  
Accelerated by tools of war  
Our science is religion

To bring you back into this world  
I'd break every rule  
Machines try to take me to hell  
I don't really care - I do it for love

Build a tower tall and strong  
It will be beautiful  
Using our technology  
Babel will stand anew

A clone created on English soil  
Where does her soul come from, I wonder  
No need to challenge the Cherubim  
The fallacy, God's failure

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My name is Dolly  
Why was I made?  
Where did my soul come from? Where will it go?  
Oh, my creator, please tell me

I'll take every blow that comes  
Commit such unspeakable sins  
They won't mean a thing

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