

My bones don't click in place when i sit on the machine
Not as of late do i integrate, scarcely say what i mean
This thing was built with one of my ribs
I was there when it was given a name
But I've been overpowered by those who took it away
It doesn't even look the same
Those hired in to intervene and supervise it's size
Do plot against the weakened will before the weak ones realize
I found it's bones in my backyard, i put them on display
I set it up with leering eyes and gave it a voice to say:

"I am just the voice of one who's greater than this
But I am still a sacred voice, I will not be dismissed"

The bones still look out on my yard
Though the pieces are taken apart
They paint it colors i can't stand but they will not touch it's
heart
They stick tacky ornaments on it and they sell it to the kids
I can barely stand to see it now
But there's still a voice in it
When i answer to the one who gave the bones to me
I want to say i cared for them, and say it honestly
Those closest to me take it away and twist it out of shape
But the voice within still rattles the bones
The voice still resonates

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