

## Automaton

## The Faint

I might bet I've got control of my body  
I might guess I choose the way that I move  
I could take the credit but if I'm honest  
My body seems to choose

Like a dress knows what to do when the wind blows  
Campfire flames don't have a need to repeat  
You and I do what we do when the time comes  
We're patterns in the breeze

I'm automatic  
Mechanistic  
My nature  
Can't admit it

Is it me pushing the pump for blood flow?  
Is it me growing the hair that I got?  
Sure, my lungs do work while I'm sleeping  
But do I control my thoughts?

I'm automatic  
Mechanistic  
My nature  
Can't admit it

But focusing on my problems  
Hardly seems to solve them  
I'm tired of hunting drama  
I'm learning to live by karma