

## Machine

## The Motels

The machine dreams in unthinkable themes  
Zeroing in on the one perfect thing  
The machine screams, its claws deep in me  
Inventing the landscape where no one is free

Tell me what I want  
Tell me how to feel  
Tell me of the future  
And who I meant to be

The machine knows before even I  
Overtaking the sky a lie at a time  
The machine counts and tallies its toll  
Millions of lives, sacrificed souls

Tell me what I want  
Tell me how to feel  
Tell me of the future  
And who I meant to be

Is there nothing left of me?  
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Zeroing in on the one perfect thing

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