

# Entombment of a Machine

## Job for a Cowboy

It bleeds! It breathes! What stands before us, is not a machine  
It breathes, it will bleed and it (will) dream! (Scream) Its body is covered in hundreds of wires  
And a mouth that attempts to speak, it attempts to lie  
Only murmurs, collapse from its jaws And a world, a world without,  
A world without you  
But I rise, the dead will pride  
It breathes, beyond this life, So sleep, sleep among us, hesitate no more En... tomb-men... of-a-  
ma... chine (entombment of a machine)  
We kneel and we plead for no mourning ahead of us,  
With only delayed movements, from its figure, we all begin to strain Entombment of a machine  
Entombment of a machine What stands before us is not a machine  
What stands before us is not a machine My legs weaken at the site of this damaged program,  
This program kept you breathing, it kept you alive  
These circuits diffused once more Its body is covered in hundreds of wires Only murmurs  
collapse from its scream Entombment of a machine  
But I saw it die.  
But I saw it die  
But I saw It dead.  
But I saw it die.  
I saw it die  
I watched it DIE!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>