

# Sufjan Stevens, Dear Mr. Supercomputer

Oh my God  
I can't believe it  
What went wrong?  
The human race, in its place  
Superstition man's religion  
And conditioned mysteries incomplete  
And the raven with its haven  
Gods-in-graven  
Girls and boys Illinois  
Springfield with its freak and banter  
Strike the cantor  
God is dead, God is dead  
Oh my God I can't believe it  
What went wrong?  
The human race, in its place  
In religion, superstition  
Man's conditioned mysterious incomplete  
(Superman, Old machines  
Kind as that, Energenes  
Good as dead, Man-Machines  
Computer, effigy  
Sound the horn, make the bed  
Pull the cord, raise the dead  
In my car, on this street  
On this earth, on this feet)  
Take it for a patient man I caught it  
Patient is the kind that gets you paid  
Even if I had, man, I got it  
Seems I never had it anyway  
Sometimes it may seem your best intentions  
Take off with a fever anyway  
1-2-3-4-5-6-7 All computers go to heaven  
If you think you got the vision,  
Put it in the conversation  
1-2-3-4-5-6-7 All computers go to heaven  
If you think you got the vision,  
Put it in the conversation  
I rejoice in what I carry in my heart  
it overwhelms what a man  
Great Emancipation plans,  
and public transport, clap your hands, Abraham  
Oh religion, superstition,  
Man's conditioned mysteries incomplete  
Oh the Raven with its haven  
Gods-in-graven  
All is dead, all is dead