

# So Many Dynamos, When We Were Machines

When we were machines, electric currency  
Efficient and adequate and so simple  
So very simple  
We were machines, faulty circuitry  
Pull the plug, repair the bugs and cover it up  
Cover it up  
But somewhere in this framework lies  
Skinned up knees and broken wires  
We all short out in due time  
Things will never be the same again  
When we were machines, sparkling and pristine  
Invincible, untouchable, and so easy  
So very easy  
We were machines, rusted, obsolete  
A number, a statistic  
A string of ones and zeroes  
Somewhere in this circuitry  
Fried out beyond all belief  
We all die eventually