

## Lab

### "Scifi novel number one"

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And so we pour out the doors,  
Think-alikes, so perfectly cloned,  
Is it me who wonders or he?  
Which am I - this one or the one behind?

Sing happy birth to me - wish we won't turn against you

What a treat to their eyes:  
look-alikes and ones of a kind  
And if I am, how was I done?  
Perfect, or end of variety?

Sing happy birth to me - wish we won't turn against you  
Sing happy birth, sing happy birth to me

What a feast for their pride:  
feel-alikes, my sisters and I,  
And so we pour out the gates  
Perfect lack of variety!

Sing happy birth, sing happy birth to me

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