Lemon Demon
"The Machine"

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All that he does is chip away.
Each day he sticks to his routine:
Putting the pieces on.
Building a big machine.
He ran out of room inside his room
And so he moved it all outside.
Now it's a bit too big.
Now it's a mile wide.
The family vans across the desert
Follow signs to park and stare.
Nobody says hello.
Nobody knows he's there.
They just look at the blinking lights and greebles,
Interlocking arms of steel.
And they think:
Nothing could be so big.
Nothing could be so real.

They think:

One million springs
And spinning things. It's quite a view.
We have no clue...
What does it do?
That's the beauty of it--
It doesn't do anything.
He made his own night-vision goggles.
Now he lurks inside the frame.
Perfecting it from within.
Forgetting his own name.
All that he knows is that it needs him.
All it knows is he needs it.
Every piston.
Every single little bit.
The government people in black helicopters
Try to snoop around.
I'm so sorry, but he needs the extra parts.
He takes the choppers down.
Now there are tanks on the horizon,
Asking what are his demands?
Not one of them understands.
Nobody understands.

All the megaphones scream:

One million gears.
Perhaps our fears are coming true.
What does it do?
What does it do?
That's the beauty of it
It doesn't do anything.
Lost in solipsism
He then slowly pulls a lever
Which sets off a mechanism
Which does nothing what'soever
But the nothing that it does
Negates the everything we know
Because it's screaming "Just because!"
Because it's neither friend or foe
And so we label it a menace
Or a grandiose work of art.
From it's finale to it's genesis
We slowly pull it all apart.
That's the beauty of it
It doesn't do anything, do anything.
Doesn't do anything, doesn't do anything