So Many Dynamos
"When We Were Machines"

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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