

Savoir Adore

"We Talk Like Machines"

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A fleck of metal in your eye
My body doesn't have to try
To recognize one of its kind
Where we are
It's magical when we combine
Similar parts

We talk like machines
With moving parts and electric dreams
Don't know what it means
But we'll transform and rip our seams

My flesh is scarred and growing thin
It works so hard to keep us in
Our silver limbs will show it's just a matter of time
The human world will have to adjust
We'll be fine

We talk like machines
With moving parts and electric dreams
Don't know what it means
But we'll transform and rip our seams

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