

Animal Machine

My mother tongue—a source of inspiration—lived surrounded by mirrors of social norms, which gave it a super-persecutory nemesis. So I cut it off and replaced it with a ball gag. An AI model, that is to say, a vocoder.

The machine have been built to besieging us! Otherwise I could sing, I could sing today, but tell me, not really with braces! A voice coder is more in my bracket! Cloned, hybrid to this keyboard, in front of this screen, to this smartphone; I am an animal machine, an animal machine. An animal machine...

(Cum!)

Because once upon a time I was experiencing orgasm like the characters in a comic book. And I've had it all my life, ever since Mom let me suckle at her tits! (Orgasms in silent speech bubbles!) A pleasure machine! Orgasms in recitative form, in evacuated cartridges, devoid of text.

To those who silence my nascent language, leaving it mute, as if in a comic strip bubble containing no text, I dedicate this song.

To the silent ones, to the idea-suckers, to the forums ticks I would say that I am a low-level pencil pusher. It's a fact! Don't disagree with that. I'm no writer nor singer. (But just a paper scraper, a keyboard scrubber.) (One more!) I am just an animal machine that has swallowed its micro; like an animal remaining mute, a one that is voiceless (voiceless). And I will remain so. I am going to freeze in that state of muttered dumbness. (I will stay so.) Since I was cum bubbling like in a comic strip the characters do. Since no tongue should be swaddled by the hands of a castrating muse any longer.

I am truly sorry that you got roughed up, dear, dear listener. Now, what's bugging you? We polished her cunt off. You should be cheering. (You should be happy.) Cloned! Hybrid to this keyboard, in front of this screen, to this smartphone, I am an animal machine, an animal machine with a muzzle—a kind of condom!

To the silent ones, the ones that are in love in a deep whispered silence. I would say that... that I understand their quietness. Cause I am cursed: I am just an animal machine that has swallowed its micro; like an animal remaining mute, a one that is voiceless (voiceless).

And I'm not even afraid to remain so. (I will stay so.) Since' say so! Since I was cum bubbling like in a comic strip the characters do.

Since no tongue should be swaddled by the hands of a castrating muse any longer.

I am truly sorry that you got roughed up, dear, dear listener. What's bugging you? We polished her cunt off. You should be cheering. (You should be happy.) Cloned... Hybrid to this keyboard, in front of this screen, to this smartphone, I am an animal machine, an animal machine with a muzzle—a kind of condom.

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And the woman toward—at myself. (A dummy so.) Since' say so. Since I was cum bubbling like in a comic strip the characters do.

Since no tongue should be swaddled by the hands of a castrating muse any longer.

The machine have been built to besieging us! To swallow us, to make us go back up into the uterus, the wired connections of a microphone. I will remain in this state of whispered silence. And I've always had it, ever since my mom let me be her goldfish bathed in vaginal fluids! Since I was cum bubbling like a comic strip do—do. Oh!-oh!-oh!-oh!-oh! Oh!

Oh!-oh!-oh!-oh!-oh! Oh! Oh!-oh! So I've "uberized" my voice, and now AI takes care of it. That way I no longer have to be bogged down in the world of dictionaries, I no longer have communication problems with musicians, and recording studio costs are within my reach!

To those who remain silent, to the Mothers of Speech who are still silencing my embryonic language in some bubble comic strip, leaving it mute, I dedicate this song.