

I'm looking into a mirror
That reflects my superstition
It's called machine of recognition
Which reveals mankind's terror

Anger, fear, sadness and neutrality it detects
My face is now split into percentages
Am I nothing more now than algorithms?
That some other machine randomly selects

What do I do when I see your face?
When I look at it and try to embrace
All your feelings and thoughts inside
That might with mine easily collide

I try to adjust and modify
And thereby to simplify
The uniqueness that comes along so strong
Before taken into slavery by the hands of the wrong

What is it this man wants? His gun pointing at me so bright...Brighter than the sunlight. I do NOT want to sit here! Why are they gathering my children? Do NOT touch them, you swine! Oh, what have I done wrong that God sends this plague upon us? Have I not always honored you enough, my Lord? Intruders, inglorious kind, GET AWAY! Oh, how I would like to stick this up your heart if only it made us free and you go away...Do NOT touch my tears, I want to cry! I shall stand still, he says, I shall not move, not make a sound, he wants a *genuine* look, he says...What does that even mean?! As I am standing still and the alien light hurts my face, I am looking at my children, my only source of endurance...

NEVER WILL ANOTHER PERSON OR NUMBERS BE ABLE TO DETERMINE ME.