

Ride

Brainiac

Now they're walking on her face
Personality's gracefully replaced
with the functions of a cupid doll
She cries herself awake, she crawls And sometimes suffers side effects
from placing burning cigarettes
into her breast until
she's certain that the burning of her flesh is real Ride Pull her down the corridor
Tie her muscles to the floor
as she's ravaged by
the queen who never quizzed her there before Watch her abductor smile and shake
as the rumors start to break
in through the window sill
nothing's really changed but her body's still Ride yourself away each and every day

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