

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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