

Flee the Factory

The Receiving End of Sirens

One hoped they'd break the patent when they die cast me in stride
A simple steel specimen, truly empty down inside
With copper-core wound veins, a pumping cold hydraulic heart
Bellows cycle air on rhythms, rhythms fixed within my code
It's easier to bow than keep these knees locked tight
Like the rivets in my skin
My pulse reverberates through this malleable shell
With scars from shaping
My pulse reverberates through this malleable shell
With scars from shaping
My insides grind their gears, abrasive churning, I'm so conductive
It's always been a task with such low impedance
My tendons tend to rust with time while wires misplace their currents
So I will flee the factory and pray you to dismantle me
It's easier to bow than keep these knees locked tight
Like the rivets in my skin
My pulse reverberates through this malleable shell
With scars from shaping
My pulse reverberates through this malleable shell
With scars from shaping
Someone will find my makers, I'm coming apart at the seams
I'll cauterize myself back together again
My pulse reverberates through this malleable shell
My pulse reverberates through this malleable shell

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