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 codeIt's easier to bow than keep these knees locked tight
Like the rivets in my skinMy pulse reverberates through this malleable shell
With scars from shaping
My pulse reverberates through this malleable shell
With scars from shapingMy 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 meIt's easier to bow than keep these knees locked tight
Like the rivets in my skinMy pulse reverberates through this malleable shell
With scars from shaping
My pulse reverberates through this malleable shell
With scars from shapingSomeone will find my makers, I'm coming apart at the seams
I'll cauterize myself back together againMy pulse reverberates through this malleable shell
My pulse reverberates through this malleable shell

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