

XXZXCUX me

Crystal Castles

We can insist on havoc
Bring me tools, bolts are intact
You said, "leave me for dead"
How can your eyes program the head? We get so fed up with it
 Nuts and bolts for granted
 Made outta iron, I can do it
As your bodies fall apart Robotic love I'm programmed to moan
 AIDS robot is grinding iron bolts
 Robot hunks have one agenda
They wanna play with my placenta
 Are we now deserving
When our cyborg parts are burning? I know we're just diseased appliances
 Where will you live?
 What will you die for?
 Sex is killing me Baby, I know
Wrong time, wrong place, wrong fucking race
 Just because we don't feel flesh
 Doesn't mean we don't fear death

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