

Blue Skin

Hawkwind

No ballpoint pen
No type set in
The ultrasonic tapping machine
Takes control
Takes control
Issues its command
Clicking and clattering
Into the black Indian ink of night Hieroglyphic ancient scrawl
It is written on the walls
Of history Prick, prick, prick, ahh
Prick ahh
Prick ahh Dot to dot
I'm bleeding for you
Bleeding for you
My blood is blue
Penetration too
Painless steel free
Surgically screened
The needle machine
The needle machine
The needle machine The pain
Feel the pain
Feel the pain
Machine control
The needle machine I feel
I feel Prick, prick, prick my skin
Transfer inscribe
Images of sweet roses red
Blood drips
Blood drips
The tattooed hole in my skin
Drains the blood, my life blood Prick ahh
Prick ahh
Prick ahh
Prick ahh

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