

I Come.Com

Miss Kittin

This is a new wildlife form speaking through a wireless microphone
I am a titanium babe addicted child of your wireless Internet I am a creation of your musical progress of
technology
The ancient net world is gone, you say its gone, shitFingertips stuck on the keys
I engage a new virtual touch of sensualityBlue eyes on the digital screen
I experiment a top secret optical system of visual excitementI see.com
I see.comOn my walls, projection of subliminal messages
To increase a new era of female interactive intuitionAnd life is a data gas I breathe, wireless
You are the creator of my inner life, network, soundtrackI come.com
I come.comI come.com
I come.com
I come.com
I come.comI come.com
I come.com
I come.com
I come.comI see.com

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