

# Incinerator

[Sam Phillips](#)

Incinerator, what have you done this time?  
I heard the air raid siren go off  
To settle attraction, you like to subdivide  
Don't you want shelter from your desire? A place to hide  
Incinerator, this is not about sex  
It's about a personal scent  
You like to watch me and I like to disappear  
Electrical contact, a broken Tass of the Stratosphere  
Incinerator, go on and go right through me  
Have your search and tell me what you find  
That I'm made of fire and you'll never get to me  
I don't have your number, 'cause I can't count to eternity  
Incinerator

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