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 hideIncinerator, 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 StratosphereIncinerator, 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 eternityIncinerator

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