

Six Six Sixties

Throbbing Gristle

I am one of the injured, a tear blurs flesh
Dissolving like an injured dog
Like wasted limbs get smaller
Pain is the stimulus of pain
But then, of course, nothing is cured This is the world now
Move a fin and the world turns
Sit in a chair and pictures change
Try to eat us, get trapped or injured
Just

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>