

Mechanical Flattery

Lydia Lunch

Fingers move fingers
My wrists made of satin
Don't be afraid of what's gonna happen
Elbows to ankles my fists out of place
I turn around backwards and off slides my face

Bones plattered shattered
Dissolving my skin
My torso melts it flows out my shins
Open so open a circular mark
The cut on my forehead it glows in the dark

Ran away dark dank stank moss creeps
Cross the river I run from the dark stark fear
For I'd run, I run from the night
I say so sad so dead and mad
An angry diehard tears from m???
My veins in pain
They torch my mouth the saint

Ran away dark dank stank moss it creeps
Cross the river I run from the dark stark fear
I'd run from the night

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