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