

## 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