

He's sick
He's pulling the skin right from his bones
And in the separation she will unfold
She'll unfold,
She'll unfold in this separation

Leave the seems
You were nothing but tearing fabric
Sewn together by dark romantics
Leave the seems
You were nothing but tearing fabric
Sewn together by dark romantics

Swindling her threads string by string the fakest skin
She was born by mechanical building
Made of fabric strings and elastic
She was born by mechanical building
Made of fabric strings and elastic

She was diseased, piece after piece
And the struggling was killing me
She was diseased, piece after piece
And the struggling was killing me
He spun her around and around
Beating her down, down, down
She was diseased, piece after piece
and the struggling was killing me

Shes was false
She wasn't nothing at all
That stare
And I haven't seen you

Machines built her
Machines built her

Leave the seems
You were nothing but tearing fabric
Sewn together by dark romantics
Leave the seems
You were nothing but tearing fabric
Sewn together by dark romantics

Is there space between us and the love machine
Is there space between us and the love machine
Is there space between us and the love machine
Is there space between us and the love machine

I saw the threads in her eyes
He spent his time on your hands designing and sewing your mind
He spent his time on your hands, on your hands
He spent his time on your hands designing and sewing your mind
He spent his time on your hands