

## Flee The Factory

### The Receiving End of Sirens

One hoped they'd break the patent when they die cast me in stride.

Just a simple steel specimen, truly empty down inside.  
With copper-core wound veins, a pumping cold hydraulic heart,  
Bellows cycle air on rhythms, rhythms fixed within my code.

It's easier to bow than keep these knees locked tight  
Like the rivets in my skin.

My pulse reverberates through this malleable shell,  
With scars from shaping.

My pulse reverberates through this malleable shell,  
With scars from breaking shell.

My insides grind their gears.

Abrasive churning, I'm so conductive.

It's always been a task with such low impedance.

My tendons tend to rust with time while wires misplace their currents

So I will flee the factory, and pray you to dismantle me.

Someone find my maker; I'm coming apart at the seams.

I'll cauterize myself back together again.

My pulse reverberates through this malleable shell

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