

Time to put the earphones on:
No!

Born to multiply or born to gaze into night skies,
When all you want's one more Saturday.
Well look here, until then
They're gonna buy your life's time
So keep your wick in the air and your feet in the fetters
'Til the day...
We come in doing cartwheels
We all crawl out by ourselves
And your shape on the dance floor
Will have me thinking such filth I'll gouge my eyes.

You'd be damned to be one of us, girl
Faced with a dodo's conundrum
I felt like I could just fly
But nothing happened every time I tried.

Oh, duotone on the wall
The selfless fool who hoped he'd save us all
Never dreamt of such sterile hands,
You keep them folded in your lap,
Or raise them up to beg for scraps,
You know, he's holding you down,
With the tips of his fingers just the same,
But you were pulled from the ocean,
But just a minute too late,
Or changed by a potion,
And find a handsome young mate
For you to love.

You'll be damned to pining through the windowpanes,
You know you'd trade your life for any ordinary Joe's,
Well do it now or grow old,
Your nightmares only need a year or two to unfold.

Been alone since you were twenty-one,
You haven't laughed since January,
You try and make like this is so much fun,
But we know it to be quite contrary.

Dare to be one of us, girl,
Facing the android's conundrum,
I felt like I should just cry,
But nothing happens every time I take one on the chin,
Yeah, Himmler in your coat,
You don't know how long I've been,
Watching the lantern dim,
Starved of oxygen,
So give me your hand,
And let's jump out the window.