

Six Six Sixties

Throbbing Gristle

I am one of the injured
A tear blurs flesh
Dissolving
Like an injured dog
Like wasted limbs
Get smaller
Pain is the stimulus of pain
But then of course nothing is cured
This is the world now
Move a fin and the world turns
Sit in a chair and pictures change
Try to eat us
And get trapped
Or injured
Just