

## 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