

I Want to Be a Machine

Ultravox

I found the bones of all your ghosts
Locked in the wishing well
While birdsong gourmets dragged empty nets
I slumbered in my shell

[Im Mitternacht, die Mensch-Maschine]
Kissed me on my eyes
I rose and left the fire-ladies
Glowing lonely in the night
With all the pornographers
Burning torches beneath the sea

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I stole a cathode face from newscasts
And a crumbling fugue of songs
From the reservoir of video souls
In the lakes beneath my tongue

In flesh of ash and silent movies
I walked that boulevard again
A nebula of unfinished creatures
From the lifetimes of my friends

I howled your innocence has depraved me

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Broadcast me, scrambled clean
Or free me from this flesh
Let the armchair cannibals take their fill
In every cell across wilderness

We'll trip such a strangled tango
We'll waltz a wonderland affair
Let's run to meet the tides tomorrow
Leave all emotion dying there
In the star cold
Beyond all of your dreams

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Ah!