

## Receiving End Of Sirens, The "Flee The Factory"

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

(One hoped they'd break the mold.)

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;  
Tight like the rivets in my skin.

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

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.

"

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