

Recieving End Of Sirens, The "Flee The Factory"

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One hoped they'd break the patent when they die me in
stride.
(one hoped they'd die break the mold.)
Just a simple steel specimen, truly empty down inside.
With a 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 will find my makers; I'm coming apart at
seams.
I'll cauterize myself back together again.

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