

Bubblemath "Cells Out"

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I'm clicking away, impulse-driven signals to stretch my neural frame
Much better today than the given digits with which my body came
Still, I'm feeling numb, flexing fiber with every movement that I make
I'm searching for some sexy cyber someone to satisfy my ache

Flesh is my essence, so ill-fated, in obsolescence and out-dated
Natural selection has unblended all imperfection and transcended

Raw, rubbery skin, micro-motors water my mouth and curl my toes
There's no fat or thin, clothes, or odors dictating how my passion grows
Technology guides gut reaction, cleavage and curve have lost their way

Now nature decides this distraction by the bionics on display

No more genetics to determine where my aesthetics can hold sermon

Creeping secretion, each spark seeking, reaching completion, my limbs leaking
Bursting to work it, each cell strangled, circuit by circuit, they hang tangled

Crushed muscular load, spinal sever, withering while my programs run
My binary code flows forever, zeroing in on everyone
Still I'm feeling numb, flexing fiber with every movement that I make
I'm searching for some sexy cyber someone to satisfy my ache

