

The Receiving End Of Sirens "Flee The Factory"

Visit "[Flee The Factory](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

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
Like the rivets in my skin

My pulse reverberates through this malleable shell
With scars from shaping
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

It's easier to bow than keep these knees locked tight
Like the rivets in my skin

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

Someone will find my makers, I'm coming apart at the
seams
I'll cauterize myself back together again

My pulse reverberates through this malleable shell
My pulse reverberates through this malleable shell

Visit [The Receiving End Of Sirens](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

