

Ann Hell

"Sandra in the Box"

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I live inside a box
Well, it's not much of a box
but I live inside it anyway
They put me here one day during the war
saying my body was too damaged
to go on by its own
So someone thought it will be a good idea
to test one of those life keeping devices
New technology for old problems
And took my mind and dropped my flesh;
my name is Sandra and I'm made up of wires
They talk to me from a network,
from time to time
Yes, I'm connected to a network;
hundred of men a day are having sex with me
using some new technology apparatus
It hurts
I'm something like a circus freak
I don't have a body, but some machine
recreates one to every horny bastard
with a credit card that wants to fuck me
I dream of pulling the plugs
but I've no hand to do it
If you read this message
please spread it

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