

He's sick  
He's pulling the skin right from his bones  
And in the separation she will unfold  
She'll unfold,  
She'll unfold in this separation

Leave the seems  
You were nothing but tearing fabric  
Sewn together by dark romantics  
Leave the seems  
You were nothing but tearing fabric  
Sewn together by dark romantics

Swindling her threads string by string the fakest skin  
She was born by mechanical building  
Made of fabric strings and elastic  
She was born by mechanical building  
Made of fabric strings and elastic

She was diseased, piece after piece  
And the struggling was killing me  
She was diseased, piece after piece  
And the struggling was killing me  
He spun her around and around  
Beating her down, down, down  
She was diseased, piece after piece  
and the struggling was killing me

Shes was false  
She wasn't nothing at all  
That stare  
And I haven't seen you

Machines built her  
Machines built her

Leave the seems  
You were nothing but tearing fabric  
Sewn together by dark romantics  
Leave the seems  
You were nothing but tearing fabric  
Sewn together by dark romantics

Is there space between us and the love machine  
Is there space between us and the love machine  
Is there space between us and the love machine  
Is there space between us and the love machine

I saw the threads in her eyes  
He spent his time on your hands designing and sewing your mind  
He spent his time on your hands, on your hands  
He spent his time on your hands designing and sewing your mind  
He spent his time on your hands