

Crystal Castles, Xxzxuczx Me

We can insist on havoc
Bring me tools, bolts are intact
You said leave me for dead
How can your eyes program my head

We get so fed up with it
Nuts and bolts for granted
Made outta iron, I can do it
As your bodies fall apart

Robotic love
I'm programmed to rust
AIDS robot
Is clad in iron bolts

Robot grunts they whine and chatter
They wanna play with my placenta
Are we hailed deserving
When our silver parts are burning

I know we're just diseased appliances
Where will you live
What will you die for
Sex is killing me

Baby, I know
Wrong time, wrong place, wrong fucking race
Just because we don't feel flesh
Doesn't mean we don't fear death