

# 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