

# Doll Factory, Beta

I don't mind  
When you take it from me  
Well, I just got my reprieve

Now you're a long way in  
Think it can't get better than this  
But still it itch, your cancer itch

Think it never touch you  
Think it never see  
Think it never let you  
In this fractured-ego industry  
Think it find it's own way  
Think it never learn  
Think it never live long  
So you watch the halo burn

Think it won't hit you between the eyes?  
See it always pays to advertise  
Re-use it, brand new packaging, same old lies  
Believe it, consume that which you most despise

It's been fun  
Yet still a little too long  
You're never short of dead skin

The time has come  
Too late, too little, too long  
The coils, the fibers have grown

Think it never burrow  
Think it never dig  
Think it won't infect you  
In this coma-whore depository  
Think it never follow  
Think it won't remain  
Think it born to dust, too weak to rust  
But it'll twist your metal frame

Think it won't hit you between the eyes?  
See it always pays to advertise  
Re-use it, brand new packaging, same old lies  
Believe it, consume that which you most despise