

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