

Melissa Auf Der Maur, Skin Receiver

Let's see a mortal type
Receiver
This new one's made of skin
I can see her
She will get eaten up by
All kind people
Avoid the eye of contact

She's seen it before
And she still wants more
Help came, but you can't fight fate
Can't help the skin receiver

Crawling in through your flesh stew
The brew's in all of you
You're flying out of reason
Slashing wings you beware
They'll run with freedom
The stampede crushes you

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And she still wants more
Help came, but you can't fight fate
Can't help the skin receiver
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