

# 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  
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