

# Hawkwind, Blue Skin

No ballpoint pen  
No type set in  
The ultrasonic tapping machine  
Takes control  
Takes control  
Issues its command  
Clicking and clattering  
Into the black Indian ink of night

Hieroglyphic ancient scrawl  
It is written on the walls  
Of history

Prick, prick, prick, ahh  
Prick ahh  
Prick ahh

Dot to dot  
I'm bleeding for you  
Bleeding for you  
My blood is blue  
Penetration too  
Painless steel free  
Surgically screened  
The needle machine

The needle machine  
The needle machine

The pain  
Feel the pain  
Feel the pain  
Machine control  
The needle machine

I feel  
I feel

Prick, prick, prick my skin  
Transfer inscribe  
Images of sweet roses red  
Blood drips  
Blood drips  
The tattooed hole in my skin  
Drains the blood, my life blood

Prick ahh  
Prick ahh  
Prick ahh  
Prick ahh