

# Machine

## TENDER

Oh, why are you staring at your phone?  
There's nobody in there with a life worth living  
Nobody in there that isn't wishing  
They were just an empty shell without no substance  
No purpose, another from the circus  
Direction, connection, got another mention  
What does it mean?  
We're all machines

Control, control me  
Control, control me  
You cut me open, and pull me apart  
A hollow chest instead of a heart  
Control, control me  
Control, control me  
You do what you want with me, baby  
Till I am spent, I'm so content

I've been thinking how I get here  
Waking up in a bed that wasn't mine  
I had the strangest of dreams  
Where everything was normal but it wasn't right  
Men made of shadow with an awful grin  
Planted the [?] deep beneath my skin  
I wear a face that isn't mine  
Do what you please anytime

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