

Machines Of Loving Grace, Albert Speer

We have faced despair
and found a river there
we have faced despair
and found a river there
we have sucked the fruit of disease
and found that it tasted sweet
like meat gone bad

sleep warmly under columns of light
sleep warmly under columns of light
sleep warmly under columns of light
sleep with the fishes tonight

all alone in this recluse car
became afraid of what we are
and what we might not be
in the land of the free

land of the free
land of the free
land of the free
land of the free

smell the ripe overripe budding America
a sweetfaced straightlaced pornographic actress
that's her draw -
no one can believe she'd appear in this smut
her face smiling perfect through innocent teeth
unaware of the debauchery beneath
smiling innocent through perfect teeth
unaware of the wolves running
wild in her streets
in the land of the free

land of the free
land of the free
land of the free

get em up get em
down on their knees
all praise to Allah
who provides what we need
a Swiss precision suicide machine
Jesus Christ
Soul on Ice
sleep with the mother fuckin
fishes tonight