

Machines Of Loving Grace, Lilith/Eve

I'm talking darkest night
a shoddy simulation
of paradise in leopard tights
there's a sinking fascination
with the neon light
and inside inside it's war all the time
with the budding blonde hookers
and their decadent art
desire's a violent jackhammer of the heart
when the world descends into helter skelter
and the girls crawl in for shelter

Lilith/Eve I'm looking for something
come together over me
I don't know what I want
a wife or a lover
I'm looking for something inbetween

I'm talking blood on grass
an overwrought suburbanite heart attack
and paint it all black
because the end is accelerating back to the beginning
and everybody's falling in line
with the balding blind hustlers in their heroin hovels
giving dollar sucks inside continentals
with the radios blaring out helter skelter
and the creatures crawl in for shelter

Lilith/Eve I'm looking for something
come together over me
I don't know what i want
a knife or a lover
come together over me