

Machines Of Loving Grace, Limiter

As sure as prisons are the models for the city
I let my mind and my body imprison me
and now a Versailles has risen up inside
and i live in fear of the glide
in fear of the glide
and if the doors of perception were finally cleansed
I could see your face again
and my love for the world would be wild and pure
if not for this goddamn limiter
I pushed my limits to the sickening heights
and I can feel my heartbeat pounding on the back of my eyes
the drip of the faucet
and the warmth of your thighs
and the limiter -
still blinded by the candlelight

the rubies and the pearls of the lovesick eye
the martyr's moans and the lover's sighs
your legs so sheer in the UV light
and the limiter -
still blinded by the candlelight

as sure as prisons are the models for the city
I nurture my need for oil and electricity
the bigger the need gets the more that
the people want a piece of it
and if the doors of perception were finally cleansed
I could take my place again
and my love for the world would be wild and pure
if not for this goddamn limiter
I pushed my limits to the sickening heights
and I can feel my heartbeat pounding on the back of my eyes
the drip of the faucet
and the warmth of your thighs
and the limiter -
still blinded by the candlelight

the rubies and the pearls of the lovesick eye
the martyr's moans and the lover's sighs
your legs so sheer in the UV light
and the limiter -
still blinded by the candlelight
Delight -
I could see you there
and Delight -
I want to see you in me everywhere
as sure as prisons are the models for the cities
I let my mind and my body imprison me
I pushed my limits to the sickening heights
and I can feel my heartbeat's pressure on the back of my eyes
the drip of the faucet
and the warmth of your thighs
and the limiter -
still blinded by the candlelight