

Machines Of Loving Grace, Suicide King

Know your faults
Know your friends
Be prepared to take revenge

Thought I could reach it
Keep it alive
Watch it dissolve into slaughterhouse five
Thought I could beat it sift the debris
Heir to the throne of a suicide king

-Bend like a reed in the wind-
Violator diplomat
They slip their fingers in
Is it alive sift the debris
Heir to the throne of a suicide king
-Bend like a reed in the wind-

The simple plot's become confused
The jaws are locked and we are immune
From the horizon

They slip their fingers in
She smells like the future of money
She smells like everything
Simple plots become confused
The jaws are locked and
We are immune