

# Machines Of Loving Grace, Terminal City

Divine the killing  
sublime terrorist  
gentle gnasher  
we are alone  
we are wired together  
we are alone  
we are wired together  
uptight in Terminal City  
fucked up in Terminal City  
When I lower my stare  
pure creature of electric air becoming totally impaired  
it's like sex without motion  
fellow sleepers of the common dream  
the one injected by the ancient screen  
fucked up in Terminal City  
uptight in Terminal City  
recrush  
toothbrush  
she wore a feline flower face  
he wanted to consume her  
knew it was impossible  
paper girls always drive into this place  
uptight in terminal city  
wired terminal  
when I turn on  
when I tune in  
will I dropout  
will I drop out

You awaken from the very long dream.  
Your eyes are focused on the fan on the ceiling.  
You realize you're a part of the machine.  
Just a part of the machine.

Uptight in Terminal City  
Fucked up in Terminal City  
{something} in Terminal City  
Fucked up terminal