

# Machines Of Loving Grace, Tryst

I'm attracted by the fabric of waste  
Watching ourselves as our bodies decay  
And though some love remains  
I'm attracted by this waste  
Watching ourselves as our bodies decay  
Watching ourselves as our bodies  
Decay

This is a tryst this is discipline  
The discipline of flowers always takes me in

I'm attracted by the fabric of waste  
Watching ourselves as our bodies decay  
Angels bleed easy  
Angels breathe easy