

# Acid Bath, God Machine

The God machine is hungry  
for individualism and ripe brains  
the skull farmers do their rain dance  
and pray the machine falls to sleep  
she holds me close  
and whispers wet  
"there are cannibals among us."  
mad in love with dry dead boys  
in the backs of  
abandoned cars  
smoking the bones of children  
plotting the murder of love

strapped into the chair  
the needle now descends  
as they lick their cracking lips  
their twitching never ends  
blood beneath their finger nails,  
swallow all my pain  
dirty needles break the skin  
suck hard as I drain  
drain me  
drain me  
sunken eyes, a twisted spine  
a whiter shade of pale  
rockabilly man come to pound the coffin nails  
inject my stomach full of  
cockroach eggs  
their machine is coming carried on a million legs  
waking in the sleep of reason  
winter is the forever season  
lick thy mother's bleeding lips  
from this glass of hate we sip  
fuck the glass we pump the keg  
kill conception at the egg  
her chin is wet with someone's hate  
love, disfigure, amputate  
amputate  
amputate  
can you remember how it felt to be alive?  
your god machine is cold  
and dead your eyes they cannot cry  
fuck your deities of dying love  
we have shot them down from the skies above  
screaming convulsing  
my eyes are bleeding  
be silent now and take your beating  
I wonder how long you would live  
with a bullet in your gut  
I wonder how much shit you'd talk  
if your throat was cut  
I wonder what you'd sound like begging me  
to let you breathe  
I wonder how much pain it would take  
to make you all believe  
believe, believe, believe, believe  
in me  
I'm your god machine  
fuck your god