

Machines Of Loving Grace, Ancestor Cult

Let's take an ambulance ride
to the place where
amnesia fills our eyes
suck in that summer sister
the blood was like a river flowing
the earring dangles from the point of entry
to the wicked root of thickening gravity
and I am connected to the people ahead of me
by a tangled web of blood and entropy
and I am a child of the twentieth century
and I recall that the others ahead of me
filled their eyes
they filled their eyes
they filled their eyes
Suck in that stomach sister
the fruit within your loins expanding
a strange locked code
the overflow of our occidental ancestral home
The limb, popped from its socket
Genetic weakness, from the 18th century
The lens, popped from its socket
Genetic weakness, from the forgotten homes we were in.