Machines Of Loving Grace, Cicciolina

You said everything revolves around a certain principle
You said everything depends upon our understanding of the political

My Cicciolina everything is physical
My Cicciolina everything's political

You're the butterfly goddess floating down
streams of love's jetting sperm fountains
Everyone wants to consume you Cicciolina
Why should I be any different?

My Cicciolina everything is physical
My Cicciolina you fill me with a boa constrictor love
love like a fire
love like a flame
But you eliminate
There she goes again floating down those lovely streams of
those lovely streams of

My Cicciolina everything is physical
it's all political
My Cicciolina