

# 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