

Machines Of Loving Grace, Lipstick 66

You're turning
I think you're really turning now
you're moving under the clouds in a Dior gown
You're moving
I think you're really moving now
you're spinning out of control on the ground
It tears in the morning
it tears at the face that hides what you've become

Just lipstick 66
cold hands moving
walking with the upright beasts of your choosing
Golden thread
I sold my soul for a bit of that golden thread
I sold my soul for a kiss of that 66

Your midwestern smile of cool haystack autonomy
smash into the stare of the silent economy
it tears in the evening
it stares at you from the bathroom mirror at night

Lipstick 66
everyone's staring
watching for the cue to destroy what you're wearing
Golden thread
I sold my soul for a bit of that golden thread
I sold my soul for a kiss of that 66