

Machines Of Loving Grace, Rite Of Shiva

Tantric sex magick
fill the hole in my soul
Tragic nymphonic
she got no place to go
I pull the soul trigger
jaw chainsaw
goddess or believer

roll in the grass with a green-eyed Lolita
I do the rite of Shiva

I'm sitting here petrified
the car-crash collide
collapse collide
as I look into her liquid eyes
angels kill your appetite
for little girls with expanded minds
and I realized I'd lost my lines when I looked into
into her eyes
I pull the soul trigger
saw her face now I'm a believer

roll in the grass with a green-eyed Lolita
I do the rite of Shiva

headache under wiretap
daybreak's disdain
luxuriating politicians
cry fox mother's gone insane
with a dentist's drill
and a diet pill
sugar for the junkie makes the mother kill
treacherous virgin
virtuous thief
the hearts of machines all pound when you breathe