

# Machines Of Loving Grace, Solar Temple

What lies we tell ourselves  
Behind the blue motel  
Out on the frontage road  
Down by the interstate  
We open up our sores  
We cauterize ourselves  
Behind the blue motel  
Down by the interstate

Satisfied- full of pride  
We become what we defy  
Satisfied- comatose  
We become what we fear most

What lies we tell ourselves  
We open up our sores  
We cauterize ourselves  
Behind the blue motel  
Like the insect in the hive  
Like the richest junkie still alive

Satisfied- full of pride  
We become what we deny

Satisfied cast aside  
The solar lodge has its stride

(Softcore kickstand honey at the source  
You could hardly see him he came out of nowhere  
Always a friend of the victim at the slaughter of the  
Innocents)