

# Machines Of Loving Grace, The Soft Collision

Soft now- the lips that dragged me down  
Soft now- until I hit the ground  
The night is soft  
The light is soft  
And i don't want to wear this off- tonight  
Sleep alone- seems to me  
The virus bleeds

Soft now- she played her love scenes well soft now-  
Should have sensed the sulphur smell  
Soften the blow  
Finger to tongue tongue to finger  
Honey smear  
Finger to tongue tongue to finger  
Soften the blow