

Machines Of Loving Grace "Ancestor Cult"

Visit "[Ancestor Cult](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Let's take an ambulance ride
To the place where amnesia fills our eyes
Stuck in that summer sister
The blood was like a river flowing
The earring dangles from the point of entry
To the wicked root of this the solid gravity
And I am connected to the people ahead of me
By a tangled stream of blood and entropy
And I am a child of the twentieth century
And I recall that the others ahead of me
Filled their eyes, they filled their eyes
Suck in that stomach sister
The fruit within your loins expanding
A strange locked code overflows
Our occidental ancestral home
The limb, popped from it's socket
Genetic weakness from the eighteenth century
The limb, popped from it's socket
Genetic who knows what from god knows when

Visit [Machines Of Loving Grace](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.