

Machines Of Loving Grace

"Burn Like Brilliant Trash (At Jackie's Funeral)"

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Whispered ravens stab rhythm and blues
Kick off your flares and platform shoes
And burn like brilliant trash at Jackie's funeral
This machine has gone insane
We're powered-up power slaves
So we burn like brilliant trash at Jackie's funeral
Burn, baby, burn
White house rapist, soul disease
Invested with godlike authority
Light 'em up, do as you please
And burn like brilliant trash (eternity)
Where is now your American dream
I saw him down on the street pimping
Not for sale at any price
Fisher king do what you like

I supplied the molten lead in Jackie's lifelike dream
I survived while Ruby died in Jackie's trashy fantasy
And we burn and we burn and we burn and we burn
Slippery angels gone astray
Holy man can you say
I pledge allegiance to this array of
Insanity, destruction and decay
Uzi merciless girl
Where do you land, the man of this world
We're stripped down to bleeding or dying
Or scrawling on walls meaningless words
Burn, baby, burn

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