

## **Machines Of Loving Grace "Burn Like Brilliant Trash"**

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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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