

## **Machines Of Loving Grace** **"Lilith/eve"**

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Artist: Machines of Loving Grace

Album: Concentration

Title: Lilith/Eve

I'm talking darkest night,

A shoddy simulation of paradise,

In leopard tights.

I've this sinking fascination with the neon light,

And inside, inside, it's war all the time

With the budding blonde hookers and their decadent  
art;

Desire's a violent jackhammer of the heart.

When the world descends into a helter skelter,

And the girls crawl in for shelter.

Lilith/Eve,

I'm looking for something.

Come together over me.

And I don't know what I want,

A wife or a lover?

I'm looking for something in between.

I'm talking blood on grass,

An overwrought suburbanite heart attack,

And paint it all black.

Because the end is accelerating back to the beginning,

And everybody's falling in line.

With the balding blind hustlers in their heroin hovels,

Giving dollar sucks inside continentals.

With the radio blaring out helter skelter,

And the creatures crawl in for shelter.

Lilith/Eve,

I'm looking for something.

Come together over me.

And I don't know what I want,

A wife or a lover?

I'm looking for something in between. (In between)

(In between)

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