

Machines Of Loving Grace "Rite Of Shiva"

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Tantric sex magic fills a hole in my soul
Tragic nymphonics got no place to go
I pull the soul trigger, jaw chainsaw, goddess or
believer
(Roll in the grass with a green-eyed lolita)
I do the rite of Shiva
I'm sitting here petrified
The car-crash collide, collapse, collide
As I look into her liquid eyes
Angels kill your appetite
For little girls with expanded minds
And I realised that I'd lost my lines
When I looked into, into her eyes

I pull the soul trigger, saw her face now I'm a believer
(Roll in the grass with a green-eyed lolita)
I do the rite of Shiva
Headache under wiretap, daybreak's disdain
Luxuriating politicians cry fox mothers gone insane
With a dentist's drill and a diet pill
Sugar for the junkie makes a mother kill
Traucherous virgin, virtuous thief
The hearts of machines all pound when you breathe

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