

Machines Of Loving Grace "Solar Temple"

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What lies we tell ourselves
Behind the blue motel
Out on the frontage road
Down by the interstate
We open up our sores
We cauterize ourselves
Behind the blue motel
Down by the interstate
Satisfied- full of pride
We become what we defy
Satisfied- comatose
We become what we fear most
What lies we tell ourselves
We open up our sores
We cauterize ourselves
Behind the blue motel
Like the insect in the hive
Like the richest junkie still alive
Satisfied- full of pride
We become what we deny
Satisfied cast aside
The solar lodge has it's stride
(Softcore kickstand honey at the source
You could hardly see him he came out of nowhere
Always a friend of the victim at the slaughter of the
Innocents

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