

Machines Of Loving Grace "Terminal City"

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Divine the killing
Sublime terrorist, gentle gnasher
We are alone, we are wired together
Uptight in Terminal City
Fucked up in Terminal City
A Terminal City
When I lower my stare
Pure creature of electric air
Becoming totally impared
It's like sex without motion
Fellow sleepers of the common dream
The one injected by the ancient screen
Fucked up in Terminal City
Uptight in Terminal City
Terminal City
Recrush, toothbrush
She wore a feline flower face
He wanted to consume her, knew it was impossible

The paper girls always drive into this place
Uptight in Terminal City
Wired...
When I turn on
When I tune in
Will I drop out
Will I drop out
You awaken from the fairyland dream
Your eyes have focused on the fan on the ceiling
You realise your a part of the machine
Just a part of the machine
Uptight in Terminal City
Fucked up in Terminal City
A tired Terminal City
Uptight and terminal

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