

My Sister's Machine "Feed"

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(Pollock/Wright/Ivanovich/Gohde)

Ask man for a sacrifice
He'll give excuses
Look deep in his callous vices
It's what he's made of
It's me
I'm his greed
Look not to the face we're given
It's hidden deeper
Look in at the truth that's spoken
It's what we're made of
It's me
This is me
My love is a burning fire
My love is a cage
My love is a funeral pyre
We're coming down to what we feed

Breathe in a smokestack burning
This is the future
Take in the dead crack yearning
It's what we're made of
It's me
This is me
Ask man for a sacrifice
He'll give excuses
Look deep in his callous vices
It's what he's made of
It's me
Look at me
My love is a burning fire
My love is a cage
My love is a funeral pyre
We're coming down to what we feed
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