

Bath Acid

"God machine"

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The God machine is hungry
for individualism and ripe brains
the skull farmers do their rain dance
and pray the machine falls to sleep
she holds me close
and whispers wet
"there are cannibals among us."
mad in love with dry dead boys
in the backs of
abandoned cars
smoking the bones of children
plotting the murder of love

strapped into the chair
the needle now descends
as they lick their cracking lips
their twitching never ends
blood beneath their finger nails,
swallow all my pain
dirty needles break the skin
suck hard as I drain
drain me
drain me
sunken eyes, a twisted spine
a whiter shade of pale
rockabilly man come to pound the coffin nails
inject my stomach full of
cockroach eggs
their machine is coming carried on a million legs
waking in the sleep of reason
winter is the forever season
lick thy mother's bleeding lips
from this glass of hate we sip
fuck the glass we pump the keg
kill conception at the egg
her chin is wet with someone's hate
love, disfigure, amputate
amputate
amputate
can you remember how it felt to be alive?
your god machine is cold

and dead your eyes they cannot cry
fuck your deities of dying love
we have shot them down from the skies above
screaming convulsing
my eyes are bleeding
be silent now and take your beating
I wonder how long you would live
with a bullet in your gut
I wonder how much shit you'd talk
if your throat was cut
I wonder what you'd sound like begging me
to let you breathe
I wonder how much pain it would take
to make you all believe
believe, believe, believe, believe
in me
I'm your god machine
fuck your god

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