

Albert Speer

Machines of Loving Grace

We have faced despair and found a river there
We have faced despair and found a river there
We have sucked the fruit of disease
And found that it tasted sweet like meat gone bad
Sleep warmly under columns of light
Sleep with the fishes tonight

All alone in this recluse car
Became afraid of what we are
And what we might not be
In the land of the free

Smell the ripe budding America
Sweet-faced, straight-laced porographic actress
That's her draw
No one can believe she'd appear in this smut
Her face smiling perfect through innocent teeth
Unaware of the debauchery beneath
Face smiling perfect through innocent teeth
Unaware of the wolves running wild in her streets
In the land of the free

Get 'em up, get 'em down on their knees
All praise to Allah, he provides what we need
A Swiss precision suicide machine, and we're free
Jesus Christ, soul on ice
Sleep with the motherfucking fishes tonight