

## 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