

## Ancestor Cult

## Machines of Loving Grace

Let's take an ambulance ride  
To the place where amnesia fills our eyes

Stuck in that summer sister  
The blood was like a river flowing  
The earring dangles from the point of entry  
To the wicked root of this the solid gravity  
And I am connected to the people ahead of me  
By a tangled stream of blood and entropy  
And I am a child of the twentieth century  
And I recall that the others ahead of me  
Filled their eyes, they filled their eyes

Suck in that stomach sister  
The fruit within your loins expanding  
A strange locked code overflows  
Our occidental ancestral home

The limb, popped from it's socket  
Genetic weakness from the eighteenth century  
The limb, popped from it's socket  
Genetic who knows what from god knows when