

Kiss Destroyer

Machines of Loving Grace

We are slaves in our bedsheets
Sunk to a new low
Is there something inside?
Something you hide?
A chain of sores
A chain of sores

We all suffer the symptoms
Of a subtle disease
Is this something a toy
For you to employ?
Something left that a kiss
Could not destroy

Boil the water
I really love the daughter
She's a flower
She's a scar

We are safe in our bedsheets
Sunk to a new low
Boil the water
A lamb led to the slaughter
It's a flower
It's a scar