

Lipstick 66

Machines of Loving Grace

You're turning, yeah I think you're really turning now
You're moving under the clouds in a Dior gown
You're moving, yeah I think you're really moving now
You're spinning out of control on the ground

It tears in the morning
It tears at the face that hides what you've become
Just lipstick 66, cold hands moving
Walking with the upright beasts of your choosing

Golden thread, I sold my soul for a bit of that golden thread
Golden thread, I sold my soul for a kiss of that 66
Your midwestern smile of cool haystack autonomy
Smash into the stare of the silent economy

It tears in the evening
It stares at you from the bathroom mirror at night
Lipstick 66, everyone's staring
Watching for the cue to destroy what you're wearing

Golden thread, I sold my soul for a bit of that golden thread
Golden thread, I sold my soul for a kiss of that 66