

## 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