## **Solar Temple**

## **Machines of Loving Grace**

What lies we tell ourselves Behind the blue motel Out on the frontage road Down by the interstate We open up our sores We cauterize ourselves Behind the blue motel Down by the interstate

Satisfied, full of pride We become what we defy Satisfied, comatose We become what we fear most

What lies we tell ourselves We open up our sores We cauterize ourselves Behind the blue motel Like the insect in the hive Like the richest junkie still alive

Satisfied, full of pride We become what we deny

Satisfied cast aside The solar lodge has its stride

(Softcore kickstand honey at the source)
(You could hardly see him he came out of nowhere)
(Always a friend of the victim at the slaughter of the)
(Innocents)