

## Suicide King

## Machines of Loving Grace

Know your faults  
Know your friends  
Be prepared to take revenge

Thought I feed it  
Keep it alive  
Watch it dissolve into slaughterhouse five  
Thought I could feed it sift the debris  
Heir to the throne of a suicide king

Bend like a reed in the wind-  
Violator diplomat  
They slip their fingers in  
Is it alive sift the debris  
Heir to the throne of a suicide king  
-Bend like a reed in the wind-

The simple plots become confused  
The jaws are locked and we are immune  
From the horizon

They slip their fingers in  
She smells like the future of money  
She smells like everything  
Simple plots become confused  
The jaws are locked and  
We are immune