

Love At High Speed

My Sister's Machine

too many people
keep selling their lies
too many guns
shooting hate and greed
weighing on the conscience
of all man kind
what if all your weapons shot love...

love, sweet love, love at high speed
love, sweet love, love at high speed

you can't resist
your hate for the day
too many guns
shooting black and white
sooner or later
someone's got to pay
what if all your weapons shot love...

love, sweet love, love at high speed
love, sweet love, love at high speed

in the end
I'm envious of its lack
of envy itself
in the end
there isn't any color
and it's so beautiful
there's no sides to take
lines to draw
or
hate to breed
in the end
there's no fear of each other
because
we're all the same
why can't it be that way now