

Last

Machines of Loving Grace

Jesus lifted his last restraint
At the end of the century
And I couldn't even begin to tell you
What he saw in her anyway
She threw her head back
She threw her head back
And that beauty spilled out across the high way
Like a glittering trail of venom and diamonds

Coming down off a mountain of pills
Designed to keep him in ecstasy
And I couldn't even begin to tell you
What he saw in her anyway
She threw her head back
She threw her head back
And that beauty spilled out across the highway
Like a glittering daughter of Isadora Duncan

This is the last fucking time
This is the last time

She's a slow harbor
Looks at me as she comes
Insect sounds in the field
She's the breeze
Takes away the fear in me
Takes away the fear in me

This is the last fucking time
This is the last time

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