

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)

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