System of Unlimited Love

When Saints Go Machine

I guess I'm bad
Would like to go
Back to Rome where blonde is still fair
Let go of the anchor
Planning a birthday on the sun
Lord I must be dreamingGod's speech remains
My personal hell to pay
If this ever ends well
Teeth will grind this cage
Explode against the wall
Like a can of paint or a wrecking ball
No one to break the fall
When all is full of love
Explode against the wall
Like a can of paint or a wrecking ball
No one to save your soul
When all is full of loveDoctors told me I'm mad
Not mad enough
You need to be dead for systems to care
Let go of all that anger
The system doesn't sing
It calls
Boy you must be dreaming
All experts say
Pay with your soul to play
If this ever end well
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No one to save your soul
When all is full of loveI've got paperback stories
Of offshore digital sunsets
Rise where you sleep
With a twisted face
Binging on bleachers
Made a cheerleader cry
Say I'm perfect gameSay I'm a perfect game
Say I'm a perfect game
Say I'm a perfect game