

# Terminal City

## Machines of Loving Grace

Divine the killing  
Sublime terrorist, gentle gnasher  
We are alone, we are wired together  
Uptight in Terminal City  
Fucked up in Terminal City  
A Terminal City  
When I lower my stare  
Pure creature of electric air  
Becoming totally impaired  
It's like sex without motion  
Fellow sleepers of the common dream  
The one injected by the ancient screen  
Fucked up in Terminal City  
Uptight in Terminal City  
Terminal City  
Recrush, toothbrush  
She wore a feline flower face  
He wanted to consume her, knew it was impossible  
The paper girls always drive into this place  
Uptight in Terminal City  
Wired...  
When I turn on  
When I tune in  
Will I drop out  
Will I drop out  
You awaken from the fairyland dream  
Your eyes have focused on the fan on the ceiling  
You realise your a part of the machine  
Just a part of the machine  
Uptight in Terminal City  
Fucked up in Terminal City  
A tired Terminal City  
Uptight and terminal

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