

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