

# Weatherman

## Machines of Loving Grace

Get off the streets and rise from the pressure  
And burst out laughing, get off  
Where the cops all wear leather-eyed amphetamine stares  
Bleed kid, get off the street kid  
Everybody knows it's going to explode you see  
Bleed kid, get off the street kid  
Everybody knows it's all wired, it's all wired  
Weatherman, think it over  
You've got a moment's respite  
Weatherman, get it over  
Infiltrate your inside  
There was a film, there was a nightmare  
Cielo Drive up on the right there  
Some people say the weather's no different  
>From what we had yesterday  
But there's a house on the hill  
Where the children all kill their playthings  
And plant them like barrels of toxic hatred  
Bleed kid, get off the street kid  
Everybody knows it's going to explode you see  
Bleed kid, get off the street kid  
Everybody knows it's all wired, it's all wired  
Weatherman, you get it over  
We penetrate your disguise  
Weatherman, get it over  
Twist the fork in her spine  
Bleed kid, get off the street kid  
Weatherman, you're taking over  
Weatherman, get it over

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