

# Machines Of Loving Grace, Last

Jesus lifted his last restraint  
At the end of the century  
And I couldn't even begin to tell you  
What he saw in her anyway  
She threw her head back  
She threw her head back  
And that beauty spilled out across the high way  
Like a glittering trail of venom and diamonds

Coming down off a mountain of pills  
Designed to keep him in ecstasy  
And I couldn't even begin to tell you  
What he saw in her anyway  
She threw her head back  
She threw her head back  
And that beauty spilled out across the highway  
Like a glittering daughter of Isadora Duncan

This is the last fucking time  
This is the last time

She's a slow harbor  
Looks at me as she comes  
Insect sounds in the field  
She's the breeze  
Takes away the fear in me  
Takes away the fear in me

This is the last fucking time  
This is the last time