

A Machine in India

Flaming Lips

I'm going to India
Over and over again

I'm standing in a cylinder
Seeing all the bleeding vaginas

I feel it now coming over me
So I strive to love the Messiah

I'm going to India
Over and over again

I'm rushing to the nearest station
Feet and hands collide with the driver

All that I think
All I thought
And all I know

The Syrian missile guides itself into the vaginas

I'm going to India
Over and over again