

Jezebel

Acid Bath

Her throat is soft, her lips are red
Her thighs are white, her heart is dead
Jezabell
Red rope burns around her wrists
Her blood is cold a serpent's kiss
Do you love your whore? I like to hear you beg
She's crouched down in the corner with her hands between her legs
Jezabell
Broken glass and dirty needles
Soul erosion truth
Electric god our superman
Found dead in a telephone booth

Shards of teeth ice pick abortions
Orgasmic death, so warm
Let's die screamin' black goat semen
I can't hear you whisper "conform"
Hearts will stop and brain cells pop
Apocalyptic sunshine high
She screams bloody murder as they chop off her fingers
So this is how it feels to die
But its O.K.
She was screamin' bout conspiracy
Talkin' bout talkin' sides
I was masturbating just contemplating
The cold love of suicide