

## Nympho

## Holy Mother

She always had to be a good writer  
Always dreams of sex  
She drew upon reality  
And now she thinks of death  
She always seems so high  
Instead she seems depressed  
Forget the past, break through the door  
Her life is just a test

Neglected your father,  
you fucked up her life  
Rejected your family  
there's nothing left to hide

Unleashed you from yourself  
And let your soul run free to fly  
You tried to save your life  
But then you contemplated suicide  
Oh! She's a nymphomaniac maniac  
Nymphomaniac maniac

I'm in an insane asylum  
Someone to lead me through problems  
Someone to lead me back  
If there's a heaven,  
then why is this world black

Where's your mother Mary  
did you hang her out to dry  
A prayer that lasts forever  
you cut off all your family ties  
You got nowhere else to hide

She always had to be a good writer  
Always dreams of sex  
She drew upon reality  
But now she thinks of death

You nymphomatic maniac  
You tried to find your spirit  
Your parents put you away