

Mater Dolorosa

Babes in Toyland

You've got a mommy problem
I wish you luck, you little fuck
I am alleviation
I leave you ate my digest style

Consider consequences
You'll stretch the truth a country mile
False Prophet accusations
The inquisitions still on file

'Cause it's right before
Behind your eyes

You've greased your machinations
I don't see procreation blind
My mind's in open season
Synapses firing out of line

You think you love me dearly
I fear you've told yourself a lie
You bathe in hesitation
I'll fall for you some other time
I hear it all the time

Right before
Behind your eyes

Sonate pretty ice queen
Belief you brought me to my knees
She cutting teeth on kether
My anemia, my Rosemary

My Mater Dolorosa
Convex the mirror in front of me
Belief in divination
Static resistance on the 3 9 3 9

'Cause it's right before
Behind your eyes