Precious finger she knows how to hold the poison Lick it dip it and for no particular reason She crawls on the floor slides against the door Press your fingers over blossom and it's season

Doesn't matter she'll be doing it her way Doesn't care if it's a 10 or a 2-way Doesn't matter she'll be doing it her way Every night every day

Never meant to show up here anyway Only fucking you till the seasons change

Treasure deep between the places that you hold dear Can't it hurt to act as if we are in love here? Lying across this chair fingers everywhere To define all the angels up above here

Doesn't matter she'll be doing it her way Doesn't care if it's a 10 or a 2-way Doesn't matter she'll be doing it her way Every night every day

Never meant to show up here anyway Only fucking you till the seasons change

When you cum (be a good girl)
Hold your breath (make it last long)
It is called (death)
The little death girl

Never meant to show up here anyway Only fucking you till the seasons change Never meant to show up here anyway Only fucking you till the seasons change