

Angels of Porn II

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My bedroom smells like rotten food
And I guess so do I
It's harder to be good in here
Than it is to starve and die

I'd give my body to Satan
If I could only keep my soul
But I can't seem to find the split
Between them anymore

My hair is falling out again
And I don't really care
I try to stir my conscience
It was never really there

Your fingers up inside of me
Feel like fingers down my throat
Everything is fine in heaven
But I'll never get to know

Make sacrifice in bathtubs
And stained bed covers
Soak all of my clothes in holy water
And drown them like a crying son
Drown them like a crying daughter
Praying in the night to the angels of porn
Nails in their wrists, knees on the floor
Great lakes full of cum extracted from everyone