

# Angels of Porn

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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