Demonica

Throatpunch

Just like a miracle
In chains and clearasil
Stands the woman of my dream
And just thirteen
Bo-peep erotica
My sweet Demonica
The devil's in her jeans
Demonica
My sweet Demonica
Was all I'd wanted for
Since the time that she could crawl
Now don't we all for
Those lips like cherry bombs
we killed her dad and mom
I hear the siren's call
Write true love's number on the wall
The devil take them all
My sweet demonica
was just the tonic for
walking dead throughout the day
She'd make them pay for
non-stop erotica
My sweet demonica
That's why I call her name
I know she's waiting there for me
If I ever go free
My sweet Demonica

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