

Birth Of The Anti Mother

Norma Jean

From the bloodline of vicious serpents, a dreadful heart within a lovely shell
A demons heart, but with the face of God

I guess a liar's heart is still true even if her lips are not

The vomit that flows out from your mouth has seeped into your chest
Searching for the strength to breathe in one last lie from you,
But right now the grave seems so much easier
The fear of that devil in me, it comes from you
You're like the smoke in the window

She comes for sorrow
She comes for lies

We came here for blood

She comes for sorrow
She comes for lies

Did you? Yes or no? No one's getting out because we came for blood
We're not breathing and I don't care, because no ones breathing?
She's not breathing. [Repeat: x3]
Choke that witch out
Suffocate her [Repeat: x3]
Choke her out

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