

Jezebel

Acid Bath

Her throat is soft, her lips are red
Her thighs are white, her heart is dead

Jezebell

Red rope burns around her wrists
Her blood is cold a serpent's kiss

Do you love your whore? I like to hear you beg
She's crouched down in the corner with her hands between her legs

Jezebell

Broken glass and dirty needles

Soul erosion truth

Electric god our superman

Found dead in a telephone booth

Shards of teeth ice pick abortions

Orgasmic death, so warm

Let's die screamin' black goat semen

I can't hear you whisper "conform"

Hearts will stop and brain cells pop

Apocalyptic sunshine high

She screams bloody murder as they chop off her fingers

So this is how it feels to die

But its O.K.

She was screamin' bout conspiracy

Talkin' bout talkin' sides

I was masturbating just contemplating

The cold love of suicide

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