

# Tortured

## Otep

and eye was like 13  
and it was a Sunday morning eye thinkand  
eye think both my parents were still asleepeye remember  
eye was gonna play sick so eye wouldn't have to go to church  
that day(don't stop)  
(don't stop)and eye turned over  
and there he was(my beloved)  
(my beloved)holding a pillow  
he smelled of sweat & regretand he said ....  
shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

Lyrics provided by

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