

Miss Ann Thrope

Victor Magnani

You're so pretty when you lie
Love songs always make me cry
I don't think you have a choice
There's no truth left in your voice Remember when we used to laugh
Just try to forget all that
Wear my heart upon your lips
I hope it tastes just like shit Just call me me
Miss Ann Thrope
Just call me me
Miss Ann Thrope You're so pretty when you die
Love songs always make me cry
I don't think you realize
There's no blue left in your eyes Remember when we used to sing
Just try to forget those things
Fill your hole inside with dirt
I hope that it fucking hurts Just call me me
Miss Ann Thrope
Just call me me
Miss Ann Thrope Just call me me
Miss Ann Thrope
Just call me me
Miss Ann Thrope You have left a trail of deceit
Assault an flattery
Blasting through my wounds
Imprisoned me in God and poetry A ritual to mend my angry heart
A breeding ground for your untruth
If God created man in his own image
Then fuck you Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
My hate for you defines my lust
Bridges to bridges, you're nothing to me
Welcome world Miss Ann Thrope Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
My hate for you defines my lust
Bridges to bridges, you're nothing to me
Welcome world Miss Ann Thrope Fuck, cunt
Miss Ann Thrope
Cunt, fuck
Miss Ann Thrope

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