Vermilion

Moka Only

She seems dressed in all the rings
Of past fatalities
So fragile yet so devious
She continues to see
Climatic hands that press
Her temples and my chest
Enter the night that she came home forever
She's the only one that makes me sad
She is everything and more
The solemn hypnotic
My Dahlia, bathed in possession
She is home to me
I get nervous, perversed when I see her, it's worse
But the stress is astounding
It's now or never, she's coming home forever
She's the only one that makes me sad
Hard to say what caught my attention
Vixen crazy, aphid attraction
Carve my name in my face
To recognize
Such a pheromone cult
To terrorize
I wont let this build up inside of me
I wont let this build up inside of me
I wont let this build up inside of me
I wont let this build up inside of me
I'm a slave and I am a master
No restraints and unchecked collectors
I exist to my need to self oblige
She is something in me that I despise
I won't let this build up inside of me
I won't let this build up inside of me
I won't let this build up inside of me
I won't let this build up inside of me
I won't let this build up inside of me
I won't let this build up inside of me
I won't let this build up inside of me
I won't let this build up inside of me
She isn't real

I can't make her real
She isn't real
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I can't make her real

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