

# Demonica

## Ozimandias

Just like a miracle  
In chains and clearasil  
Stands the woman of my dream  
And just thirteen  
Bo-peep erotica  
My sweet Demonica  
The devil's in her jeans  
Demonica  
My sweet Demonica  
Was all I'd wanted for  
Since the time that she could crawl  
Now don't we all for  
Those lips like cherry bombs  
we killed her dad and mom  
I hear the siren's call  
Write true love's number on the wall  
The devil take them all  
My sweet demonica  
was just the tonic for  
walking dead throughout the day  
She'd make them pay for  
non-stop erotica  
My sweet demonica  
That's why I call her name  
I know she's waiting there for me  
If I ever go free  
My sweet Demonica

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