

Nazimova

My Ruin

Just get off, fuckers You'll find in the mind of a throat that's sore

The beauty of horror

Misunderstood by those who fear her

If you listen you will hear Nazimova

Nazimova

Nazimova You can speak through me

Did not do what they told you to

And I won't do what they tell me to

Why should I? All the saints of hate can't save her

Fuck Hollywood 'cause it made her

Who she was? Who I am?

Stab me in my praying hands Nazimova

Nazimova

Nazimova You can speak through me

Did not do what they told you to

And I won't do what they tell me to

Why should I? Why should I? Stop, jump

Beauty in exile

Horror is in style Did not do what they told you to

And I won't do what they tell me to

Why should I? Did not do what they told you to

And I won't do what they tell me to

Why should I? Why should I stop?

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