

## Birth of the Anti Mother

Norma Jean

From the bloodline of vicious serpents  
A dreadful heart within a lovely shell  
A demon's heart, but with the face of God  
I guess a liar's heart is still true even if her lips are not

The vomit that flows out from your mouth  
Has seeped into your chest  
Searching for the strength  
To breathe in one last lie from you  
But right now the grave seems so much easier

The fear of that devil in me  
It comes from you.  
You're like the smoke in the window  
It comes from you

She comes for sorrow  
She comes for lies

We came here for blood  
Did you? Yes or no?  
No one's getting out because  
We came here for blood  
Did you? Yes or no?  
No one's getting out because

We came for blood

She's not breathing and I don't care  
Because no one's breathing  
She's not breathing

Choke that witch out  
Suffocate her  
Choke her out