

## Mater Dolorosa

### Babes in Toyland

You've got a mommy problem  
I wish you luck, you little fuck  
I am alleviation  
I leave you ate my digest style

Consider consequences  
You'll stretch the truth a country mile  
False Prophet accusations  
The inquisitions still on file

'Cause it's right before  
Behind your eyes

You've greased your machinations  
I don't see procreation blind  
My mind's in open season  
Synapses firing out of line

You think you love me dearly  
I fear you've told yourself a lie  
You bathe in hesitation  
I'll fall for you some other time  
I hear it all the time

Right before  
Behind your eyes

Sonate pretty ice queen  
Belief you brought me to my knees  
She cutting teeth on kether  
My anemia, my Rosemary

My Mater Dolorosa  
Convex the mirror in front of me  
Belief in divination  
Static resistance on the 3 9 3 9

'Cause it's right before  
Behind your eyes