

10 or a 2-Way

Korn

Precious finger she knows how to hold the poison
Lick it dip it and for no particular reason
She crawls on the floor slides against the door
Press your fingers over blossom and it's season

Doesn't matter she'll be doing it her way
Doesn't care if it's a 10 or a 2-way
Doesn't matter she'll be doing it her way
Every night every day

Never meant to show up here anyway
Only fucking you till the seasons change

Treasure deep between the places that you hold dear
Can't it hurt to act as if we are in love here?
Lying across this chair fingers everywhere
To define all the angels up above here

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When you cum (be a good girl)
Hold your breath (make it last long)
It is called (death)
The little death girl

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