

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?