

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