

She seems dressed in all the rings  
Of past fatalities  
So fragile yet so devious  
She continues to see  
Climatic hands that press  
Her temples and my chest  
Enter the night that she came home forever

She's the only one that makes me sad

She is everything and more  
The solemn hypnotic  
My Dahlia, bathed in possession  
She is home to me  
I get nervous, perverted when I see her, it's worse  
But the stress is astounding  
It's now or never, she's coming home forever

She's the only one that makes me sad

Hard to say what caught my attention  
Vixen crazy, aphid attraction  
Carve my name in my face  
To recognize  
Such a pheromone cult  
To terrorize

I wont let this build up inside of me  
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I'm a slave and I am a master  
No restraints and unchecked collectors  
I exist to my need to self oblige  
She is something in me that I despise

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She isn't real  
I can't make her real  
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