

## Saturnus

### The Receiving End of Sirens

I've got this little itch that  
I'd never learned to scratch  
It seems that even if I had  
I'd rather itch than not  
And the pleasure is the lesser  
When it giving to the pressure  
Of an ever growing lust  
And an always present want

All this is yours  
Heres is your piece of it your part in it  
Clench your jaws  
With claws  
You'll strangle it  
You'll smother it  
Damn right I want nothing to do with this  
No part of it  
Keep locked your jaws  
I hope you choke on it

I'd fight to the death to keep it  
This mere fondling is mine all mine  
(the most subtle of snares)  
I've cared so much with proving  
That I've lost all love with proof

An ever growing craving  
For A quickly feel fading  
I'd trade my soul for a great big hole  
And a heart to hard to heal

The craving grows  
Fiercer and fiercer it grows

My heart is ringing out of tune  
My heart is ringing out of tune  
My heart is calling out for you

I'm the first to think  
And the last to drink,  
Of the words I've heard but rarely think  
But I've found the well  
It's mine all mine