

## Receiving End Of Sirens, The "Saturnus"

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I've got this little itch  
that I never learned to scratch  
It seems that even if I had  
I'd rather itch than not

And the pleasure is the lesser  
When its giving to the pressure  
Of an ever growing lust  
And an always present want

All this is yours  
So here's 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

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

An ever growing craving  
For a quickly fading feel  
(the most subtle of snares)  
I'd trade my soul for a great big hole  
And a heart too hard to heal

All this is yours  
So here's 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

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 thirst and the last to drink  
Of the words I've heard but rarely think  
My God my heart has gone to hell,  
But I have found the well and it's mine all mine

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