

Ion

"She's Strychnine"

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Like the Snake in Eden, only more slippery & deceitful

You're poison girl!
I could've swallowed you...

Seeking the proximity; to be under your flesh,
Flower of flesh and blood, I wanted to be your
blooming

I felt empty the minute you walked away from me...

Right now;
I miss just everything about her,
The fragrance all around her neck,
The way she moves, fuck yeah,
Those tight panties...

I can't wait to strip you down!

You're a monument of aesthetic,
Instead of glorifying (you), I'll re-arrange your pretty
smile
An icon to be adorned, you make me sick!
With a rusty cleaver, I'll be the new Da Vinci
Whore, Poisonous, Wine, Strychnine!

You please yourself in the collecting of wrecks of men
Who've fallen under your charms.
Between these luscious legs, a graveyard,
Has become quite a populous Nation

But I simply won't give in,
As I have seen beyond the cruelty of your looks,
Risen from the ashes of my love life,
I aim to see you suffer...

And I desecrate everything that has been given...
To you, as natural weapons, against my will

Weapons that you so skilfully use everyday, you call
this justice?

To be the one, that will show you that tomorrow's
morning glory is gonna be tainted

And simply won't happen, ever again
As sunrise is no more,
And so are you!

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