Ion

"The Girl Nextdoor Is Always Screaming"

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Amy, sweet lewd amy... the way she moans, it's so obscene.

Whether she's crying or complaining,

And the way she's getting beaten, it's almost arousing.

I cannot differ the sounds anymore,

They all seem like a relentless buzzing discomfort.

Fuck this treacherous imagination of mine,

If you'd only knew the complexity of the scenarios emerging from there.

It feels like a bad soap-opera,

Yet you cannot help yourself from watching the next episode.

She must be so beautiful,

I guess that is why I hate her and her voice that much.

The mystery in itself, of her real self, is far more interesting than knowing.

Introspection, yes I do fear the return of the everquestioning process.

It has forced me to review most of the basics concerning females.

I hear them, over and over again, throughout the night.

I don't remember the last time I slept,

And... and I'm not feeling well, here,

Alone with my thoughts... staring at a blank wall.

Battered and bruised, bleeding on the floor.

Worthless piece of meat. I know she's crushed.

But I am useless, unable to save her, and maybe I don't want to.

Oh how I beg for complete silence...

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