

Ion Dissonance

"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 ever-
questioning 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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