

# Naumachia "Fornicatrix"

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Don't cling fear  
And don't try flee either

I am here for a reason  
I'm watching you giving in  
To your compulsory instinct  
Being caressed by random arms

How far will you go  
in your disillusion muck reality?  
How long will you fall  
in your putrid debauchery?

Lowliness queen of self-inflicted pain  
Worn and torn it tears apart  
I will transform you beyond recognition  
And become something else myself  
I will put my bizarre preconception to the test  
And grant you liberation  
Through cleansing pain  
No one is beyond redemption

You are a free offering  
Gained with no strife  
I will put out the flicker of hope  
Gleaming in your overmade eyes

You are free offering  
Disposable sacrifice  
I will use as I see it fit  
I despise your kind  
In your face I'll spit  
Each time you look up

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