

The Provenance "At Random Choose"

Visit "[At Random Choose](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Both on the ground, he's forcing her
His kisses hurt like nothing else
He doesn't care at all pressing himself
Against her, wanting more at all costs.
-Crown me your God and I'll make it worthwhile,
Give me a face that you can stand.
Let me feel alive for once in my life,
Help me see and make believe I am...

Her clothes all ripped and torn to pieces.
The shock invades her, he's in...
The weight of his body, a forceful lock,
The wish of being dead, her mind's blocked.
Take your pick at random choose,
Her sorrows all weigh even, just hope you'll never see
them.

-Let us breed misery, here I come, open wide,
I will feed on you, my maker!
You cum as I please, constantly or never,
I'm not through with you yet, my maker!

-I left her bleeding on the ground, now she's cleaning
herself,
Washing the memories free from her bloodstained
orgasm of pain.
Well, you can take your pick at random choose
Cause her sorrows all weigh even,
And tears will cascade at every choice, just hope you'll
never see them...

Visit [The Provenance](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.