

Thought Industry "Daughter Mobius"

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The Dogorez and one mike stand. A small brawl that
Comes between lovers. It just breaks my heart. I'm
pawn
Life. Calls the world "Arena Grand". Bone gameshow. A
Small joke Christ plays on the Devil. Nielson rates it
well.
I'm bleached life.

Mother's womb stop prancing around pyres of fusion
Hymnals. A world digested, burnt, and beveled. Just
Await Q the troubadour.
Move your leg. Move your arm.
The arid breast. Dry and cracked. Oozed the milk
Gnats thrive on. Little girls, so old and wise. Congress
Votes that Hell is true.

It's your mind. it's my thought, but I am the killer.
It's all right. You're my daughter. I love you. Come
Die in my arms, ignore clouds. Avoid rainfall. It just
Hurts our eyes and skin. Cling to my side, daughter of
Mine.

In darkness you'll find me, and I've found that
Alone only you can satisfy you.
Yawns and goes about her day. A piece of toast the
Morning meal. Sits on down to comb her hair.
Brushed her teeth, and with tomorrow she'll do this
Again.

In darkness you'll find me, and I've found that
Alone my gifted eyes love to undress you.
The men are always boring you. Take their cash
Before the sun. Run the Visa to maximum. Instant
Dinner, the pinnacle of romance that burns you again.

In darkness you'll find me, and I've found that as
You sleep my hands will come to caress you.
Fleeting thoughts. A simple mind. A messiah's work
Is never done. Just wasn't lifes easy love. God sifts
Farther and farther, and won't come again; right?
It's your mind. It's my thought, but I am the killer.
It's all right. You're my daughter. I love you, come

Die in my arms. Watch the ground. It's a graveyard for
Those who couldnt sin. Murder worldwide, daughter of
Mine.

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