

Psycroptic "Medusa"

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Flinching as her wavy hair hisses
Slithers around and around
Entangles her face
Nothing is to be seen
Coils of our beauty queen's reptile crown
I can't bare to see your face without thinking "Kill Her"
I just want my fucking space
I can count the six feet under ground
I just wish you were erased
Who'd think a mirror to your face could kill
Stone
Your monster face chews beauty no more
And hoe I'd kill to gaze upon kind recollection
Where you and I could bow
Perhaps to get along less the ugly in stone
With all the smiles and all that's kind
Put right in your face
None could silence the sound
Of your hissing moral chorus
Kill her
Fucking kill her
Stick the fucking mirror to her fucking face
Queen of the Ugly

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