

The Receiving End Of Sirens "Saturnus"

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I've got this little itch that
I'd never learned to scratch
It seems that even if I had
I'd rather itch than not
And the pleasure is the lesser
When it giving to the pressure
Of an ever growing lust
And an always present want

All this is yours
Heres is your piece of it your part in it
Clench your jaws
With claws
You'll strangle it
You'll smother it
Damn right I want nothing to do with this
No part of it
Keep locked your jaws
I hope you choke on it

I'd fight to the death to keep it
This mere fondling is mine all mine
(the most subtle of snares)
I've cared so much with proving
That I've lost all love with proof

An ever growing craving
For A quickly feel fading
I'd trade my soul for a great big hole
And a heart to hard to heal

The craving grows
Fiercer and fiercer it grows

My heart is ringing out of tune
My heart is ringing out of tune
My heart is calling out for you

I'm the first to think
And the last to drink,
Of the words I've heard but rarely think
But I've found the well

It's mine all mine

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