

Fair Sex, The "Atr"

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See them kneel see them blow
At their throne
Thei're living in bondage now
They'll be released no more
Whiped-out identitites empty faces
Beauty beyond endurance
Does enslave
Her presence
No kindness left
Ferocity of sick scenes
ATR
See a new puppet fall into her
Palms

Raping cruel spider queen
With nets of love
No return on that way
They're too far gone
Nonen of them is a match for ATR
Surrounded with obedient slaves
Who cry and beg for more
They're sick and grey with
Torn raped souls
They are glad and more

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