

## **Anorexia Nervosa**

# **"Das Its Zum Erschiessen Schön"**

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I will die tonite for the second time  
I must die tonite  
I could taste the wine, but it's too late  
I'll burn with pride  
I'll die tonight upon the storm  
And I will cry over heavens  
No wound shall ever satisfy my senses  
No wound !  
Never !  
And I will cry over heavens  
No wound shall ever satisfy my senses  
And in my journey within the night  
I have made love with the divine  
In remembrance of an existence  
Which has much been filled with void and nothingness  
I'll burn with pride  
I'll die tonite  
I'll die tonite upon the storm  
Feel the flesh of sacred Aeons  
I have felt all around me the flesh of sacred Aeons  
In my womb grows the child of thy fornication  
My hour is almost come when I to sulphurous and  
tormenting flames  
Must render up myself  
Now I can touch your lips  
And kiss you goodbye  
For I leave  
For I leave you alone  
Eternity ain't enough  
Frozen heat of hell overcame my body  
You're not enough for me  
No woman nor man  
I shall ever love  
As I only praise  
My own sad savour

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