

Nympho

Holy Mother

She always had to be a good writer
Always dreams of sex
She drew upon reality
And now she thinks of death
She always seems so high
Instead she seems depressed
Forget the past, break through the door
Her life is just a test

Neglected your father,
you fucked up her life
Rejected your family
there's nothing left to hide

Unleashed you from yourself
And let your soul run free to fly
You tried to save your life
But then you contemplated suicide
Oh! She's a nymphomaniac maniac
Nymphomaniac maniac

I'm in an insane asylum
Someone to lead me through problems
Someone to lead me back
If there's a heaven,
then why is this world black

Where's your mother Mary
did you hang her out to dry
A prayer that lasts forever
you cut off all your family ties
You got nowhere else to hide

She always had to be a good writer
Always dreams of sex
She drew upon reality
But now she thinks of death

You nymphomatic maniac
You tried to find your spirit
Your parents put you away