

My Ruin, Nazimova

Just get off...Fucker!

You'll find in the mind of a throat that's sore
The beauty of horror
Misunderstood by those who feared her
If you listen...you will hear...

Nazimova

Nazimova

Nazimova

You can speak through me
Did not do...what they told you to
And I won't do...what they tell me to
Why...should I?

All the saints of hate can't save her
Fuck Hollywood 'coz it made her
Who she was...who I am
Stab me in my praying hands

Nazimova

Nazimova

Nazimova

You can speak through me
Did not do...what they told you to
And I won't do...what they tell me to
Why...should I?

Stop

Drop

Beauty in exile
Horror is in style

Did not do...what they told you to
And I won't do...what they tell me to
Why...should I?
Stop!