

The Receiving End Of Sirens, Saturnus

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

All this is yours so here's your piece of it, your part in it
Clench your jaws, ith claws, you'll strangle it, you'll smother it
Damn right, I want nothing to do with this, no part of it

Fight to death to keep it
This mere fondling is mine
(It's the subtlest of snares)
I've cared so much with proving that I've lost all love for proof
An ever growing craving for a quickly fading feel
(It's the subtlest of snares)
I'd trade my soul for a great big hole and a heart too hard to heal

All this is yours so here's 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, choke on it

The craving grows
Fiercer and fiercer it grows
It grows
The craving grows
Fiercer and fiercer it grows
It grows

My heart is ringing out of tune
(Fiercer and fiercer it grows)
My heart is ringing out of tune
(Fiercer and fiercer it grows)
My heart is calling out for you

I'm first to thirst and the last to drink
Of the words I've heard but rarely think
Forget my heart has gone to hell
I have found the well and it's mine, all mine

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"In the background:"

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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, choke on it