

And One, Wet Spot

This time it feels better
Even masturbation rules
Nobody is keeping in my pillow tidy
Tenderness and innocence

Wet spot is drying
Drying to itself
On important parts of my body
I finally feels things
For which you have never left
Never again

So I'm screaming some parts for you
I wish you had never had been here
If I could reverse the time I would
You would sleep on the wet spot

But normally she never feels a thing
Normally she never feels anything

Dissapearing smell and dissapointed toys
I hope you feel deranged
If I could reverse the time
You would sleep on the wet spot

But normally she never feels a thing
Normally she never feels anything