Behind Crimson Eyes, Children Of The Broken He

Your cries are searching for
The lock and key to your mother's door.
She'll ignore our every sound
And leave you to drown.
There's no escaping you'll see
There's no escaping from me.
I'll take off your clothes as you beg me no more
I'll share your moans and you know that you are done for.
I will sing you to sleep from every thrust
You will quietly weep and never trust your father again.
There's no escaping you'll see
There's no escaping from me.
I'll take off your clothes as you beg me no more
I'll share your moans and you know that you are done for.