

Behind Crimson Eyes, Dial H For Whore

Your pride is black and blue tonight,
But your womb is full of more than his delight.
Ravish his every desire
And suck every inch of his latex attire.
So take a deep breathe and swallow now

And all that you taste is bitterness you chaste.
And all these red lights and lusty suicides.
You'll pay more than he owes.
And all these black eyes wish cash goodbyes.
You'll pay more than he owes.

Now this awkward silence
Between pleasure and paying
Cuts air like knives
Infests your wound like spite.
He says "Bitch just go down, down. Just go down, down.
Bitch just go down, down. Just go down, down."

And all these red lights and lusty suicides.
You'll pay more than he owes.
And all these black eyes wish cash goodbyes.
You'll pay more than he owes.

Don't you have any shame?
Don't you feel any pain?
Don't you have any shame?
Don't you feel any pain?
You'll pay more than!