

# Boris, Woman On The Screen

Lowered winding look, and obscure wet sound  
The more swirling the more craze in your dance  
Winding slowly, you give a gaze  
It's partly because you are weak,  
isn't it better to have your fingers in your mouth?  
Lies coming rear, I think I'm going to be broken up  
Throwing away all the mirrors, tack them back of the door  
Anyway, after some violent moments, you'd be cracked  
It's won't take too long for you to stop  
You'll vomit, trying to to seize a headless image of future  
I'll open the doors  
And I'll stab you  
That will fill your fantasy  
Hey, I'll penetrate it.