

Fair Sex, Atr

See them kneel see them blow
At their throne
They're living in bondage now
They'll be released no more
Whipped-out identities empty faces
Beauty beyond endurance
Does enslave
Her presence
No kindness left
Ferocity of sick scenes
ATR
See a new puppet fall into her
Palms
Raping cruel spider queen
With nets of love
No return on that way
They're too far gone
None of them is a match for ATR
Surrounded with obedient slaves
Who cry and beg for more
They're sick and grey with
Torn raped souls
They are glad and more