Fear Before The March Of Flames, The Story Of

Leaving the throne behind our princess is found anew
Strung up in a bedpost webbing. in this romance of spiders
We love, like spiders
You won't feel a thing

She had a run in with the doctor of fishes
Now she smiles like a princess, legs behind her head
A doctor stands accused of painting the roses red
Off with his head. Off with his head

Doctors. Cameras. Loved ones. Unhand her
Behold the site of our villain in peril
This doctors hand in her. She is fucked by a million viewers

So smile big for the cameras. We're sending this one home

These eight legs have dug their way in. Has it made you whole?