

# Korn, 10 Or A 2-Way

Precious finger she knows how to hold the poison  
Lick it dip it and for no particular reason  
She crawls on the floor slides against the door  
Press your fingers over blossom and it's season

Doesn't matter she'll be doin it her way  
Doesn't care if it's a 10 or a 2-way  
Doesn't matter she'll be doin it her way  
Every night every day

Never meant to show up here anyway  
Only fuckin you till the seasons change

Treasure deep between the places that you hold dear  
Can't it hurt to act as if we are in love here?  
Lie across this chair fingers everywhere  
To define all the angels up above here

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When you cum (be a good girl)  
Hold your breath (make it last long)  
It's a mess (and it's gone)  
The little death girl

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