

Pain Teens, Daughter of Chaos

In my field of blood, in my gown of thorns
In my endless night, in my devil's horns
I was born in a firestorm, blood running down the walls
The sirens screamed my name, the distant explosions called
Daughter of Chaos, Mother of Dread,
Mistress of the Flies, Queen of the Dead
Caught with another man, don't cry no tears over me
My blood runs cold for a week every month,
That's enough to make anyone mean
Sexual maturity and superhuman strength
Just one good squeeze, baby, and I'll take you to the brink
Daughter of Chaos, Mother of Dread
Mistress of the Flies, Queen of the Dead
Caught with another man, I don't even turn my head
You had it, you lost it, if you don't shut up you'll be dead
A savage god swims in my night, bull's neck snapped
in an attitude of delight
In my field of blood, in my gown of thorns,
In my endless night, in my devil's horns
Daughter of Chaos, Mother of Dread
Mistress of the Flies, Queen of the Dead