

## The Holy Whore

When the Holy Whore does visit you at night  
Don't be happy man nor scared, you'll just die  
When she smiles and smiles with her hollow  
Just go in, relax, you'll just be swallowed

The hole is sad, since long ago the Heart has left  
She's pissed and mad at Man of whom she feels bereft  
So the lady's smiling, hiding what she feels  
Faking love's the weapon for the coming deal

She sees She wins so easily again  
She conjures a smile on the face of the man  
He thinks he's gaining ground and he can't wait  
The bitch is laughing when she's opening the gate

It's so simple to veil her disdain for him  
She wraps around his lifelessness with all her limbs  
The last remainders of his manhood spirit  
Sacrificed in repeating the old flesh lyric

Assuming to be satisfied he's lying next to her  
Forgot her name, Aphrodite or Lucifer  
Fully empty, not aware of what he lost  
The battle, thinking the programme was called love

Unfulfilled the holy harlot proceeds to hunt  
To find, love and shoot the One not bowing for a cunt  
Fucking here, sucking there, but weak men everywhere  
And even more than man herself she cannot bear

How she hates the stories 'bout her qualities  
Her love, peace, wisdom, care and creativity  
How she hates her sisters trying to delude  
And men who can't discern her pain, can't see truth

If their Heart won't Touch her dark then she just takes, can't share  
As joy the pain's packaged, this eternal itch down there  
No penis ever filled the gap, oh bloody tourists  
Is venus then too low to mount, to see what the root is?

No man dares to feel the solitude of a hole  
Blinded by beauty, choked by softness and his goal  
Preparing for the next one her vagina weeps  
It cannot speak her truth, without Man she sleeps

In all her activity her body's still waiting  
Is She really doomed forever to be craving  
Hating her games, hating to win and to be juicy  
Where's the Man who can finally stand her seducing?