

Berlin, Pleasure Victim

We touched there was temperature
I'm not the same
Now i'm passing through your door
It's a pleasure game

You're the object of of my smile
I'm a life machine
Sentimental sound on sound
Time to switch the scene

You're the passion in me
You've broken down the system
You're the vision i see
A pleasure victim

Simple figures fill my mind
Some I recognize
Bodies always look the same
Never see their eyes

To the touch there's always you
How can I erase your
Flaming candles, whispered words
Then your soft embrace