

# Children Of Bodom, Touch Like Angel Of Death

A glance to my eyes, deep within reveals  
This worn-out warrior's mind  
I'm killing you by suffering  
Discomposure of a deepest kind

In the night I crave to feel your breath  
And your touch like angel of death  
In the dawn I'm in chains of bestial rage  
And forced to make you dead

The chains get tighter around my throat  
I can give you no love, only dead-lift of pain

In the dusk of evening I tuck you up with feathers  
Forever I'll stand by your side  
In the twilight of night I'm laughing  
While cutting you hundred and thirteen times

Can't you see I am evil, double-edged razor  
Child of eternal hate.  
To torment you like a motherfuckin-whore  
I'll make you cry forever more

I'd crawl through broken glass to you...  
And your name is written in my very flesh  
With the knife I'm still longing to use

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