

Diary Of Dreams, Drop Dead

Drop dead-permanently gorgeous
In the mood to lose control

Go leave me as my best friend, (but please)
stay out of sight
I hunger for the next one-tonight

Are you cleaned in your soul?
Or is a victim the one who speaks the truth?

What can you tell about a person with a gun?
Come on, give up, give up!

My little servant is just like a tattoo
You cannot wash it off - you cannot seem to let it go

Maybe it may be, that you need shelter
Run for help, run for miles and find no one to blame!

I cannot see you
I cannot feel you
I cannot sense the distance to you (at all)