

IAMX, Bring Me Back A Dog

From the fall I hold the word conviction
And the thrill to the swell is in your golden touch
But the flesh is weak and without reason
So I slave to your beat and soul for all time
God give a little love, bring me back a dog in the next life
God give a little love, wanna be a dog in the next life
When you strike with soul and quick precision
I'm snagged by a nervous twitch and cold desire
They say the wretched get their kingdom
Breathe on, it's my time, let's go, we all die
God give a little love, bring me back a dog in the next life
God give a little love, wanna be a dog in the next life
The trouble is me, you