

Spiritual Front, No Kisses On The Mouth

There are no streets for my heart
Nor voices can make my naked body shiver
But I need (a need) a slave
Who will stab me and a faithful dog
That will devour my body
Love me while I confided you my intentions
'Cos you know I will fail
Love my childish purity
'Cos you know I'd lick every sin your flesh

The limit of love is that
Of needin' always an accomplice

I've lil' in my pocket just some sand and some stupid truth
But enough to redeem your lack of style
And your vague sense of duty
My certainty falls while your saliva tastes like my sex
My tongue furrows your seals
While the night whispers our end

The limit of love is that
Of needin' always an accomplice