

# Terence Trent D'Arby, Succumb To Me

Whoever you are come forth  
Come forth  
These are the days that must happen to you  
Come forth  
I am a spirit  
Up above your head  
Though I rest in you  
As though you were a bed  
In a molecular world  
In an electric state  
I sing the praise of angels  
And I sit and wait for you  
Baby, baby, baby  
Succumb to me  
Baby, baby, baby  
Succumb to me  
Give me your tears  
I'll keep them in a glass  
I'll store them with the treasures  
That I've amassed  
Give me your ears  
I have secrets to tell  
I will make you hear the delicate bell  
All around you  
Baby, baby, baby  
Succumb to me  
Baby, baby, baby  
Succumb to me  
Give me your anger  
And I'll soften the tone  
I am the kiss that grows  
Where love is shown  
I am the mirror  
That reflects your flickering flame  
So follow me through your mirror frame  
Baby, baby, baby  
Succumb to me  
Baby, baby, baby  
Succumb to me  
These are the days that must happen to you  
Whoever you are come forth  
I have not revealed myself to you  
To be another statistic  
I have come to you to be my mystic  
Baby, baby, baby  
Succumb to me  
Baby, baby, baby  
Succumb to me  
Baby, baby, baby  
Succumb to me  
Baby, baby, baby  
Succumb to me  
Whoever you are come forth  
These are the days that must happen to you  
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