

# Terminal Choice, Black Dressed Woman

black dressed woman  
the whip in your hand  
burning desire  
you know I can't stand  
your burning eyes  
they save my skin  
you got a body  
made of sin

hit me  
hit me  
show me how to suffer

hit me  
hit me  
you got me under your control

pain is your answer  
pain is your game  
don't has a tact  
there is nothing to blame  
you can do everything  
you can cut my flesh  
I lay at your feet  
my mind is crashed

I see my flesh burning  
I can smell the blood  
my body explose  
just one more cut

the room is gettin darker  
I can't see your face  
I am feeling so weak  
and I am still in race  
I feel no more pain  
but there is the light  
I guess you killed me  
in this night