

The Mission, Hungry As The Hunter

Dressed as seduction she's curious and cruel
She steals her way into your trust
And first you want her kiss and then you want her more
And then she'll have you crawling in the dust
Don't speak to me of dignity don't speak to me of love
Don't talk to me of sanctity don't talk to me of love
She's hungry as the hunter and she's shooting for the thrill
She's hungry as the hunter and she shoots to kill

The swastika a grinning skull tattooed on your arm
The needle and the damage done
The heresy of romance with the lady in white
And the beautiful and damned die young
Don't count on me for sympathy don't come to me for love
Don't talk to me of liberty don't talk to me of love
She's hungry as the hunter and she's shooting for the thrill
She's hungry as the hunter she shoots to kill

You've gone to the devil god rest your soul
A shot in your arm is like a knife in my back
Addiction to the lady coursing through your veins
She holds the whip you love to crack
Don't talk to me of serenity don't talk to me of love
Don't speak to me of divinity don't speak to me of love
She's hungry as the hunter and she's prowling like the hound
She's hungry as the hunter she'll track you down
She's hungry as the hunter and she's shooting for the thrill
She's hungry as the hunter she shoots to kill