

# Abby Travis, La Petite Mort

Sustain me  
Only with your love  
Only with your love  
Could I ever have enough  
Sustain me

Every time you die a little bit  
At repose in ultra-violet  
Nothing to erase  
In the twilight  
We levitate

You make me disappear  
Like no one has before  
Le ecstasy, my dear  
Devient l'amour

Every time you die a little bit  
In the throws of perfect fit  
Nothing could replace  
The infinity  
Of this embrace

Sustain me  
Only with your love  
Only with your love  
Sustain me

Well there are those who claim  
That pleasure and pain cannot be measured  
From a one to seven  
You're a hundred and eleven of succulent treasure  
I never try with you  
We simply are the love immortal and you know it's true

Every time you die a little bit  
Vacantly expressing it  
Full moon in your face  
Falling angels in perfect grace