

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