

Bauhaus, Passion of lovers

She had nut painted arms
That were hers to keep
And in her fear
She sought cracked pleasures
The passion of lovers is for death said she
Licked her lips
And turned to feather
And as I watched from underneath
I came aware of all that she keep
The little foxes so safe and sound
They were not dead
Theyd gone to ground
The passion of lovers is for death said she
The passion of lovers is for death
The passion of lovers is for death said she
The passion of lovers is for death
She breaks her hear
Just a little too much
And her jokes attract the lucky bad type
As she dips and wails
And slips her banshee smile
She gets the better of the bigger to the letter
The passion of lovers is for death said she
The passion of lovers is for death
The passion of lovers is for death said she
The passion of lovers is for death
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The passion of lovers is for death
The passion of lovers is for death said she