

Cinerama, Love

J'aime l'odeur de ta peau le matin.

Elle m'excite et je veux avoir mal.

Lit chaud. Air Froid.

Ton regard affamé me brûle, et j'ai besoin de sentir plus.

Le sang sur tes ongles me fait peur, mais malgré tout je veux que tu restes.

Je suis meurtrie et corche, et je devrais souffrir, mais tu me retiens et tout me paraît bien.

Je t'en prie, crois-moi quand je te dis "Ne me quitte plus."

Tout ce que je veux faire c'est te coucher tes côts, ici dans ce lit.

(His)

I love your flirting

And I love your fingers

And I love your boots

And I love your sigh

I love your murmur

And I love your freckles

And I love the way

You say "goodbye"

I love the smell of your skin, in the morning

It excites me, and I want to feel sore

Warm bed, cold air, your hungry stare

Delights me, and now I need some more

I love your scratches

And I love your teasing

And I love your sweat

And I love your voice

I love your riddles

And I love your shivers

And I love your curl

And I love your toys

And seeing blood on your nails just never fails

To appal me, but I still want you to stay

I'm bruised, I'm cut, it ought to hurt, but

You enthrall me, and that makes it okay

And please, just believe me, when I say "Don't ever leave me"

Because lying here beside you, is all I want to do

The smell of your skin, in the morning

Excites me, and I want to feel sore

Warm bed, cold air, your hungry stare

Delights me, and now I need some more

Blood on your nails just never fails

To appal me, but I still want you to stay

I'm bruised I'm cut, it ought to hurt, but

You enthrall me, and that makes it okay

(Hers)

I love your stubble

I love your navel

I love your frown

I love your heels

I love your lipstick

I love your biting

I love your tongue

And the way it feels

I love your letters
I love your phone calls
I love your hips
Your naked wrists

I love your stories
I love your sisters
I love your tears
I love your breasts

I love your whispers
I love your dancing
I love your thirst
I love your lies

I love your tantrums
I love your perfume
I love your teeth
Your big surprise

I love your bleeding
I love your mischief
I love your eyes
Those things you said

I love your temper
I love your trembling
I love to lie
Here in your bed

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