

New Model Army, Sex (The Black Angel)

Look at my eyes - you know what it is
I want you, I want you
The way your body moves beneath that dress
And all the nights I've spent away alone in sleeplessness
It's a hunger that we can fill
Racing, racing
And every nerve tingles with it
I want you, I want you
You know the way that I can make you feel
Of all the faces in the crowd, there's only you
Pull down your hair a little
Open up your mouth a little
You're beautiful, you're the best
This feeling that you know oh so well
Your oldest friend from the fires, the fires of hell
And I want you now
Driving down
Driving down
Into the fires
Every stretch and move is like a dream
Eating, biting, scratching
And all there is, is these racing pulses
And the breathing
Forget all the lies that they gave to you
Believe in this 'cause how could this feeling not be true
Driving down