

# Pinkly Smooth, Body of Death of the Man with the

Little lover look into my eyes  
The only things that make you wanna die.  
And oh you will  
And little songs and other things are gone  
Insane, Im sure theres never been a one  
And all the whispers in your dream  
its on your waking face, a morning you will no more sink in sorrow.  
Led me to rot  
And I dont buy what youre selling me  
and things are killing me  
But Im on top of it.  
Little lover look into my eyes  
The only things that make you wanna die.  
And oh you will  
And little songs and other things are gone  
Insane, Im sure theres never been a one  
And all the whispers in your dream  
its on your waking face a morning you will no more sink in sorrow.  
Fight the fever  
Burn like fire  
And I dont buy what youre selling me  
and things are killing me  
But Im on top of it.  
Little girls laugh at a go  
So I go just like animal and bite nails  
Will I leave and let yourself to scream and I hold  
Run away. Youre in the devils kitchen  
I dont buy, I dont buy what youre selling me  
and things are killing me  
But Im on top of it.  
The body, the body the body of death.