

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.