

Portishead, Biscuit

I'm lost, exposed
Stranger things will come your way
Its just I'm scared
Got hurt along time ago
I can't make myself heard no matter how hard I scream

Ohh sensation
Sin, slave of sensation

Full fed yet I still hunger
Torn inside
Haunted I tell myself, yet I still wander
Down, inside, its tearing me apart

Ohh sensation
Sin, slave of sensation

[INSTRUMENTAL]

Ohh sensation
Sin, slave of sensation

At last, relief
A mothers son has left me sheer
The shores I seek
Are crimson tastes devine
I can't make myself heard, no matter how hard I scream

Ohh sensation
Sin slave of sensation