

Pursuit Of Happiness, Killed By Love

Romantic fool, yeah, that's the word, fool
I'm a fool, I'm a fool, I think I'm starting to drool
The more I drink, you know, the worse that I feel
I'm talking to the floor and I'm soaking in my pee

I don't want to dance, I don't want to sing
I don't think that I can move, 'cause I can't feel a thing
Stench in the air, vultures flying up above
Another useless dead thing, I've been killed by love

Yeah, I've walked those fields of juniper and mist
And my lips are still burning from the touch of your last kiss
Well, I thought you were an angel and I trusted your embrace
But you turned into a monster and you spit right in my face

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Killed by love
I blame myself

Crafty old jackal ripped my guts out before
The boy with nine lives, I keep coming 'round for more
My passion was your weapon, it put a blindfold on my eyes
The last sound I heard was laughter as you buried me alive

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