

Soft Cell, Martin

Martin

Martin is talking to you

Martin is a boy with problems
Martin has a family history
Martin has too many nightmares
He lives in a fantasy
There's a danger that he'll take too far
His morbid curiosity

He's seen too many creepy films
He's read too many books
Martin sleeps with all the lights on
Martin's seen too many looks
He lives out a strange obsession
Tries hard to resist
But Martin needs his strange obsession
To exist

(Kill, kill, kill)

He's far too pale and far too frail
To be a normal boy
There's something shining in his eyes
The things he'd like to say
Martin had a lot to live down
Growing up in a mining town
Torches burning in the trees
The shivering lust of blood
He's the star of many horror movies
But deep inside he's good

There's an illness flowing through him
That's there all the time
And though he watches and he waits
He knows he's not to blame
The face at the window
The hand under the bed
Martin has hallucinations
Dreams that he's dead
He finds the hunger's at its worst
When he's in bed

(Kill, kill, kill)

He's finding hard to keep control
He knows it won't be long
And his tongue rolls over his dry lips
And the voice lingers on