

Spiritual Front, Autopsy Of A Love

I exiated hell of few minutes of passion there's a stone above my head
That suffocates my impulse and a weapon on neck that arms my madness
Make a destruction of me, make annihilation of me
There's a sense of end in our tired eyes and the smell of alcohol in your mouth
I will not kill myself because i've no pictures in which I smile
And consider me as your worst lover
and consider me as your sinner
the only thing that i want to to see
is my defeated and my sperm in your hands
And consider me as your worst lover
and consider me as your sinner
the only thing that i want to feel
is the warmth of yoursex in my mouth
[sing the last verse for your weak lover]
i know i'll never see again your consumed face
i will never have your chest against mine
i don't want to know if there will be another man
i could be better to be dead while your car leave me at the end of this dirty road
don't look for my lifeless body in this universe
cause will no word will justify our end
let me die while your breath migrate so far and consider me...