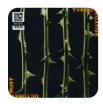
Love You To Death - Type O Negative

In her place one hundred candles burning As salty sweat drips from her breast Her hips move And I can feel what they're saying, swaying They say the beast inside of me Is gonna get ya, get ya, get Black lipstick stains her glass of red wine I am your servant, May I light your cigarette? Those lips smooth, Yeah I can feel what you're saying, praying They say the beast inside of me's Gonna get ya, get ya, get I beg to serve, your wish is my law Now close those eyes And let me love you to death Shall I prove I mean what I'm saying, begging I say the beast inside me Is gonna get ya, get ya, get Let me love you too Let me love you to death Hey am I good enough For you? Hey am I good enough For you?





For you?

Am I good enough

Słowa: brak danych Muzyka: brak danych