

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?
Am I good enough
For you?



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych