

## Pleasure Victim

Berlin

We touched there was temperature  
I'm not the same  
Now I'm passing through your door  
It's a pleasure game

You're the object of of my smile  
I'm a life machine  
Sentimental sound on sound  
Time to switch the scene

You're the passion in me  
You've broken down the system  
You're the vision I see  
A pleasure victim

Simple figures fill my mind  
Some I recognize  
Bodies always look the same  
Never see their eyes

To the touch there's always you  
How can I erase your  
Flaming candles, whispered words  
Then your soft embrace