

Venus In Furs

Christian Death

Shiny, shiny, shiny boots of leather.
Whiplash girl, child in the dark.
Comes in bells, your servant, don't forsake him.
Strike, dear mistress, and cure his heart.

Downy sins of streetlight fancies.
Chase the costumes she shall wear.
Ermine furs adorn the imperious.
Severin', Severin' awaits you there.

I am tired, I am weary;
I could sleep for a thousand years.
A thousand dreams that would awake me.
Different colors, made of tears.

Kiss the boot of shiny, shiny leather;
Shiny leather in the dark.
Tongue of thongs, the belt that does await you.
Strike, dear mistress, and cure his heart.

Severin', Severin', speak so slightly.
Severin', down on your bended knee.
Taste the whip, in love not given lightly.
Taste the whip, now plead for me.

I am tired, I am weary;
I could sleep for a thousand years.
A thousand dreams that would awake me.
Different colors, made of tears.

Shiny, shiny, shiny boots of leather.
Whiplash girl, child in the dark.
Severin', your servant comes in bells, please don't forsake him
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Strike, dear mistress, and cure his heart.