

Slaves To Passion

De/Vision

Will you ever find the answer?
Will you never touch the ground?
You do gladly feed your Cancer
Do you hope to drag me down?

Hear my Words, feel my Hurt
Can't you see we're meant to be
Slaves to Passion; Servants to Fashion
That's the way that we want to be

Hear my Words, feel my Hurt
Can't you see we're meant to be
Slaves to Passion; Sense the Fashion
That's the way that we want to be

If I ever need a brother
I know I'll find a brother in me
Do you sometimes need a sister?
Something you will never be...

Hear my Word, feel my Hurt
Can't you see we're meant to be
Slaves to Passion; Sense the Fashion
That's the way that we want to be