

## Drop Dead

### Diary of Dreams

Drop dead-permanently gorgeous  
In the mood to lose control

Go leave me as my best friend, (but please)  
stay out of sight  
I hunger for the next one-tonight

Are you cleaned in your soul?  
Or is a victim the one who speaks the truth?

What can you tell about a person with a gun?  
Come on, give up, give up!

My little servant is just like a tattoo  
You cannot wash it off - you cannot seem to let it go

Maybe it may be, that you need shelter  
Run for help, run for miles and find no one to blame!

I cannot see you  
I cannot feel you  
I cannot sense the distance to you (at all)