

Passion's Killing Floor

HIM

It's poetry carved in flesh
This beautiful hell of ours
To the deadliest sin we confess
(Tears of joy fill our eyes)
We are saved with its bigotries
My out-there prophecies of doom

My heart's a graveyard, baby
And to evil we make love
On our passion's killing floor
In my arms, you won't sleep safely
And of lust we are reborn
On our passion's killing floor

At the first kiss
the seeds of hatred are sewn
Back into darkness we flee
(To tear our hearts out)
We are saved where all fates fail
The light inside of our tomb

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(My heart's a graveyard, baby)
My heart's a graveyard, baby
On our passion's killing floor

(In my arms, you won't sleep safely)
And to evil we make love
On our passion's killing floor

Forever more. . .