

Kill

iamamiwhoami

Creeping throbbing shock of love, crawling toward
Trying to part their whispers from shouting encore
This will is itching, this want is making me soar

What is expected, to see my happy one?

Come on, just kill this, nervous and nauseous
All this commotion is not worth it
Come on, just kill this, a second coming
An age is dawning without smiles and laughter

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One foot forward, will you be catching my fall?
Once I give, I know you'll be claiming more
You had me stretching, you have been talking me sore
What is expected, to carry you in my arms?

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All this commotion is not worth it
Come on, just kill this, a second coming
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Come on, just kill this, a second promise
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(Come on, just kill this)