

Skin of the Night

M83

Like a moth she moves to the red light
Her blood warms and boils there
She skims the sweat like a new milk
And pops the buttons off her wet blouse

Oh, queen of the night
(All of her soft parts call to me)
Well, she is deep inside
(She could be mine)
And she is haunting me

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She digs her nails into her naked chest
Her face vein out like a road map
She pulls back the skin to show her ribs
That twinkle like shooting stars

(8x)

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