

## Genghis Khan

Nico

I have come to lie with you  
I have come to die with you

On your padded shoulder  
And your golden chest  
In a wilderness of glass we rest

And all the flowers they are our words  
And my chances follow dances  
Into a storm afraid

A sweet and bitter rest he gets  
A sweet and bitter rest he gets

I have come to lie with you  
I have come to die with you