

The Body of Death of the Man with the Body of Death

Pinkly Smooth

Little lover look into my eyes
The only things that make you wanna die
And, oh, you will

And little songs and other things are gone
Insane, I'm sure there's never been a one
And all the whispers in your dreams
It's on your waking face
A morning you will no more sink in sorrow

Led me to rot

And I don't buy what you're selling me
And animal things are killing me
But I'm on top of it

And I don't buy what you're selling me
And animal things are killing me
But I'm on top of it

Little lover look into my eyes
The only things that make you wanna die
And, oh, you will

And little songs and other things are gone
Insane, I'm sure there's never been a one
And all the whispers in your dream
It's on your waking face
A morning you will no more sink in sorrow

Fight the fever
Burn like fire

And I don't buy what you're selling me
And animal things are killing me
But I'm on top of it

And I don't buy what you're selling me
And animal things are killing me
But I'm on top of it

Little girls laugh at and go
So I go just like
Animal and bite nails
Will I leave and let yourself to scream and I hold on

Run away, run away, you're in the devil's kitchen
Run away, run away, you're in the devil's kitchen
Run away, run away, you're in the devil's kitchen
Run away, run away...

I don't buy, I don't buy
What you're selling me
And animal things are killing me
But I'm on top of it

And I don't buy what you're selling me

And animal things are killing me
But I'm on top of it

The body, the body, the body of death (7x)