

Fake

Raining Pleasure

Here's my life and here's my way and here's my body
here's my pain meet
my mother see my train get on get on get on get on
Walk with me in my strange life I've no things to show
and no things to hide
Life is fair and this blooming game will go on and on
and on

This possession
never was a question
a healer for this tension
tenderness and pressure.
From my warnings
all you got was your needs
all you did was promise
you were only fake

Little by little touch by touch our eyes grew cold our
hands grew rough
Little by little losing touch hello hello hello hello
failed in trust got sunk in pain obsessed with love and
clouds and rain
Lives collapse and this fucking game goes on and on and
on

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