

When You Hurt Me the Most

Stream of Passion

The air was cold the night I fled,
your eyes were more than I could take;
I ran so fast, I ran like hell,
and still wasn't able to escape...
The picture's still fixed in my head:
the stage was all set at my request;
you took the role, you played it well,
I knew it would be easy for you.

Strike me harder now,
push me to the ground.
Pain is sweeter coming from your hand,
I love you when you hurt me the most.

So fell the lash repeatedly,
the icy words cut me deeper still;
I begged for more, you gave no less,
surrendering fully to the game.
You took control, I took the blame,
you had enough so you looked away;
deprived of love, deprived of pain,
no choice but to keep on sinking.

Strike me harder now,
push me to the ground.
Pain is sweeter coming from your hand,
don't you leave me when I need you the most.

No pain or love left for your slave;
my heart is torn yet you smile the same.
I'll break the vow, I'll tell myself
the words that free me from you.

Strike me harder now,
push me to the ground.
Pain is sweeter coming from your hand,
don't you leave me when I need you the most.

The air was cold the night I fled,
the pain was more than I could take.
You've learned your role; you'll play it well,
I know it will be easy for you.