

Black dressed woman

Terminal Choice

black dressed woman
the whip in your hand
burning desire
you know I can't stand
your burning eyes
they save my skin
you got a body
made of sin

hit me
hit me
show me how to suffer

hit me
hit me
you got me under your control

pain is your answer
pain is your game
don't has a tact
there is nothing to blame
you can do everything
you can cut my flesh
I lay at your feet
my mind is crashed

I see my flesh burning
I can smell the blood
my body explode
just one more cut

the room is gettin darker
I can't see your face
I am feeling so weak
and I am still in race
I feel no more pain
but there is the light
I guess you killed me
in this night