

## Killed By Love

### The Pursuit Of Happiness

Romantic fool -- yeah, that's the word, fool  
I'm a fool, I'm a fool, I think  
I'm starting to drool  
The more I drink, the worse I feel  
I'm talking to the floor and  
I'm soaking in my pee  
(Chorus)  
I don't wanna dance, I don't wanna sing  
I don't think that I can move  
'Cause I can't feel a thing  
Stench in the air, vultures flying up above  
Another useless dead thing  
I've been killed by love  
I've walked those fields of juniper and mist  
And my lips are still burning from  
The touch of your last kiss  
I though you were an angel  
And I trusted your embrace  
But you turned into a monster  
And you spit right in my face  
That crafty old jackal ripped my guts out before  
The boy with nine lives  
I keep coming round for more  
My passion was your weapon  
It put a blindfold on my eyes  
The last sound I heard was laughter  
As you buried me alive