

## Love You to Death

Type O Negative

In her place one hundred candles burning  
as salty sweat drips from her breast  
her hips move and I can feel what they're saying, swaying  
They say the beast inside of me's gonna get ya, get ya, get...

Black lipstick stains her class of red wine  
I am your servant, may I light your cigarette?  
Those lips smooth, yeah I can feel what you're saying, praying  
They say the beast inside of me's gonna get ya, get ya, get...

I beg to serve, your wish is my law  
Now close those eyes and let me love you to death  
Shall I prove I mean what i'm saying, begging  
I say the beast inside of me's gonna get ya, get ya, get..

Let me love you too  
Let me love you to death

Hey am I good enough for you?  
Hey am i good enough for you?  
Am I?  
Am I?  
Am I good enough  
for you?