

# The Passion of Lovers

Bauhaus

She had nut painted arms  
That were hers to keep  
And in her fear  
She sought cracked pleasures  
The passion of lovers is for death said she  
Licked her lips  
And turned to feather

And as I watched from underneath  
I came aware of all that she keep  
The little foxes so safe and sound  
They were not dead  
They'd gone to ground

The passion of lovers is for death said she  
The passion of lovers is for death  
The passion of lovers is for death said she  
The passion of lovers is for death

She breaks her hear  
Just a little too much  
And her jokes attract the lucky bad type  
As she dips and wails  
And slips her banshee smile  
She gets the better of the bigger to the letter

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