

Touch Like Angel of Death

Children of Bodom

A glance to my eyes, deep within reveals
This worn-out warrior's mind
I'm killing you by suffering
Discomposure of a deepest kind

In the night I crave to feel your breath
And your touch like angel of death
In the dawn I'm in chains of bestial rage
And forced to make you dead

The chains get tighter around my throat
I can give you no love, only dead-lift of pain

In the dusk of evening I tuck you up with feathers
Forever I'll stand by your side
In the twilight of night I'm laughing
While cutting you hundred and thirteen times

Can't you see I am evil, double-edged razor
Child of eternal hate.
To torment you like a motherfucking-whore
I'll make you cry forever more

I'd crawl through broken glass to you...
And your name is written in my very flesh
With the knife I'm still longing to use

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