

## Passion's Killing Floor

HIM

It's poetry carved in flesh  
This beautiful hell of ours  
To the deadliest sin we confess  
(Tears of joy fill our eyes)  
We are saved with its bigotries  
My out-there prophecies of doom

My heart's a graveyard, baby  
And to evil we make love  
On our passion's killing floor  
In my arms, you won't sleep safely  
And of lust we are reborn  
On our passion's killing floor

At the first kiss  
the seeds of hatred are sewn  
Back into darkness we flee  
(To tear our hearts out)  
We are saved where all fates fail  
The light inside of our tomb

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(My heart's a graveyard, baby)  
My heart's a graveyard, baby  
On our passion's killing floor

(In my arms, you won't sleep safely)  
And to evil we make love  
On our passion's killing floor

Forever more. . .