

Lost Evidence

Love Like Blood

Love is her weapon and her body the evidence,
Sex is her weapon and her blood the pestilence
She makes you feel so weak and hypnotised
There is really no chance for you to realize
This dangerous and fateful situation
While your drunken soul cries for liberation
You're my fateful fascination
Yeah, I like deathly fascinations
She's doing you some favour, if you want
She's coming with you, wherever you want
Cause she is a whore and she always'll be one
She has got it in her blood since she was born
Yes, she's whore, she's kissing like one
She has got it in her heart, a heart with thorns
She's my fateful fascination
Yeah, she likes deathly fascinations
You're my fateful fascination
Yeah, I like deathly fascinations
Sex is her weapon and her body
Is the evidence
You forget the whole world around you,
Like in trance
She's my fateful fascination
Yeah, she likes deathly fascinations
You're my fateful fascination
Yeah, I like deathly fascinations
Oh what a cool love
Oh what a fucking great feeling
A f t e r w a r d s