

Whatever You Do... Don't Press The Red Button

Motionless in White

This masochism is alive,
My desire for skin is unnerving.
Flesh to flesh, the taste of the death, temptations rise.

Now if she could only speak we could set this everlasting,
This girl in a box leaves me wanting more.

This will be our little sweet six, six, six.
All alone.
Be still my love for we cannot be seen,
All alone.

This will be are six, six, six,
Be still my love for we cannot be seen,
Or they will surely take you away from me.
Be still my love for we cannot be seen,
Or they will surely take you away from me.

This will be our little sweet six, six, six.
All alone.
Be still my love for we cannot be seen,
All alone.

The masochism is alive,
My desire for skin is unnerving.
Flesh to flesh, the taste of the death, temptations rise.

I slide inside the hell within,
For there's nothing like her rotting skin.

I bet that I've fucked more dead girls than you, dead girls than you,
I bet that I've fucked more dead girls, more dead girls than you.

The smell of romance is in the air.