

Death of Me

PVRIS

This love, this love
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This love looks like a loaded gun
A noose around my neck
Or a sweet poison
If it gets in the wrong hands, then we're fucked
'Cause heaven knows what you do to me
You could chain me up or set me free
You could suffocate or let me breathe
Baby, you could be the death of me

Maybe I'm crazy, I know you're danger
Baby, you could be, you could be
I'm falling, fading and seeing angels
Baby, you could be the death of me

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One man's hell is another's God
It's all about perspective, a parallax
You're a cold-blooded killer only after dark
But I don't mind
'Cause I'm a sucker
I'll do about anything
Just to get those hands on me
Keep me hanging on so desperately
Baby, you could be the death of me

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