

Born To Kill

Alok

Draw a line, a thin white line, around me
Place a dozen roses where I lay

Crimes of passion, no satisfaction, without the thrill
Who knew you were born to kill?

When I felt rejected
The echoes in my head said keep
Clouding my perspective
I learned to live in fantasy
You were born to kill
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You were born to kill

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Say the word, the one that hurts again
'Cause only you can bring this to an end

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