

Hard dreams

Gesaffelstein

I can think of anything as hard as your love
If only I could understand what it is made of
I can think of anything as rough as your love
If only I could understand what it is made of

I trick myself with gasoline
The fire grows inside my skin
No fantasy, no in-betweens
Don't tell me no lies

Finger on the trigger
Letting it all out
Bursting with desire
I can deal without

I can think of anything as hard as your love
If only I could understand what it is made of
I can think of anything as rough as your love
If only I could understand what it is made of

Crouching in the empty scene
I see your face on the video screen
I'm your slave and you're my queen
I picture ourselves in a Hollywood dream
Crouching on the empty scene
Did I see your face on the video screen?
I'm a slave to you, my queen
Imagine ourselves in a Hollywood dream