

Killer

Mareux

All you want, to me, is a bleak obsession
I have the marking, the intent on burning the street
How many times can I ask you?
How many days can I go without you?

But you cut me in half
Cut me in half
But you cut me in half
Cut me in half

The tasting sees a killer
The fire in my eye
The heat of imposition
How many days can I go without you?

But you cut me in half
Cut me in half
But you cut me in half
Cut me in half