

Dead

Normandie

Say we ran out of patience
Say we waited it out
Lost ourselves in temptation
From nothing at all

When the Sunday morning comes (when the Sunday morning comes)
You'll be smoking like a gun and I'm dead (dead)

Ooh, like a shark to the blood, I can't fight the feeling
Ooh, no, it's never enough, it's never enough
Ooh, like a shark to the blood, I can't fight the feeling
Ooh, no, it's never enough, it's never enough

Say we needed salvation
Say we gave up the fight
Found our reincarnation
In nothing at all, in nothing at all

When the Sunday morning comes (when the Sunday morning comes)
You'll be smoking like a gun, and I'm dead (dead)

Ooh, like a shark to the blood, I can't fight the feeling
Ooh, no, it's never enough, it's never enough
Ooh, like a shark to the blood, I can't fight the feeling
Ooh, no, it's never enough, it's never enough

Say we ran out of patience
Say we waited it out
There's no turning back when we're dead (dead)
Dead (dead)

One way in, no way out
Buried under faith and doubt
Six feet down, far below
Covered by the mud and snow
One way in, no way out
Buried under faith and doubt
Six feet down, far below
Aah, dead

Ooh, like a shark to the blood, I can't fight the feeling
Ooh, no, it's never enough, I can't stop the craving
Ooh, like a shark to the blood, I can't fight the feeling
Ooh, no, it's never enough, it's never enough

Say we ran out of patience
Say we waited it out
There's no turning back when we're dead (dead)
Dead (dead)