

# 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)