

Love Is an Illness

Romeo Void

Love is an illness to be endured
It leads me to betray and destroy my nature
It is a state, a condition
Independent of its object

I bite my lip, Aubrey D
Had my fill of everything
Bite my lip, Aubrey D
Had my fill of everything

So she thinks
So she thinks about it
So she thinks about it
So she thinks

Yeah, well, he's really nuts. I was talking to him the other day and I was like, I do everything more than I ever see him. I see him like once a week. There's nothing I do less than once a week. And he says I want too much commitment. But I said "Listen, you gotta feel it. You know, you either feel it or you don't, right?" I can't--yeah--for--No, he's nuts! I don't know, he's detached, but--you know. It's up in the air. "Oh, I need to be an artist," you know. I--What does he think I'm doing?

With a little confusion, I direct myself
Toward a conclusion, I help, I help, I help. I help myself
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