

Black September

The Murder of My Sweet

You can't kill my heart, it's dead
Oh don't try to guess my name
It's way more than trick or treat
I'm from hell no damn picnic

They say evil leads nowhere
But see there it got me here
I bet you can fall for me
Just as easy as pretty please

I must fight you with me the strengths
of hundred thousand gods
I'm afraid if I look at you I might turn to stone

Look straight in my eyes
We cannot linger this black september
I'm tired of lusting cause of you

We can not prevail come down November, December
I'm telling you now
We cannot continue this charade no
So much to loose, nothing to win
Unless, unless we're both cut
So they lived ever happily
But that's not written for me
Kings and Queens should always be
Like the fairytales we read

Its ironic how forbidden fruit
Always grows in knowledge trees
Just a bite won't hurt a bit
We will share like lions will

I must fight you with the strengths
of hundred thousand gods
Oh Sometimes when you loose, you win
I'm afraid if I look at you I might turn to stone

Chorus

The cut is so deep
It feels like a winter always grows inside of me
My lips are dry shut
But yet your soft kiss bitterly liberating me
My hands are so cold
I can't wait until you will be holding them again
The cut is so deep
It's feeding my hunger for your skin against my skin
I can't let you go

Chorus

Monday always starts up with a bang
Tuesday always ends up with an accident
Waiting for the black September
Hope that my body does not dismember