

Killed By Love

The Pursuit Of Happiness

Romantic fool -- yeah, that's the word, fool
I'm a fool, I'm a fool, I think
I'm starting to drool
The more I drink, the worse I feel
I'm talking to the floor and
I'm soaking in my pee
(Chorus)
I don't wanna dance, I don't wanna sing
I don't think that I can move
'Cause I can't feel a thing
Stench in the air, vultures flying up above
Another useless dead thing
I've been killed by love
I've walked those fields of juniper and mist
And my lips are still burning from
The touch of your last kiss
I thought you were an angel
And I trusted your embrace
But you turned into a monster
And you spit right in my face
That crafty old jackal ripped my guts out before
The boy with nine lives
I keep coming round for more
My passion was your weapon
It put a blindfold on my eyes
The last sound I heard was laughter
As you buried me alive