

## The Killing Kind

UFO

Tell a story about love  
What lovers find  
A story of possession  
Oh, the killing kind  
He went out guns a-blazing  
His shirt ragged in the wind  
I watched him delicately frazzled  
His lights, they slowly dimmed

Not cold at all, it's my daemon talking  
Feeling so bold, it's my sugar talking

This love is fatal, but oh so sublime  
A love that's killing, this love is the killing kind  
I have been taken, I have been blind  
This love is killing, this love is the killing kind

Sticky situation  
I've been here before  
Butter up that greasy wheel  
And go singing like a whore  
You wanna hear about the honey?  
You wanna hear about the game?  
When you look into her darkness  
Baby's got a sense of pain

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