

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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