

The Passion of Lovers

Bauhaus

She had nut painted arms that were hers to keep
And in her fear she sought cracked pleasures
The passion of lovers is for death, said she
Licked her lips and turned to featherAnd as I watched from underneath
I came aware of all that she keep
The little foxes so safe and sound
They were not dead, they'd gone to groundThe passion of lovers is for death, said she
The passion of lovers is for death
The passion of lovers is for death, said she
The passion of lovers is for deathShe breaks her heart just a little too much
And her jokes attract the lucky bad type
As she dips and wails and slips her banshee smile
She gets the better of the bigger to the letterThe passion of lovers is for death, said she
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