

# Skin Of The Night

## M83

Like a moth she moves to the red light  
Her blood warms and boils there  
She skims the sweat like a new milk  
And pops the buttons off her wet blouse

Oh, queen of the night

(All of her soft parts call to me)

Well, she is deep inside

(She could be mine)

And she is haunting me

Oh, queen of the night

(All of her soft parts call to me)

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(She could be mine)

And she is haunting me

She digs her nails into her naked chest

Her face vein out like a road map

She pulls back the skin to show her ribs

That twinkle like shooting stars

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