

Pleasure Victim (Re-Recorded)

Berlin

We touched there was temperature
I'm not the same
Now I'm passing through your door
It's a pleasure game You're the object of my smile
I'm a life machine
Sentimental sound on sound
Time to switch the scene You're the passion in me
You've broken down the system
You're the vision I see
A pleasure victim Simple figures fill my mind
Some I recognize
Bodies always look the same
Never see their eyes To the touch there's always you
How can I erase your
Flaming candles, whispered words
Then your soft embrace You're the passion in me
You've broken down the system
You're the vision I see
A pleasure victim To the touch there's always you
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Flaming candles, whispered words
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You're the vision I see
A pleasure victim

Songwriters

CRAWFORD, JOHN BUCKNER Published by
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