

# Pleasure Victim (Transmutator Mix)

## Berlin

Pleasure Victim  
Berlin  
Pleasure Victim 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 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

Songwriters

CRAWFORD, JOHN BUCKNER Published by  
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>