

# 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)  
Well, she is deep inside  
(She could be mine)  
And she is haunting me She digs her nails into her naked chest  
Her veins fan out like a road map  
She pulls back the skin to show her ribs  
That twinkle like shooting stars 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 Oh, queen of the night  
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