Succumb To Me

Terence Trent D'Arby

Whoever you are come forth
Come forth
These are the days that must happen to you
Come forthI am a spirit
Up above your head
Though I rest in you
As though you were a bed
In a molecular world
In an electric state
I sing the praise of angels
And I sit and wait for youBaby, baby, baby
Succumb to me
Baby, baby, baby
Succumb to meGive me your tears
I'll keep them in a glass
I'll store them with the treasures
That I've amassed
Give me your ears
I have secrets to tell
I will make you hear the delicate bell
All around youBaby, baby, baby
Succumb to me
Baby, baby, baby
Succumb to meGive me your anger
And I'll soften the tone
I am the kiss that grows
Where love is shown
I am the mirror
That reflects your flickering flame
So follow me through your mirror frameBaby, baby, baby
Succumb to me
Baby, baby, baby
Succumb to me
These are the days that must happen to you
Whoever you are come forthI have not revealed myself to you
To be another statistic
I have come to you to be my mysticBaby, baby, baby
Succumb to me
Baby, baby, baby

Succumb to me
Baby, baby, baby
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Baby, baby, baby
Succumb to meWhoever you are come forth
These are the days that must happen to you
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