

# A Conversation With the Devil

## Gatsbys American Dream

"I get what I want this time baby."  
Foul temptress I want it too  
This hell, this doom baby  
I find I cannot part with this shadow of a thought  
Desire in my lips is precious to me  
Like air or blood or jewels that shine in the sky baby  
Or sweat that runs down your spine like a river  
I find I cannot part with this shadow of a thought  
Desire in my lips is precious, precious to me

Lyrics provided by

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