

# Love You to Death

## Type O Negative

In her place one hundred candles burning  
As salty sweat drips from her breast  
Her hips move and I can feel  
What they're saying, swaying They say the beast inside of me  
Is gonna get ya, get ya, get Black lipstick stains her glass of red wine  
I am your servant, may I light your cigarette?  
Those lips smooth, yeah  
I can feel what you're saying, praying They say the beast inside of me  
Is gonna get ya, get ya, get I beg to serve, your wish is my law  
Now close those eyes and let me love you to death  
Shall I prove I mean  
What I'm saying, begging? I say the beast inside of me  
Is gonna get ya, get ya, get Let me love you too  
Let me love you to death  
To death Let me love you too  
Let me love you to death  
To death Hey, am I good enough for you?  
Hey, am I good enough for you?  
Am I? For you  
Am I? For you  
Am I good enough for you?

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