Whatever You Do...Don't Push the Red Button

Motionless in White

The masochism is alive,
My desire for skin is unnerving,
Flesh to flesh the taste of the death, temptations rise.
Now if she could only speak we could set this everlasting,
This girl in a box leaves me wanting more.
This will be our little sweet six six six,
Be still my love for we cannot be seen,
Or they will surely take you away from me.
I slide inside the hell within,
For there's nothing like her rotting skin.
I bet that I've fucked more dead girls than you.
The smell of romance is in the air.

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