Touch Like Angel Of Death

Children Of Bodom

a glance to my eyes, deep within reveals this worn-out warrior's mind i'm killing you by suffering discomposure of a deepest kind in the night i crave to feel your breath and your touch like angel of death in the dawn i'm in chains of beastial rage and forced to make you dead the chains get tighter around my throat i can give you no love, only dead-lift of pain in the dusk of evening i tuck you up with feather forever i'll stand by your side

in the twilight of night i'm laughing while cutting you hundred and thirteen times can't you see i am evil, double-edged razor child of eternal hate. to torment you like a motherfuckin-whore i'll make you cry forever more i'd crawl through broken glass to you... and your name is written in my very flesh with the knife i'm still longing to use in the night i crave to feel your breath and your touch like angel of death in the dawni'm in chains of bestial rage and forced to make you dead

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