

Love You To Death (Edit)

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's 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's 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 me's gonna get ya, get ya, get...Let me love you too
Let me love you to death

Songwriters

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