Drawing Curtains

Buck 65

Ma foi, ma force, ma voix, my vows
Gypsy Madonna, all your beauty's in your eyebrows
Don't touch them, je fais le dernier pari, silently
Finally, I feel all the furies of love violently
Flowers in the rain, wild fires in the orchard
Singing in the pain, I beg to feel tortured
Sugar and chaos, everyone else is boring
Let's make dirty babies until the morningLove sick how much deeper still can this get?
Show me where it hurts and let me kiss it
Je joue Ã l'envers de l'amour Ã©troit
Je jouis le mystÃ¨re de l'amour courtoisMaking the fortune of fools seems believable
You're naked except for my diamond, impure evil
I'm searching for explosions in the dark, I'm dying
Blinded, I want to spend the rest of my life trying
Tout contre, swallowing, le monde, hoping
Je dessine Ã la sanguine le lit, blowing kisses where you open
Filthy, I was guilty at first sight to be possessed
Facing your waterfall my frenzy is confessedLove sick how much deeper still can this get?
Show me where it hurts and let me kiss it
Je joue Ã l'envers de l'amour Ã©troit
Je jouis le mystÃ¨re de l'amour courtoisPassing fire back and forth, until the legs dance hysterical
Trying to vanish, I enter the miracle
I pay everyday my heavy pleasure to be your sin
You're taming my measure being out or being in
For la pluie, for religion, for la glace, forbidden
It's continuous, I come and go between your kidneys hidden
After the holy mess we make you wash my hair
While the smoke makes pretty designs in the airLove sick how much deeper still can this get?
Show me where it hurts and let me kiss it
Je joue Ã l'envers de l'amour Ã©troit
Je jouis le mystÃ¨re de l'amour courtois

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