

Paradise Circus

Burial vs. Massive Attack

It's unfortunate that when we feel a storm
We can roll ourselves over 'cause we're uncomfortable
 Oh well, the devil makes us sin
 But we like it when we're spinning in his grip
 Love is like a sin, my love
 For the ones that feel it the most
 Look at her with her eyes like a flame
 She will love you like a fly will never love you again
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