Martin

Soft Cell

Martin is talking to youMartin is a boy with problems
Martin has a family history
Martin has too many nightmares
He lives in a fantasy
There's a danger that he'll take too far
His morbid curiosityHe's seen too many creepy films
He's read too many books
Martin sleeps with all the lights on
Martin's seen too many looksHe lives out a strange obsession
Tries hard to resist
But Martin needs his strange obsession
To existKillHe's far too pale and far too frail
To be a normal boy
There's something shining in his eyes
The things he'd like to say
Martin had a lot to live down
Growing up in a mining townThe torch is burning in the trees
The shivering lust for blood
He's the star of many horror movies
But deep inside he's goodThere's an illness running through him
That is all the time
And though he watches and he waits
He knows he's not to blameThe face at the window
The hand under the bed
Martin has hallucinations
Dreams that he's dead
He finds the hunger's at its worst
When he's in bedKill Martin, Martin, MartinHe's finding hard to keep control
He knows it won't be long
And his tongue rolls over his dry lips
And the voice lingers onMartin Martin Martin
Martin Martin Martin
Kill, Martin kill, Martin MartinMartin Martin Martin
Martin Martin Martin, kill

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