

# Martin

## Soft Cell

Martin is talking to you Martin 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 curiosity He's seen too many creepy films  
He's read too many books  
Martin sleeps with all the lights on  
Martin's seen too many looks He lives out a strange obsession  
Tries hard to resist  
But Martin needs his strange obsession  
To exist Kill He'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 town The torch is burning in the trees  
The shivering lust for blood  
He's the star of many horror movies  
But deep inside he's good There's an illness running through him  
That is all the time  
And though he watches and he waits  
He knows he's not to blame The 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 bed Kill Martin, Martin, Martin He'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 on Martin Martin Martin  
Martin Martin Martin  
Kill, Martin kill, Martin Martin Martin Martin Martin  
Martin Martin Martin, kill

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