

# Passion's Killing Floor

HIM

It's poetry carved in flesh, this beautiful hell of ours  
To the deadliest sin we confess  
(Tears of joy fill our eyes)  
We are safe where disfigured saints cry out their prophecies of doomMy heart's a graveyard, baby  
And to evil we make love  
On our passion's killing floor  
In my arms, you won't sleep safely  
And of lust we are reborn  
On our passion's killing floorAt the first kiss the seeds of hatred are sown  
Back into darkness we flee  
(To tear our hearts out)  
We are safe where all faiths fail, alive inside of our tombMy heart's a graveyard, baby  
And to evil we make love  
On our passion's killing floor  
In my arms, you won't sleep safely  
And of lust we are reborn  
On our passion's killing floor[Incomprehensible]  
[Incomprehensible]My heart's a graveyard, baby  
And to evil we make love  
On our passion's killing floor  
In my arms, you won't sleep safely  
And of lust we are reborn  
On our passion's killing floor(My heart's a graveyard, baby)  
Oh, my heart's a graveyard, baby  
On our passion's killing floor  
(In my arms, you won't sleep safely)  
And to evil we make love  
On our passion's killing floorForevermore... that's right

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