The Witching Hour

Crazy Lixx

don't try to hide it. i can read you like a book i know your kind of girl i can tell just by the way you look so sweet and innocent but you're filthy inside out i know you want it too gonna have my wicked ways with youpre-chorus i want your love. come feel my body i can't get enough i need your touch, come closer to me come on, come on, come onchorus in the witching hour. i'm burning like a funeral pyre feel the power, in the dead of the night i'm feeding on your loveyou screams of pleasure and your make-up smothered face you're nothing but a whore with your body on display not sweet or innocent but filthy inside out say that you want it oo gonna love you black and blue

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