Biscuit

Portishead

I'm lost, exposed
Stranger things will come your way
It's just I'm scared
Got hurt along time ago
I can't make myself heard
No matter how hard I scream
Oh sensation
Sin, slave of sensationFull fed yet I still hunger
Torn inside
Haunted I tell myself, yet I still wander
Down, inside, its tearing me apart
Oh sensation
Sin, slave of sensationAt last, relief
A mother's son has left me sheer
The shores I seek
Are crimson tastes devine
I can't make myself heard
No matter how hard I scream
Oh sensation
Sin slave of sensation

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