

The Perfect Woman

Bo Burnham

You know I like it, so you play the game
You play it so well, but it's not the same
Just look behind my eyes to see my need
The cutting thoughts beneath, will make you bleed
You look so pretty but this will not do
You still have color, there's still life in you
Your body's still, but your skin is warm
This mere illusion will not turn me on
I want to feel you while you are in your death bed
You will taste my kiss as your eyes grow cold and dead
Soft whispers of a dead girl, twisting in my mind
Gently screaming, kill my thoughts, soon it will be time
You know I like it, so you humor me
I really like this but my eyes still see
A cold look on your face where life remains
Sometimes I wish, this was not just not a game
You look so pretty but this will not do
You still have color there's still life in you
Your body's still, but your skin is warm
This mere illusion will not turn me on

I want to feel you while you are in your death bed
You will taste my kiss as your eyes grow cold and dead
Soft whispers of a dead girl, twisting in my mind
Gently screaming kill my thoughts, soon it will be time
Soft whispers of a dead girl, twisting in my mind
Gently screaming kill my thoughts, soon it will be time
You know I like, so you play the game
You play it so well but it's not the same
I need to feel you cold and dead
To get these monsters from my head
You know that death becomes you
Your bloody body lying on my bed
You know that death becomes you
Silence, the screams and voices in my head
You know that death becomes you
And all my fantasies will come alive
You know that death becomes you
The perfect woman in my mind's eye

You know that death becomes you

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