

Pleasure Victim (Re-Recorded / Remastered)

Berlin

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Pleasure Victim We touched there was temperature

I'm not the same

Now I'm passing through your door

It's a pleasure game you're the object of my smile

I'm a life machine

Sentimental sound on sound

Time to switch the scene you're the passion in me

You've broken down the system

You're the vision I see

A pleasure victim simple figures fill my mind

Some I recognize

Bodies always look the same

Never see their eyes to the touch there's always you

How can I erase your

Flaming candles, whispered words

Then your soft embrace

Songwriters

CRAWFORD, JOHN BUCKNER Published by

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