

# Russian Roulette

## Hot Water Music

(She lives like russian roulette. Barrel up to the head. Where every sweet young move is belonging to a sickness.) Now enter special things to detour all the pain, like a brand new, solid mess. But nothing seems to last... It strikes when you've thought you won. It's self destruction. It strikes when you've thought you won. And the delicate balance won't survive the turbulence. Now, enter the escape from everything you've made. Cause something wrong inside won't let you live your life. It strikes when you've thought you won. It's self destruction. It strikes when you've thought you won. And down you will go, with a tail of flames stretched out behind you. The cold wind will blind you. And in all that you can't see. The simplicity is beautiful.

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