

....goingtohell

Miguel

Savage and an angel, we call out in tantrum
Glad I kept on your throat, we would rather turn down
And I think she bankrupt
Breathe, breatheFlesh
I need it, I'm a mess, now
I'm a slave to your flesh
Woman put me right where I belongSkin on you is always
Calling me with your face
Wrap yourself around me, do whatever I say
Kiss me like a pretty flower, sweet, sweet controlFlesh, addicted, yeah
I mean it, I'm a mess, now
I'm a slave to your flesh
Woman put me right where I belongFall on your faith like you faith for religion
The light in the way, you're begging for forgiveness
Lost summers here as we both bathe in sweet sin
Leave it to me, I'll give you something to believe in
Surrender to friction
This is body language and deep diction
I love it, back for it, yeah, yeah, yeahFleshFleshWoman put me right and wrap it allFlesh

Songwriters

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