

# The Body of Death of the Man with the Body of Deat

## Pinkly Smooth

Little lover look into my eyes  
The only things that make you wanna die  
And, oh, you willAnd little songs and other things are gone  
Insane, I'm sure there's never been a one  
And all the whispers in your dreams  
It's on your waking face  
A morning you will no more sink in sorrowLed me to rotAnd I don't buy what you're selling me  
And animal things are killing me  
But I'm on top of itAnd I don't buy what you're selling me  
And animal things are killing me  
But I'm on top of itLittle lover look into my eyes  
The only things that make you wanna die  
And, oh, you willAnd little songs and other things are gone  
Insane, I'm sure there's never been a one  
And all the whispers in your dream  
It's on your waking face  
A morning you will no more sink in sorrowFight the fever  
Burn like fireAnd I don't buy what you're selling me  
And animal things are killing me  
But I'm on top of itAnd I don't buy what you're selling me  
And animal things are killing me  
But I'm on top of itLittle girls laugh at and go  
So I go just like  
Animal and bite nails  
Will I leave and let yourself to scream and I hold onRun away, run away, you're in the devil's kitchen  
Run away, run away, you're in the devil's kitchen  
Run away, run away, you're in the devil's kitchen  
Run away, run away...I don't buy, I don't buy  
What you're selling me  
And animal things are killing me  
But I'm on top of itAnd I don't buy what you're selling me  
And animal things are killing me  
But I'm on top of itThis body of, this body of, the body of death (x7)

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