

# The Passion Of Lovers

## Bauhaus

She had nut painted arms that were hers to keep  
And in her fear she sought cracked pleasures  
The passion of lovers is for death, said she  
Licked her lips and turned to featherAnd as I watched from underneath  
I came aware of all that she keep  
The little foxes so safe and sound  
They were not dead, they'd gone to groundThe passion of lovers is for death, said she  
The passion of lovers is for death  
The passion of lovers is for death, said she  
The passion of lovers is for deathShe breaks her heart just a little too much  
And her jokes attract the lucky bad type  
As she dips and wails and slips her banshee smile  
She gets the better of the bigger to the letterThe passion of lovers is for death, said she  
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