

# I Think Patrick Swayze Is Sexy

Kane Hodder

It's how I love the feeling  
Of sex and desperation  
Lose the pace, jam the legs  
Panoramic lip gestation That mutilation reeks of sex  
Take that hemorrhage to my temple  
That's why I love to smell the sex  
In every heartbeat, killer My lips don't work with vision  
But my hips can't live without it  
Danger, danger, just don't give into strangers  
Selling blood that melts my likes K I S S or K I L L  
K I S S or K I L L  
K I S S or K I L L  
K I S S or K I L L You're not quite immune like a heartache  
But that's quite a catch  
That's not like that  
Creates that mechanism To save us from the stench  
Of selling poisons door to door  
With blood that melts your hearts Please just be my Chloe  
If you'll be my Chloe  
Then I'll be your Jacob Sewell  
If you'll be my Chloe  
Then I'll be your Jacob If you'll be my Chloe  
Then I'll be your Jacob Sewell  
If you'll be my Chloe  
Then I'll be your Jacob Sewell If you were a kitten  
Then they would skin you softly  
That's how the ingrates  
Keep throwing a second guessing The blood feud, fued

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