

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 gestationThat mutilation reeks of sex
Take that hemorrhage to my temple
That's why I love to smell the sex
In every heartbeat, killerMy 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 likesK 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 mechanismTo save us from the stench
Of selling poisons door to door
With blood that melts your heartsPlease 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 JacobIf you'll be my Chloe
Then I'll be your Jacob Sewell
If you'll be my Chloe
Then I'll be your Jacob SewellIf you were a kitten
Then they would skin you softly
That's how the ingrates
Keep throwing a second guessingThe blood feud, fuad

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