

## **2\*sweet**

# **"Tarantula Perfume"**

Visit "[Tarantula Perfume](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Hypnotic eyes  
Staring at you through the dead of night  
Take refuge in the trees  
And beg please  
Oh please just let me survive  
This is my kind of place  
Where creatures crawl under your skin  
And everywhere are claws like blades  
That cut you when your soul is saved

Oh you would, wouldn't you  
Trade our daggers in for tarantula perfume  
They could have come in use  
Through the next clearing lies your impending doom  
This is my kind of place  
Where creatures crawl under your skin  
And everywhere are claws like blades  
That cut you when your soul is saved

Your soul is saved only if you say  
Call me the king of design  
With no specific plans in mind  
Step right up, step right up  
Test your luck, test your luck  
Dive right in, dive right in  
This sea of flesh is sink or swim

You can call me the king of design  
With no specific plans in mind  
We're all a part of this traveling show  
We're all a part of this traveling show  
With nowhere to go  
We're all a part of this traveling show  
We're all a part of this traveling show  
With nowhere to go

This is my kind of place  
Where creatures crawl under your skin  
And everywhere are claws like blades  
That cut you when your soul is saved

