

A Plea For Purging "Motives"

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Hey beautiful, you think you have me fooled.
But I know your game, like the pretty face it hides
behind, you hide behind.
It's time you learn this world isn't yours.
It's time you learn this world isn't yours.
You waltz around, room to room, looking, searching.
You waltz around, room to room, looking, searching.
You waltz around, room to room, looking, searching.

You waltz around, room to room, looking.
You waltz around, room to room, looking for a ready
bed to find worship in.
But you're not gonna find any worship here.
You knocked on my door too many times.
I've heard your screams from the other room.
Your motives are as pure as the body you passed
around.
You knocked on my door for too many times.
I've heard your screams from the other room.
You call this love, you call this, you call this love, but we
both know...
You call this love, but we both know that it is damned to
the end.
You call this love, but we both know that it is damned.
I hope you learn this world isn't yours.
I hope you learn this world isn't yours.

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