

Asaf Avidan

"A Choice & A Gun"

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She rots in a cage of your make
Far away from your eyes
You stripped all her powers to break
With your love and your lies

Marooned on an island
You gave her a gun and a choice
But she's crazy about you
She still waits around for your voice

What kind of sick,
Sick love is this, that you left her to die?

She rots in a cage of your make
As she waits for a sign
Your gun in her hand
But there isn't a choice in her mind

Now there's guilt in your veins
'Cause there's guilt in your heart
So there's guilt in your blood
But you're oceans apart

What kind of sick,
Sick love is this, that you left her to die?

What kind of sick, sick love is this?

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