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Bauhaus "OPassion Of Lovers"

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She had nut painted arms that were hers to keep And in her fear she sought cracked pleasures "The passion of lovers is for death", said she Licked her lips and turned to feather

And as I watched from underneath I came aware of all that she keep The little foxes so safe and sound They were not dead, they'd gone to ground

- "The passion of lovers is for death", said she
- "The passion of lovers is for death"
- "The passion of lovers is for death", said she
- "The passion of lovers is for death"

She breaks her heart just a little too much And her jokes attract the lucky bad type As she dips and wails and slips her banshee smile She gets the better of the bigger to the letter

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