Dominique Dalcan ''Lamia''

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Fever I want to touch you When you take my clothes down You're my asylum

Slither Surround me Let my fingers find the way Burn baby burn

Shiver
Is this a spasm of pleasure?
Or am I alien here?
Is this what I want?

Quiver
But we're still apart
So close and so far
Paradox forcing me to leave you

I'm not a toy
My ears can bear your lies no more
The things you told me, empty words
They castrate my soul
I know
You're with
Somebody else
I'm not
Your marionette

Here in my brain You're screwing again Pleasure of hate Makes me stronger

Your voice hurts no more I know you're a whore The one to ignore Feel my anger

Don't tell me lies

Depriving my mind No mercy now Die, die, die, die!

"Was tot uns nicht, macht uns starker"

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