

Doro Pesch

"Emotional Suicide"

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Barely understand
What seems so real
Sometimes I hurt myself
So I can't really feel
You want me with your tortured eyes
I want you with my mind
Here we are short of paradise
A drop of blood frozen in time

Chorus

Save me, better save yourself
Your love is emotional suicide
Save me, better save yourself
Your love is emotional suicide

Now I stand alone in the heat of the night
Throwing stones at walls made of glass and red wine
I watch you sleep with an angel's kiss
I watch you wake cold with sweat
With my lips I slit your wrists
With your touch shake me dead

Chorus

You love me with a pack of lies
I love you with my soul
Here we go on a lightning ride
I must admit
It's gettin' old

Save me better save yourself
Your love is emotional suicide

Repeat

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