

Blood On The Dance Floor

"You're A Dancer, You're Not A Lover"

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I Want To Tell A Tale
Of Love, Drugs, And Complications

It's Off To The Streets
That Talk To Me
I Take This Bitter Drug
That Makes Me Fall In Love
The Ground Lights Up
Like The Worlds A Club
I Meet A Friend
We Dance Till The End
When A Girl Makes Me Fall Again
She Gave Me A Pill
To Steady My Will
Here We Go Across The universe
Hip Hop On Top Of The Hearse
Rid This Earth
Of Its Awful Curse

You're A Dancer, You're Not A Lover
You're A Dancer, You're Not A Lover
You're A Dancer, You're Not A Lover
You're A Dancer, You're Not A Lover

Drop Dead Fred
Can't Imagine This Blood Shed
You Don't Need Instructions
For My Sexy Seduction
Break Your Frame
Take Your Heart
Put Into My Empty Art
Get Into The Bigger Tits
Stronger Hips
Ultra Ego rivalry
Blasphemy
Hersey
It's All Committed
In This Dance Insanity
We Might Not Make It Through The Door
So Fuck Me On The Dance Floor
Take Off Your Pants

And Do The Revolutionary Dance

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