

Invoker

"Infatuated I Am"

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Your lips are violent, no one will win
I can tell it from the look in your eyes
From the smell of leather on your skin
Here it comes, sparkling, I'm on my knees

I guess you know lust from greed
Sadly it's in empty rooms that we all bleed

Speak to me!
In the language of the lovers
Speak to me!
The language of the dead

I'm silver spit, I'm a sitting target
You can tell it from the look in my eyes
Have you ever heard the sound of disappointment?
Here it comes
Infatuation is my only crime

I guess you know lust from greed...

Speak to me!
In the language of the lovers
Speak to me!
The language of the head

Who's gonna take me home but you?
Will there ever be another time?

[solo]

Speak to me!...

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