

Ligeia

"Makin' Love To A Murderer"

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Murder, question for the hour.
Should she paint the town red again?
Such an act of compassion, such a waste of life.
She awakes her smile with the keys in her hand.
Pretty facial mod with tire marks in his skin.
He'll wait to forgive you.
He'll lose this time and never win.
Like clockwork, how the tables have turned.
This tragic play of cards you've been dealt.
Fall in love, lose your life.
Back and forth again, it's suicide.
Love is suicide, it's freedom's child.
She couldn't bear the pain.
Broken skies beyond the diagnosed, fade the sun to
black and wait for the ghost.
Love is suicide, it's freedom's child.
She couldn't bear the pain.
No sense to beg for mercy.
No sense to reconcile now.

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