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M83 "Skin Of The Night"

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Like a moth she moves to the red light Her blood warms and boils there She skims the sweat like a new milk And pops the buttons off her wet blouse

Oh, queen of the night (All of her soft parts call to me) Well, she is deep inside (She could be mine) And she is haunting me

Oh, queen of the night (All of her soft parts call to me) Well, she is deep inside (She could be mine) And she is haunting me

She digs her nails into her naked chest Her face vein out like a road map She pulls back the skin to show her ribs That twinkle like shooting stars

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