

Massacre "From Your Lips"

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Well my sun is burning
In just like a little far away
Standing closer from me
You never turn me away
Butter flies are up your fingers
Sugarcubes are in your mouth
Honey trees are made of sweetness
You told we're going deep inside
The road the dust and you
Make me cry and smile
There's something else that can do
There's something else that I should try
Well you know it turned up grey
That's the colour of my fate
You know I've tried that sweetest
Taste the seettest edge of death
You know I turned so easy
But You never got me around so
Better stay away from me

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