

Covette

"In The Mood"

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She's got the hair all tangled close
I wanna make this happen.
Her sense of style has an evil vile
That brings chance to rule it.

The crowded place between inner space
Leaves room for being human
The stormy eyes act so surprised
When in the moment

The final stroke of midnight comes
Is she in the mood?

The whole galaxy turns,
Well I fear the worst is yet to come
(If the creator of this obscene tragedy,
Stand up, save us)
The whole galaxy turns,
Well I fear the worst is yet to come.

She's got the moves, no need to improve
On that illumination
I can't describe this feeling inside
When she moves in closer.
The pressing skin, takes me within
A place I thought was never real.
Some paralyzing,
On of disguising herself into me.

Cause guys like us are not anything at all,
Guys like us, all exercise

The whole galaxy turns,
Well I fear the worst is yet to come
(If the creator of this obscene tragedy,
Stand up, save us)
The whole galaxy turns,
Well I fear the worst is yet to come.
(If the creator of this obscene tragedy,
Stand up, save us)

The nails scraping my back...

With all these emotions we can't keep controlling;
Let's bury ourselves from withing.
Lover lay down...

The final stroke of midnight comes,
Now she's in the mood

The whole galaxy turns,
Well I fear the worst is yet to come
(If the creator of this obscene tragedy,
Stand up, save us)
The whole galaxy turns,
Well I fear the worst is yet to come.
(If the creator of this obscene tragedy,
Stand up, save us)

The nails scraping my back...

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