

# Pinkly Smooth

## "The Body Of Death Of The Man With The Body Of Death"

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Little lover look into my eyes  
The only things that make you wanna die  
And, oh, you will

And little songs and other things are gone  
Insane, I'm sure there's never been a one  
And all the whispers in your dreams  
It's on your waking face  
A morning you will no more sink in sorrow

Led me to rot

And I don't buy what you're selling me  
And animal things are killing me  
But I'm on top of it

And I don't buy what you're selling me  
And animal things are killing me  
But I'm on top of it

Little lover look into my eyes  
The only things that make you wanna die  
And, oh, you will

And little songs and other things are gone  
Insane, I'm sure there's never been a one  
And all the whispers in your dream  
It's on your waking face  
A morning you will no more sink in sorrow

Fight the fever

Burn like fire

And I don't buy what you're selling me  
And animal things are killing me  
But I'm on top of it

And I don't buy what you're selling me  
And animal things are killing me  
But I'm on top of it

Little girls laugh at and go  
So I go just like  
Animal and bite nails  
Will I leave and let yourself to scream and I hold on

Run away, run away, you're in the devil's kitchen  
Run away, run away, you're in the devil's kitchen  
Run away, run away, you're in the devil's kitchen  
Run away, run away...

I don't buy, I don't buy  
What you're selling me  
And animal things are killing me  
But I'm on top of it

And I don't buy what you're selling me  
And animal things are killing me  
But I'm on top of it

The body, the body, the body of death (x7)

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