

Plastique Noir "Desire Or Disease"

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Passion is a heart-shaped hell
A love cliché that we know so well
So go ahead, fall from grace
We are condemned and we can't escape

Pale illusion, full of confusion
Untamed flame from lust to dust
We are here to bleed and call
Who's gonna catch us when we fall?

Elegant, but yet so decadent
Comes a nocturnal muse of prey, malevolent
Love is blind but I can see
We are dancing the waltz of insanity

Is this desire or disease?
We're gonna suffer 'till it's all over
Is this desire or disease?
The more we got, the more we want
The more we got, the more we want
Is this desire or disease?

I take a walk in the nocturnal rain
And all that I can feel is just pain
Our world configures an empty space
As we accept the imminent disgrace

Is this desire or disease?
We're gonna suffer 'till it's all over
Is this desire or disease?
The more we got, the more we want
The more we got, the more we want
Love me tender, I surrender, I surrender, I surrender, I
surrender

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