

Six O Clock Saints "Emotionless Ecstasy"

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I thought we
Had come to some kind
Of understanding
But now
I'm running
I'm running away
From you

From this
You and me
Intimacy
To leave the scene
Come clean
Tell the secrets of me
Cause I can't
Crush the illusion
You want me to be
You wont accept
That it's just a f*ck

Emotionless ecstasy

While we
Were going for a ride
I was seeing another
The stone cold glare was in my eye...
Not mine
F*cked up
No respect
Saw me in your future yet
False love in this space
Just an act has taken place
For lust
Mistrust
In the morning colored rust
Fall back
Covered base
Convenient flesh against my face

Endless laughter
Lucid sex
Day disaster

Perkassettes
Call me master
Do it faster
Let the bastards
Take the rest

Game forever
Always played
Mindless measure
Takes it's slaves
Sacred treasure
Second brain
Second pleasure
Fleeting pain

Sent an angel
Secret plan
Mystic tingle
Sinful scam
Dirty pillow
Rug burned hand
Traces over a
Trembling gland

Breathing faster
Timid
Meek
Stubble rash for
Tear stained cheek
Claustrophobic
Trapped beneath
Sweat fist pubic
Dizzy
Weak

Dry, stiff hairline
Childhood dream
Perfume cuts like
Gasoline
Salted crimson
Hot and sweet
Trembling muscle
Tender meat

(Repeat)
I find
I don't mind
Sometime
By your side
Sometimes
I find

I mind
Your kind

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