

## Nightcore

### "The Secret Admirer"

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I admire thou naked neck  
Its sight makes me shred  
How the hell it's holder should feel  
With such a treasure by her seal  
Tragic things surely turn me on  
And that's the reason I stay forlorn  
It is for that nature of mine  
You avoid my look, you wish me to die?  
Shine as a brand new hawk  
Your eyesight makes me cold  
As far as sun folds the mortals' earth  
You're the colour of my breath  
Those servants and their common likes  
Sunblinded struck, dead all lie  
Unable to see the light  
It's hidden they claim. In fat inside  
I wonder, thus my self... I ask  
Is my temptation the morals' mask?  
..my nature I kiss, this beast within  
My passion peaks, real life grows in.

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