

Project 86 "Team Black"

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The more I taste
The more I need
The more you make me ill.
The more I taste
The more I need
Need my fill of you.

I don't even like the taste of blood
Taste of blood
It was only half your sanity
This is hunger that just won't go away
Won't go away

I was torn between my feed of you
No one to take take take me on.

The more I taste
The more I need
The more you make me ill.
The more I taste
The more I need
Need my fill of you.
The more I taste
The more I need
The more you make me ill.
The more I taste
The more I need
Need my fill of you.

You make me feel hungry as the day
I soon change
I need more of you inside of me
I'm nothing more than what they made of me
Made of me.

I was torn between my feed of you
No one to take take take me on.

The more I taste
The more I need
The more you make me ill.
The more I taste

The more I need
Need my fill of you.
The more I taste
The more I need
The more you make me ill.
The more I taste
The more I need
Need my fill of you.
And when my objects become you,
I slowly melt away.
And when I need another fill,
I turn you on again.

I was torn between my feed of you
No one to take take take me on.

The more I taste
The more I need
The more you make me ill.
The more I taste
The more I need
Need my fill of you.
The more I taste
The more I need
The more you make me ill.
The more I taste
The more I need
Need my fill of you.

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