

## Strung Out "Ultimate Devotion"

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One o one point one fahrenheit  
To some it's a fever to her it's just right  
I can't hold her and it's bringing me down  
Her blood runs hot but her heart beats cold  
She's a Devil with a Angels face Ive been told  
I think I'll press my luck next time around

I'd walk through fire for you  
I'd burn in hell to make it all true  
I never loved anyone else in this world but you

Is that the reason why I try to prove to you I'm not the  
other guy?  
I Don't give a damn what other people say!

A flare for the strange and a temper like a whip  
A soft-hand clutched riding crop grip  
Smell of latex rubber drives me insane  
Beat Him once then send him on his way  
There's no room in your life for anyone to stay  
Engrave your moniker in the wells of pain!

There's nothing I wouldn't do to prove  
To make these words I promised true  
I'd rather live my life alone than without you  
You know I'd rather die, then won't fuck this up  
Wouldn't get another try  
got one chance  
There's nothing I wouldn't do

You'll be my master I'll be your servant  
On my knees I beg to be abused  
You can take the skin right off my back  
With a riding crop or a leather strap  
I'd take it all... Just to be with you!  
I'd walk through fire for you  
I'd burn in hell to make it all true  
I never loved anyone else in this world but you  
Is that the reason why I try to prove to you I'm not the  
other guy

Your my Goddess and Im wanting you

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