

The The "Infected"

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Infected me with your love

I've got too much energy
To switch off my mind
But not enough
To get myself organized

My heart is heavy
My head is confused
And my aching little soul
Has started burning blue

I can't give you up
'Til I've got more than enough
So infect me with your love

Nurse me into sickness
Nurse me back to health
Endow me with the gift
Of the man made world

When desire becomes an illness
Instead of a joy
And guilt a necessity
That's gotta be destroyed

I can't give you up
'Til I've got more than enough
So infect me with your love

Nurse me into sickness
Nurse me back to health
Endow me with the gift
Of the man made world

Take me by the hand
And walk me to the end of the kill
Run your fingers through my hair
And tell me what I wanna hear

Will lies become truths
In this face of fading youth?

From my scrotum to your womb
Your cradle to my tomb

I can't give you up
'Til I've got more than enough
So infect me with your love

Nurse me into sickness
Nurse me back to health
Endow me with the gift
Of the man made world

I can't give you up
'Cause I need more than enough
Infect me with your love

Nurse me into sickness
Nurse me back to health
Endow me what it is
That I want in this world

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