

Take a look at my body,
look at my hands
there's so much here that I don't understand
Your face saving promises,
whispered like prayers
I don't need them.

Cuz I've been treated so wrong
I've been treated so long as if I'm becoming untouchable...

Well, contempt loves the silence
it thrives in the dark,
the fine winding tendrils that strangle the heart
They say that promises sweeten the blow
but I don't need them... no I don't need them.

I've been treated so wrong,
I've been treated so long as if I'm becoming untouchable
I'm a slow dying flower
in the frost killing hour
sweet turning sour
& untouchable.

ooh I need
the darkness,
the sweetness,
the sadness,
the weakness,
ooh I need this.
Need a lullabye,
a kiss goodnight,
angel, sweet love of my life
ooh I need this

I'm a slow dying flower
frost killing hour
the sweet turning sour
& untouchable

Do you remember the way that you touched me before,
all the trembling sweetness
I loved and adored...
Your face saving promises
whispered like prayers.
I don't need them.

I need the darkness,
the sweetness,
the sadness,
the weakness,
ooh I need this.
I need a lullabye
a kiss goodnight,
angel, sweet love of my life
ooh I need this
Well, is it dark enough,
can you see me?
do you want me?
can you reach me?
or I'm leaving...
you better shut your mouth
and hold your breath
you kiss me now,
you catch your death
oh I mean this...
oh I mean this..