

## Pleasure Of The Pain

### Fearless Vampire Killers

The pleasure of the pain  
Consumes all I feel  
It steals, but what it leaves  
Is a monster of me

In the back alley cabaret  
Where the girls and the boys are claimed  
We'll find solace in the sticky floors  
And the body heat of those aflame

Is it wrong of me to feel so much  
In this climate of restraint  
With every bottle drained a disapproving glance  
And God, I feel so ashamed

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Consumes all I feel  
It steals, but what it leaves  
Is a monster of me

So I pack my regrets in chains  
Head to where the ghosts congregate  
Under black and tragic empty skies  
They preach their madness could the dead tell lies?

'Cause I'm desperate to believe  
I'll take anything they give  
I'm like a rabid dog, with suffocating rage  
But these cadavers say that they can stave

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And from her lips she sung  
A melody to die for  
And from my chest she drew  
A beating heart and stabbed it  
With the tweezers from her dresser

The devotion you give  
Down on aching knees  
Using your throat as a sieve  
While the ghosts of your rejections  
Haunt the places you've forgotten

And they'll say it was worth it just for

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Consumes all I feel  
It steals, but what it leaves  
Is a monster of me

No matter where I run  
I can smell you on my skin  
Distinct

But when I need you taste  
My body doesn't slake the thirst.