

# Martin

## Soft Cell

Martin

Martin is talking to you Martin is a boy with problems

Martin has a family history

Martin has too many nightmares

He lives in a fantasy

There's a danger that he'll take too far

His morbid curiosity He's seen too many creepy films

He's read too many books

Martin sleeps with all the lights on

Martin's seen too many looks

He lives out a strange obsession

Tries hard to resist

But Martin needs his strange obsession

To exist

(Kill, kill, kill) He's far too pale and far too frail

To be a normal boy

There's something shining in his eyes

The things he'd like to say

Martin had a lot to live down

Growing up in a mining town

Torches burning in the trees

The shivering lust of blood

He's the star of many horror movies

But deep inside he's good

There's an illness flowing through him

That's there all the time

And though he watches and he waits

He knows he's not to blame

The face at the window

The hand under the bed

Martin has hallucinations

Dreams that he's dead

He finds the hunger's at its worst

When he's in bed (Kill, kill, kill) He's finding hard to keep control

He knows it won't be long

And his tongue rolls over his dry lips

And the voice lingers on

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>