

Collide

Michael Schulte

Desires collide
Slowly growing to stone
Starting warm
Then getting colder
Bound by on time
No release, no letting go
No letting go

I'm gonna hurt myself, hurt myself
Oh with the knives that you left in my back, I can move on
Though I know that's not what I deserve, I deserve
I'm gonna pull it out and push it deep into my heart
And then blame myself

Hold by your knives
I can't fight them anymore
Oh everytime they cut in deeper
Entrance denied
Burnt revealed but never to grow
Never to grow

Stupid denial you lie
Oh, what a denial, you lie

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