

Satisfied

Bettie Serveert

Callus on the sore,
Were you hurt before,
Are you happy now that you don't feel anymore.
Placid are the skies,
When you're out at night.
Are you satisfied?

Callus on the sore,
It's just a metaphor,
'cause you're still alive, but you don't live anymore.
How placid are the skies,
When you dream at night.
When you're safe inside.

Are you safe inside, at all?
Tell me what are we looking for.
Tell me what are we looking for,
If all we really want is each other.

Callus on the soul, there's a tale untold,
How you spent your live
In a place where no one goes.
Placid are the skies,
When you're out at night.

Are you satisfied,
Are you satisfied at all?
Tell me what are you looking for.

Tell me what are you looking for,
If all we really want is,
Throw out all your chastity,
No need for your blasphemy,
Live out every fantasy, all we really want is each other,
Bring out all the best in me,
Come on, take the rest of me
You've got full capacity.

All we really want is each other.