

Thought Like Flames

Blindside

I hear you
So don't you say another word
Here you are standing there crushing yourself
I'm near you
But my eyes see a different world
Now here you are, standing there
Breaking my heart as you're crushing yourself

Now lately you've been painting on the walls with the black fire you lit
Then you call it your mirror
And then you hate it
And then you spit on it

Sorry you're not a god
Now every thought you feel within turning into flames
So hold your breath cause all I can smell is ashes
Sorry, but you're not God
Sorry, but you're not God

I hear you
But I can't recognize even a sentence as truth
Who lit that black flame in your heart
And I'm near you
But my words land far from your heart
You turn your back and I don't know where to start

But lately you've been painting on the wall with the black fire you lit
And it's a lie and I hate it
Still you think it is you
And you keep it

Sorry you're not a god
Now every thought you feel within turning into flames
So hold your breath cause all I can smell is ashes
Sorry, but you're not God
Sorry, but you're not God

Sister I'm sorry but it's not your call
To create a lying image of yourself

Sorry you're not a god

Sorry you're not a god
Now every thought you feel within turning into flames
So hold your breath cause all I can smell is ashes
Sorry, but you're not-
Sorry, but you're not-
Sorry, but you're not God

But there is hope sister