Die

Christian Walz

Would you like to become what you are That $ain\square t$ such an honest set of mind Could you try to let go of your stars

That would let you be one of a kind Be some one that I admire Now the good words left to...

Die

Let the beauty of it die Let it wither there to die Then I saw you let it die To my surprise

CouldnIt you be the one
The one I knew from the past
Where it all began
We promised that this would forever last
We were best of friends and you
You were all that you were that Is why
We lost track of time
How I miss it

But there on good word there to find Nothing left there to admire
Now the good words left to...

Die

Let the beauty of it die Let it wither there to die Then I saw you let it die To my surprise

You call it a lack of time Your call hasn t changed your mind You may haven t seen yourself You haven t been yourself But you gotta hit rewind

You call it a lack of time Your call it another kind You may haven It seen yourself You haven It been yourself But you gotta face and find

You call it a lack of time Your call hasnOt changed your mind You may havenOt seen yourself You havenOt been yourself But you gotta hit rewind

You call it a lack of time Your call it another kind You may haven□t seen yourself You haven□t been yourself Ohhh Die Let the beauty of it die Let it wither there to die Then I saw you let it die To my surprise