

Into Another

Deep Insight

Another Sunday afternoon
I close the window it's getting cold.
Recalling my agony
I see I hurt you I made you cry.
Every thought is a thousand knives
and each one will kill me inside.
How is it so hard to say yes?

If I could say the words I need you,
cause I really really really do.
I could forget about the things I've done
and give my life to you.
And if I ever go back again,
I know that you would stay by my side
through the end of my days.

As I'm floating around in this
emotion that I can't describe.
It was only a fraction of my life
when I chose to be alive.
You came from the sky and stroke me down,
waked me up to realise that
I was your child.

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