

# The Racing Heart

Katatonía

White sun  
Spring of wealth  
Come for a good time  
It's not what I have

Vibrate  
Life on the line  
My racing heart  
Your vacant mind

If I sow a wind now  
I will reap a storm  
You saw me sliding away from the sun

And tomorrow  
Who will come  
And put their hand over mine  
Mine with the burning shape of a gun

Washed out  
Soul of money  
Couldn't keep the fire  
It's not what I do

Vibrate  
Life on the line  
My racing heart  
It's all I find

Inside the sickness  
Rest  
Inside the sickness  
Rest

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