

If You Stop Breathing

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Now, who is this kneeling in the sleet
I hold your hand wondering if you hear me there'll be...

Nothing left to say if you stop breathing

So who are you kneeling at my feet
I hold your head begging you: "Please hear me!" - there'll be..

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Nothing left to say if you stop breathing
So don't you hold, not your breath for me

Nothing left to say if you stop here...