

# Collide

Michael Schulte

Desires collide  
Slowly growing to stone  
Starting warm  
Then getting colder  
Bound by on time  
No release, no letting go  
No letting go

I'm gonna hurt myself, hurt myself  
Oh with the knives that you left in my back, I can move on  
Though I know that's not what I deserve, I deserve  
I'm gonna pull it out and push it deep into my heart  
And then blame myself

Hold by your knives  
I can't fight them anymore  
Oh everytime they cut in deeper  
Entrance denied  
Burnt revealed but never to grow  
Never to grow

Stupid denial you lie  
Oh, what a denial, you lie

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