

Thoughts

Michael Schulte

Thoughts, they are like restless beasts in my head.
Time, it slowly kills me in my cold bed,
And turns my faith into a dark and open doubt.

CHORUS

I am running into the fire,
Tonight this war is easily lost,
Cause I can't cut these wires
And sparks will turn into
A fire, a fire.
I am running into the fire.

Thoughts, are creeping in with arms of silence.
Time, will make me drown here on my island,
When pressure's rising like a wave of open scars.

CHORUS

I'm running, running.. into the fire..
I'm running, running.. into the fire..