

Wishing Well

Motorpsycho

...And as it's fading
to a drowsy blue to live in
I keep my eyes closed
and pretend that I'm still sleeping

there's a hole when she's smiling
and a fire when she's sad
and a void when she's glad
when I feel how she's humming
how alive she's inside
I only hear how I lied

cosmic comic-strip
behind this wall I stay forgiven
mirrors cracking clear the view
daring me to drown in there and take her with me

From your lips to Gods ears and to the wind....

there's a hole.....

and there's always a reason
yet it's so hard to tell
from this wishing well
though these thoughts are colliding
I'm left bound by the spell
of this wishing well.....