

The Art Of Detaching One's Heart

Phum Viphurit

Words roaming inside my chest
'Cause my fucked up head
It belongs to you

Lost in space we flew astray
I'll find my way to get to you

I-I-I thought we were happy
I-I-I fell out of love
It's not like before

Hearts may change, but memories won't
You know I don't
Don't want to go

I-I-I thought we were happy
I-I-I fell out of love
It's not like before
May we meet once more

Was I dreaming of the design of love?
If we keep this up, will we self-destruct?
Was I dreaming of the design of love?
If we keep this up, will we self-destruct?
Was I dreaming of the design of love?
If we keep this up, will we self-destruct?