

## Sleep

Poets of the Fall

Hear your heartbeat  
Beat a frantic pace  
And it's not even seven AM  
You're feeling the rush of anguish settling  
You cannot help showing them in  
Hurry up then  
Or you'll fall behind and  
They will take control of you  
And you need to heal the hurt behind your eyes  
Fickle words crowding your mind

So  
Sleep, sugar, let your dreams flood in  
Like waves of sweet fire, you're safe within  
Sleep, sweetie, let your floods come rushing in  
And carry you over to a new morning

Try as you might  
You try to give it up  
Seems to be holding on fast  
It's hand in your hand  
A shadow over you  
A beggar for soul in your face  
Still it don't mater if you won't listen  
If you won't let them follow you  
You just need to heal  
Make good all your lies  
Move on and don't look behind

So  
Sleep, sugar, let your dreams flood in  
Like waves of sweet fire, you're safe within  
Sleep, sweetie, let your floods come rushing in  
And carry you over to a new morning

Day after day  
Fickle visions messing with your head  
Fickle, vicious  
Sleeping in your bed  
Messing with your head  
Fickle visions  
Fickle, vicious:

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