

Run

Vanic

Running back to your old ways I keep running back to you
Running back to your old ways I keep running back to you
I keep
I keep

Lungs burn, growing calluses, finding balances, time is right
But it won't work, we don't work
You said, just the half of it, now I'm in a fit
Get me out of this sick world, sick world
Lights break, I'm in a fucking mess, want me underdressed
Throwing blades into your chest, I'm a mess

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Can't get away hearts left black and blue
Far from yesterday what else can I do
Can't get away hearts left black and blue
Far from yesterday what else can I do

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Dooms day you got me in a cell
Fell into your spell ready for a distraction
Some action
Tuesday the 12 is after me got plans underneath
Running fast from our old ways
I keep running back to you

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