

Thought Like Flames

Blindside

I hear you, so don't you say another word
Now here you are standing there crushing yourself
I'll hear you, but my eyes see a different world
Here you are standing there breaking my heart, as you're crushing yourself
But lately you've been painting on the walls
With it like fire, you led
And you call it your mirror
And then you hate it, and then you spit on it But sorry, you're not a god
Now every flux you feel, well turn it into flames
So hold your breath so not to spill these ashes
Sorry, but you're not God I hear you, but I can't recognize even the sentence as truth
Who lit the black flame in your hearth?
I'm near you, but my words land far from your heart
You turn your back, and not know where to start
But lately you've been painting on the walls
With it like fire, you led
And it's a lie, and I hate it
But still you think it's you. Ready, keep on...

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