

Den Sorte Skole

Your eyes, they conjure up those cliffs of Moher
 Far away and not listening anymore
 Dreaming of life on another shore
 Not here, not now, with me, the bore
 So I stopped talking, fade to bleak
 Feeling insignificant atrofied and weak
 Even though it's not who I know myself to be
 The queen, the confidence doesn't speak
 But I was 14 with my passion and 15 with my best
 16 with my ego and zero with the rest, oh yeah
 My heart is a POW, tangled in my chest
 I don't know how to communicate in a cardiac arrest
 Your eyes, they drown me in your sadness
 Your words, they bring hurricanes
 I'm braving Shakespearian tempest
 The Mighty Tiger doesn't blink
 But I was 14 with my passion and 15 with my best
 16 with my ego and zero with the rest, oh yeah

My heart is a POW, tangled in my chest
 I don't know how to communicate in a cardiac arrest
 I think you were the one
 Silent suffering inside
 The one got away
 I was too dangerous to hide
 But I was 14 with my passion and 15 with my best
 16 with my ego and zero with the rest, oh yeah
 My heart is a POW, tangled in my chest
 I don't know how to communicate in a cardiac arrest
 So I stopped talking, baby
 'Cause you always want me to shut up
 Take this ever, stage meanwhile
 While I become you trusted silent prop
 So take good care
 This mighty woman's ready to explode
 Fire here below the surface of my volcano