

# Different Pulses

Asaf Avidan

My life is like a wound  
I scratch so I can bleed  
Regurgitate my words,  
I write so I can feed  
And death grows like a tree  
That's planted in my chest  
Its roots are at my feet,  
I walk so it won't rest Oh, baby I am lost  
I said oh, baby I am lost I try to push the colours  
Through a prism back to white  
To sync our different pulses  
Into a blinding light  
And if love is not the key.  
If love is not a key  
I hope that I can find  
A place where it could be I know that in your heart  
There is an answer to a question  
Which I'm not as yet aware that I have asked  
And if that tree had not drunk my tears  
I would have bled and cried for all the years  
That I alone have let them pass And oh, baby I am yours  
I said oh, baby I am yours  
And oh, baby I am yours  
I said oh, baby I am yours

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