

Mood

Madita

Killing the night
Is thrilling me right
Holding that kind
Of childhood in my mind
Wanna be wise
Gonna survive
Reasons divided
By the tear in my eye
Feeling the need
For healing I'm weak
Falling asleep
Saves us from the deep
Comes from inside
As feeding a child
This state of blind
Puts in my mind
That I'll care for you
And what will you do

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