

# Silent My Song

[Lykke Li](#)

Eyes wide shut and mouths still feel  
The needle in my back  
Cutting through my veins and spirit  
Making me relax  
I can't tell if I am living  
Or just holding on  
'Cause wicked games, these wicked winners  
Kick me till I'll drown  
You silent my song, ah  
No fist is needed when you pull  
And you see pain like it is pleasure  
Like a work of art  
When I'm your painting, I'm your treasure  
Purest of them all  
And call it love or call it murder  
Kill me quietly  
Close the door then take it further  
Where no man has been  
You silent my song, ah  
No fist is needed when you pull  
You silent my song, ah  
No fist is needed when you pull  
Silent, oh silent, silent my song  
Silent, oh silent, silent my song  
Silent, oh silent, silent my song  
Silent, oh silent, silent my song  
You silent my song, ah  
No fist is needed when you pull  
You silent my song, ah  
No fist is needed when you pull  
You silent my song, ah  
Fist is needed when you um, ah

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