Side Effects of Being Tired

Unwound

When I hold my breath, your lungs collapse
In a dream perhaps on one of those days
When I hold my tongue it all comes back in a hated way
If I said the words, I could sleep now, are these the words?
Her magistrate will concentrate in attempts to show no signs of hate
When I hold my breath, your lungs collapse
In a dream perhaps on one of those days
When I hold my tongue it all comes back in a hated way
If I said the words, could I sleep now, didn't I say the words?
Her magistrate will concentrate in attempts to show no signs of hate
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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