

Her Fantasy

Matthew Dear

Itâ€™s just one in a million hearts that feel the way, the way I do x2

Am I the chrome man, am I not of great design?

Do I feel love like all of the others or this feeling only mine?

Are you my delicious game? Is it an obvious play?

Iâ€™ll eat like a lion and pretend Iâ€™m trying but we know itâ€™s one in the same.

Am I one heartbeat away from receiving a damaging shock to my life and believing that love was a cost worth a witness and seeing a larger machine?

Fighting is futile but I canâ€™t concede to interior beliefs that control and deplete you dismounting a love which has grown from beneath you an ancient machine.

Weâ€™re on the ground, we canâ€™t go far,

Godâ€™s in the hands, as in their hearts,

A poison brain, pass through the day,

Point at the frame, around the flame,

Trust is a form, and as a breed,

I will protect, you from my needs,

We can go far, sit where you stand,

And on your heart, and on your man

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written by Dear, Matthew / [Mpc] Brown, Peter

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