

# Thoughts (Instrumental)

## Michael Schulte

Thoughts, they are like restless beasts in my head.  
Time, it slowly kills me in my cold bed,  
And turns my faith into a dark and open doubt.CHORUS

I am running into the fire,  
Tonight this war is easily lost,  
Cause I can't cut these wires  
And sparks will turn into  
A fire, a fire.

I am running into the fire.Thoughts, are creeping in with arms of silence.  
Time, will make me drown here on my island,  
When pressure's rising like a wave of open scars.CHORUS

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