

A Green Desire

Dead Poetic

I want to see your eyes, the light, the tunnel
I need to feel your love, this fight, my struggle
Which hand should I cut off? My life in shambles
I'll lose my life right here, but what for? I'm coming home And I will meet you
(There) I'm heading nowhere fast, I need your hands
Which breath will be my last? It's gone, my past
Love with a broken heart, I'm here alone
I'm getting taken away, I hope you're coming soon And I will meet you
(There) Grab my hand and take me home
Will you be there to grab my hand
And take me away? I want to see your eyes
I need to feel your love
Which hand should I cut off?
I'll lose my life right here

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