

# Thoughts

## 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.CHORUSI'm running, running.. into the fire..

I'm running, running.. into the fire..

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