

# Heartbeats

## The Knife

One night to be confused  
One night to speed up truth  
We had a promise made  
Four hands and then away  
Both under influence  
We had divine sense  
To know what to say  
Mind is a razorblade To call for hands of above to lean on  
Wouldn't be good enough for me, no One night of magic rush  
The start - a simple touch  
One night to push and scream  
And then relief  
Ten days of perfect tunes  
The colors red and blue  
We had a promise made  
We were in love To call for hands of above to lean on  
Wouldn't be good enough for me, no  
To call for hands of above to lean on  
Wouldn't be good enough for me, oh And you, you knew the hand of a devil  
And you kept us awake with wolves teeth  
Sharing different heartbeats in one night To call for hands of above to lean on  
Wouldn't be good enough for me, no  
To call for hands of above to lean on  
Wouldn't be good enough for me, oh

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