

Paradise

Equse

I don't really know if you're in there with me
I'll keep talking, in case you can hear me
No need to worry, we'll make it out of here
May we find our way back to reality

Take the bike there and follow me
We may have a ride under the palm trees
No need to worry, we'll make it out of here
But if we stay longer, we might fall asleep

Could you take my hands, sometimes I feel like I'm falling
Inside myself, I built a world that doesn't exist
Drug me or help me, to break down this shell into pieces
Now tears run down, releasing me from my doubt

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