Paradise

Equse

I donâ€™t really know if youâ€™re in there with me
Iâ€™ll keep talking, in case you can hear me
No need to worry, weâ€™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, weâ€™ll make it out of here
But if we stay longer, we might fall asleep

Could you take my hands, sometimes I feel like Iâ€™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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