Quiet Hours

Wild Nothing

Morning light shines in your bedroom
It calls me in to your arms
For a single moment I have peace
The quiet hours passing by

It's not what I want, it's what I need

The quiet hours fall to pieces
Heaven isn't where you thought
The dream is dying, fading fast now
The quiet hours gone at last

It's not what I want, it's what I need

Lyrics submitted by Petar Gjalevski.

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