Blindside, Close

Her heart was beating harder for every second The shell was holding up like never before A refusal to where all this has it's foundation The shell hold up, but big dents bulge

Not now, maybe later and never before Like a flower that never blossomed About a longing that never given birth to a decision About a longing that never ended

With the feet so far below the ground surface And yet carrier of a rootless heart Too hard to get up and still knowing That beauty comes out of pain

And I wish I could pull you up from there But no one else than The Only One can And I wish I could pull you up from there My tongue can never dress in words that my flame is true

And I shall never again be afraid of showing my weak self Never again with threat try to prove my love

So let yourself get hit in the heart, let it bleed
If I could I would take back the words that were dead
If you could be fed through His life
If your heart would bleed
Whatever choice you make
I remain
Meet me at the feet of the Prince of Peace
I have nothing except what are my roots
Meet me on your knees before His feet