

Dead Poetic, A Green Desire

I want to see your eyes. The light, the tunnel.
I need to feel your love. This fight, my struggle.
Which hand should I cut off? My life in shambles.
I'll lose my life right here. But what for, I'm coming home.

And I will meet you (there)

I'm heading nowhere fast. I need your hands.
Which breath will be my last? It's gone, my past.
Love with a broken heart. I'm here alone.
I'm getting taken away. I hope you're coming soon.

And I will meet you (there)

Grab my hand and take me home.

Will you be there to grab my hand and take me away?

I want to see your eyes.
I need to feel your love.
Which hand should I cut off?
I'll lose my life right here.