

Art Of Fighting, Heart Translation

wanna hold you like a secret wanna hold you like a hand
wanna hold you like a prisoner in the arms of my remand
caught for good
because to leave you with those days is never something i could do
there'll always be a part of me that needs to be with you
that's just what's true
there you were black silver dressed in gold
like every story ever told
a million words in so few sentences
when you spoke to me it rang out like a song
that dared all ears to hear it wrong
to never know to never see to never reach a place to be
to never understand your way has put a limit on my days
so long its too late
so i said heart, translate
cause i dont understand a thing that you say
maybe we'll see it all as its fading away
different memories will come
different seasons and days
and as long as it takes
oh the heart it translates
it can never be wrong
it can only be late