

Asaf Avidan, Different Pulses

My life is like a wound I scratch so I can bleed
Regurgitate my words, I write so I can feed
And Death grows like a tree that's planted in my chest
Its roots are at my feet, I walk so it won't rest

Oh, Baby I am Lost...

I try to push the colors through a prism back to white
To sync our different pulses into a blinding light
And if love is not the key. If love is not a key.
I hope that I can find a place where it could be

I know that in your heart there is an answer to a question
Which I'm not as yet aware that I have asked
And if that tree had not drunk my tears
I would have bled and cried for all the years
That I alone have let them pass

Oh, Baby I am yours...