

# 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...