

# 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