

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 its 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