

Christian Walz, Die

Would you like to become what you are
That ain't such an honest set of mind
Could you try to let go of your stars

That would let you be one of a kind
Be some one that I admire
Now the good words left to...

Die
Let the beauty of it die
Let it wither there to die
Then I saw you let it die
To my surprise

Couldn't you be the one
The one I knew from the past
Where it all began
We promised that this would forever last
We were best of friends and you
You were all that you were that's why
We lost track of time
How I miss it

But there's no good word there to find
Nothing left there to admire
Now the good words left to...

Die
Let the beauty of it die
Let it wither there to die
Then I saw you let it die
To my surprise

You call it a lack of time
Your call hasn't changed your mind
You may haven't seen yourself
You haven't been yourself
But you gotta hit rewind

You call it a lack of time
Your call it another kind
You may haven't seen yourself
You haven't been yourself
But you gotta face and find

You call it a lack of time
Your call hasn't changed your mind
You may haven't seen yourself
You haven't been yourself
But you gotta hit rewind

You call it a lack of time
Your call it another kind
You may haven't seen yourself
You haven't been yourself
Ohhh

Die
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