

Kristy Thirsk, Pulse

(Hiratzka/Thirsk)

i know what you're telling me, it's over again
it knocks the wind out of me, even though i should expect it
weakened heart, my pulse is fine, but i feel like i am dying
the way you hurt and tortured, that is a crime, 'cause i feel like i am trying
too hard to breathe
i know why i should give you up, but i like the addiction
alone in love and i'm longing for trust, but finding vain friction
and will i ever know any sweet relief, without being scarred from you?
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the way you hurt and tortured, that is a crime, 'cause i feel like i am trying
too hard to breathe
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too hard to breathe
the way you hurt and tortured me is a crime, 'cause i feel like i am dying
too hard to breathe
too hard to breathe
too hard to breathe
too hard to breathe
too hard to breathe
i feel like love is dying
it's too hard to breathe