

# Les Rythmes Digitales, Sometimes

Sometimes,  
When I wake at night,  
I feel that nothing on Earth,  
Could ever hurt me.

Sometimes,  
When I know my mind,  
I feel like nothing I say,  
Could ever deserve me.

I'm stood on the tip of my own tounge,  
I'm caught in the space between the concept and the execution,  
I'm stuck in the back of my own throat,  
I'm stuck in the void between the instinct and the institution.

It's more than for Capulet,  
takes more that a dictionaire.

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