

# Madita, Mood

Killing the night  
Is thrilling me right  
Holding that kind  
Of childhood in my mind

Wanna be wise  
Gonna survive  
Reasons divided  
By the tear in my eye

Feeling the need  
For healing I'm weak  
Falling asleep  
Saves us from the deep

Comes from inside  
As feeding a child  
This state of blind  
Puts in my mind

That I'll care for you  
And what will you do