

The Knife, Heartbeats

One night to be confused
One night to speed up truth
We had a promise made
Four hands and then away
Both under influence
We had divine scent
To know what to say
Mind is a razorblade
To call for hands of above, to lean on
Wouldn't be good enough for me, no
One night of magic rush
The start: a simple touch
One night to push and scream
And then relief
Ten days of perfect tunes
The colours red and blue
We had a promise made
We were in love
To call for hands of above, to lean on
Wouldn't be good enough for me, no
To call for hands of above, to lean on
Wouldn't be good enough
And you
You knew the hand of a devil
And you
Kept us awake with wolves teeth
Sharing different heartbeats in one night
To call for hands of above, to lean on
Wouldn't be good enough for me, no
To call for hands of above, to lean on
Wouldn't be good enough