

Deadlock, As Words To Bullets

I will cut my tongue to end this here
As words to bullets and feelings to fears
You danced the night away, you stole my heart that day
I dare to cause this war, maybe i will die therefor

Yet i think it is my juliet story
Because you are my everything

but this beauty leaves the room
and my dream seems to be over
my tongue is not severed and the end is here

Drove home to that anchingly long song
As words to poetry and my feelings so free
I am longing for your arms to lay down
In your hands i feel so secure- this must be true

You danced the night away, you stole my heart that day
I dared to cause this war, maybe we will die therefor

Yet i think it is my juliet story
Because you are my everything

but this beauty leaves the room
and my dream seems to be over
my tongue is not severed and the end is here

burlesque and splendid i will enter their realm
this place should become a burial ground

i dared to cause that war and i died therefor

but this beauty leaves the room
and my dream seems to be over
my tongue is not severed and the end is here