Poets Of The Fall, Sleep

Hear your heartbeat Beat a frantic pace And it's not even seven AM

You're feeling the rush Of anguish settling You cannot help showing them in.

Hurry up then Or you'll fall behind and They will take control of you

And you need to heal The hurt behind your eyes Fickle words crowding your mind

So

Sleep, sugar, let your dreams flood in, Like waves of sweet fire, you're safe within Sleep, sweetie, let your floods come rushing in, And carry you over to a new morning

Try as you might You try to give it up Seems to be holding on fast

It's hand in your hand A shadow over your A beggar for soul in your face

Still it don't matter
If you won't listen
If you won't let them follow you

You just need to heal Make good all your lies Move on and don't look behind

Day after day
Fickle visions
Messing with your head
Fickle, vicious
Sleeping in your bed
Messing with your head
Fickle visions
Fickle, vicious