

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