

Propaganda, Wound In My Heart

You've been just an early entry
In my diary
Another page I had to fill
Inside a book of a thousand
I turn the page but my heart it aches
Living my life without you
It seems like something is missing
Something is missing without you
I close my eyes and remember why
So much is missing without you
But when I start to write again

There's a gap in my life
That's too large to fill
A wound in my heart
That no doctor can heal
There's a ghost in my mind
Who is haunting all night
There is trust deep inside
Brings you back to my side
Myself deceiving

You've been another colour
To the picture I'm painting
From the memory I have of you
But all the colours turn into blue
What you see is a part of me
Living my life without you
It seems like something is missing
Something is missing without you
But when I start to write again

It seems like something is missing
Something is missing without you
I close my eyes but I must be blind
So much is missing without you
Life goes on
I will be strong
Living my life without you
But once in a while I realise
That so much is missing
Without you

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