

# Takida, Riddles

I see you in my arms  
I will let you go every time I see you  
I think I don't need you  
I feel the pain again every time I see you  
Oh, why this again?  
I don't live like that  
Oh, something's within me  
How can I help you see?  
When I wrote riddles in your head

Why can't this be, you and me alone  
Waiting for the right ones  
I think we're growing old  
What time is left, soon we will be gone

You say you are the one, your own fiction way  
Well, you owe me some time so let me go