

The Racing Heart

Katatonía

White sun
Spring of wealth
Come for a good time
It's not what I have

Vibrate
Life on the line
My racing heart
Your vacant mind

If I sow a wind now
I will reap a storm
You saw me sliding away from the sun

And tomorrow
Who will come
And put their hand over mine
Mine with the burning shape of a gun

Washed out
Soul of money
Couldn't keep the fire
It's not what I do

Vibrate
Life on the line
My racing heart
It's all I find

Inside the sickness
Rest
Inside the sickness
Rest

If I sow a wind now
I will reap a storm
You saw me sliding away from the sun

And tomorrow
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Mine with the burning shape of a gun

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