

Burning from the Inside

Bauhaus

Running without aim
Through the razor weeds
That only reach my knees
And when I'm lying in the gray sleep
I don't know how to walk the boards
I open my eyes and look at the floor
And now I don't see you anymore

There is no choice
We make a point
To counteract a threatening hand
Close my hold
Let's be near, let's be near the atmosphere

Running without aim
Through the razor weeds
That only reach my knees
And when I'm lying in the gray sleep
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Any more
Any more
Any more
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