

# Thoughts

Michael Schulte

Thoughts, they are like restless beasts in my head.  
Time, it slowly kills me in my cold bed,  
And turns my faith into a dark and open doubt.

CHORUS

I am running into the fire,  
Tonight this war is easily lost,  
Cause I can't cut these wires  
And sparks will turn into  
A fire, a fire.  
I am running into the fire.

Thoughts, are creeping in with arms of silence.  
Time, will make me drown here on my island,  
When pressure's rising like a wave of open scars.

CHORUS

I'm running, running.. into the fire..  
I'm running, running.. into the fire..