

Rusty Nails

Moderat

In broken speech
you tricked me on shaky ground
don't tell me...

It feels like
walking on rusty nails
but the pain is not mine

Where we collide?
Down is the only way out
cause hells above...

I've tried to
focus on anything
but the strain inside

some words rush
like jets in the sky
dont stay long
just passing by

But you talked it away
you talked it away