

Death

Najwajeen

Here it comes
and it's warm
it is not sun
But it's warm
and it's between us
I'm not frightened
but my body is
Maybe is death
Maybe is death
Maybe is death
Maybe is death
Maybe is death
Like a twist
that comes from behind my arms
I've been called
from somewhere beneath the earth
I didn't know
till it was too late
I didn't hear
Because tonight
wake me up
with a new fear and it feels
like I lost all of my tears
I didn't know it was too late
I didn't hear
You have to die
trice here
then you'll be born
back again
Like a king
or a queen
Like a king
Like a thief
I was trying to be smart
In the end
I was just a simple heart
I didn't know
till was too late
I didn't hear
Like a glove
that is trying to fit my hand
Now it feels
like I'm covered in mud
I didn't know till was too late
I didn't hear