

Angel

Paint It Black

I was running out of breath,
I was running out of time.
Every clock tick reminds that I'm falling behind.
We are one skin;
You can't convince me to believe in sin.
Language has us wired to explode,

We know how to hold on and how to let go.
When it feels like I'm swimming against the tide,
Our heads are stupid but our bodies are wise.
When I lose sight because the light has died,
I find hope in your hands, lips and eyes.