

## Bleeding

Sixpence None The Richer

Deep inside the darkest night  
Is drinking in the light  
From pinholes pricked  
Holy needles knicked  
In a canopy of white

I'm alone, I'm alone  
And I'm beating my soul to make it bleed a drop of hope  
Then I'll drink it up in a golden cup and let it grow inside

And I fear that you've gone away  
But you must be somewhere near

The fire fades so the deepest shades  
Slowly trickle down the wall  
In a room I hide will I come outside  
And have some kind of fall  
All my words, all my words  
They have lost all their worth  
Nothing's good enough for anyone  
And the look on my face  
Leaves a subtle trace of the change  
That is to come