

Riddles

Takida

I see you in my arms
I will let you go every time I see you
I think I don't need you
I feel the pain again every time I see you
Oh, why this again?
I don't live like that
Oh, something's within me
How can I help you see?
When I wrote riddles in your head

Why can't this be, you and me alone
Waiting for the right ones
I think we're growing old
What time is left, soon we will be gone

You say you are the one, your own fiction way
Well, you owe me some time so let me go