

Asaf Avidan

"Different Pulses"

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My life is like a wound
I scratch so I can bleed
Regurgitate my words
I write so I can feed

And death grows like a tree
That's planted in my chest
Its roots are at my feet
I walk so it won't rest

Oh, Baby I am lost
Oh, Baby I am lost

I try to push the colors
Through a prism back to white
To sync our different pulses
Into a blinding light

And if love is not the key,
If love is not a key
I hope that I can find
A place where it could be

I know that in your heart there is an answer to a
question
That I'm not as yet aware that I have asked
If that tree had not drunk my tears
I would have bled and cried for all the years
That I alone have let them pass

Oh, Baby I am yours
Oh, Baby I am yours
Oh, Baby I am yours
Oh, Baby I am yours

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