

Blinded Colony

"Nara"

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[In Swedish]

Hennes hj?rta slog h?rdare f?r varje sekund
Skalet h?ll emot som aldrig f?rut
En v?gran till var allt detta har sin grund
Skalet h?ll emot men stora bucklor buktar ut
Inte nu, kanske senare och aldrig f?rut
Som en blomma som aldrig slagit ut
Om en l?ngtan som aldrig f?tt ett beslut
Om en l?ngtan som aldrig tagit slut

Med f?tterna s? l?ngt under markytan
Och ?nd? b?rare av ett rotl?st hj?rta
F?r sv?rt att ta sig upp och ?nd? veta
Att sk?nhet kommer ur sm?rta

Och jag ?nskar jag kunde dra dig upp d?rifr?n
Men ingen annan utom den ende kan
Och jag ?nskar jag kunde dra dig upp d?rifr?n
Min tunga kan aldrig kl? i ord att min l?ga ?r sann

Och jag ska aldrig mer vara r?dd att visa mig vek
Aldrig mer med hot f?rs?ka bevisa min k?rlek

S? l?t dig tr?ffas i hj?rtat l?t det bli da
Om jag kunde skulle jag ta tillbaks de ord som var d?
da
Om hans liv fick bli din f?da
Om ditt hj?rta fick bli da
F?rs?k inte vinna tid
F?r jag ser ingenting av den varan
Trots att jag kommer att st? kvar d?r jag ?r

Vilket val du ?n tar
St?r jag kvar

M?t mig vid fridsfurstens f?tter
Jag har ingenting utom det som ?r mina r?tter
M?t mig p? kn? framf?r hans f?tter

[In English]

Her heart was beating harder for every second

The shell was holding up like never before
A refusal to where all this has it's foundation
The shell hold up, but big dents bulge

Not now, maybe later and never before
Like a flower that never blossomed
About a longing that never given birth to a decision
About a longing that never ended

With the feet so far below the ground surface
And yet carrier of a rootless heart
Too hard to get up and still knowing
That beauty comes out of pain

And I wish I could pull you up from there
But no one else than The Only One can
And I wish I could pull you up from there
My tongue can never dress in words that my flame is
true

And I shall never again be afraid of showing my weak
self
Never again with threat try to prove my love

So let yourself get hit in the heart, let it bleed
If I could I would take back the words that were dead
If you could be fed through His life
If your heart would bleed
Whatever choice you make
I remain
Meet me at the feet of the Prince of Peace
I have nothing except what are my roots
Meet me on your knees before His feet

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