

Deborah Conway

"Your Heart Upside Down"

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They returned, the eyes, the soft eerie sound
Crying loud, but you saw its sharp mouth
The bite, the bird, embrace all what hurts
A callous thorn runs your roseate curls

A Sunday to kill all reasons why
A Sunday to re-invent life

Walk the streets where your feet fly
Holding on is thinner than slippery ice
Dark and deceiving moments came and went
The heart in a coffin is well spent

A Sunday to kill all reasons why
A Sunday to re-invent life

And I'm here to say
Cold blood, a heart astray
And hear me now
The heart upside down
Well I'd take a stand
If it didn't kill me to mend

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