

## **Blindside**

# **"Thoughts Like Flames"**

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I hear you  
So don't you say another word  
Here you are standing there crushing yourself  
I'm near you  
But my eyes see a different world  
Now here you are, standing there  
Breaking my heart as you're crushing yourself

Now lately you've been painting on the walls with the  
black fire you lit  
Then you call it your mirror  
And then you hate it  
And then you spit on it

Sorry you're not a god  
Now every thought you feel within turning into flames  
So hold your breath cause all I can smell is ashes  
Sorry but you're not god

I hear you  
But I can't recognize even a sentence as truth  
Who lit that black flame into your heart  
And I'm near you  
But my words land far from your heart  
You turn your back and I don't know where to start

But lately you've been painting on the wall with the  
black fire you lit  
And it's a lie and I hate it  
Still you think it is you  
And you keep it

Sorry you're not a god

Sister I'm sorry but it's not your call  
To create a lying image of yourself

But there is hope sister

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