

**Iwan Fals****"I'm Cold And There Are Wolves After Me"**

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Never wanted to forget our last looks  
A rekindling lust  
In the corner of your eye  
A lingering inside  
The last place you and I...  
This is the place where you and I call our home  
Hands touching  
He turns them into gold  
And the rythm of my heart  
Smile  
Bites at me  
Lips cry red salt  
He makes me stay golden  
While caressing my flesh  
He rips me open  
With my eyes closed so tightly  
He cradles me  
Softly we drift into sleep  
Turning hands into minerals  
I melt into him  
My bones depart from me  
I open my hands into a pool of water  
Creating the sound of waves, animals, and creatures  
Waves of hair drift over your ears  
Waves of hair drift to the rythm of your heart  
What is mine is yours  
What is yours is forever mine

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