

Kitchie Nadal

"Deliverance"

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Here you are again.
I can feel you breath down my neck.
Whispering his name while whistling those killer
melodies.
You give me a face of an angel like you once had.
And I am nothing but a creature of habit running away
in circles,
But I was found by gentleman that flew me up high.
Now I see clearly, Im telling you to let go of me.
Now that Ive found my way back home, where I belong.
No longer a slave running away in circles

Because Ive been found by this gentleman, who flew
me high.
Get out of my head.
Get out of my soul.
Get out my dreams.
Get out of my house.
Get out of my life.
Get out. Get out. Get out. (Repeat)
No longer a slave
No longer a slave running away in circles
Because Ive been found by this gentleman, who flew
me high. (repeat)

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