Najoua Belyzel ''Death''

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Here it comes
And it's warm
It is not sun
But it's warm
And it's between us
I'm not frightened
But my body is

Maybe it's death Maybe it's death Maybe it's death Maybe it's death Maybe it's death

Like a twist
That comes from behind my arms
I've been called
From somewhere beneath the earth
I didn't know till it was too late
I didn't hear

Because tonight
Wake me up with a new fear
And it feels like I lost all of my tears
I didn't know till it was too late
I didn't hear

You have to die Trice here Then you'll be born Back again Like a king Or a queen Like a king

Like a thief
I was trying to be smart
In the end
I was just a simple heart
I didn't know till it was too late
I didn't hear

Like a glove
That is trying to fit my hand
Now it feels like I'm covered in mud
I didn't know till it was too late
I didn't hear

I didn't know till it was too late
I didn't know till it was too late
I didn't know till it was too
I didn't know, I didn't know
I didn't know till it was too late
I didn't know till it was too late

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