

Dead Poetic "A Green Desire"

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I want to see your eyes. The light, the tunnel.
I need to feel your love. This fight, my struggle.
Which hand should I cut off? My life in shambles.
I'll lose my life right here. But what for? I'm coming home.

And I will meet you
And I will meet you
And I will meet you
And I will meet you (there)

I'm heading nowhere fast. I need your hands.
Which breath will be my last? It's gone, my past.
Love with a broken heart. I'm here alone.
I'm getting taken away. I hope you're coming soon.

And I will meet you
And I will meet you
And I will meet you
And I will meet you (there)

Grab my hand to take me home.
Grab my hand to take me home.
Grab my hand to take me home.
Grab my hand to take me home.

Will you be there to grab my hand and take me away?
Will you be there to grab my hand and take me away?
Will you be there to grab my hand and take me away?

I want to see your eyes.
I need to feel your love.
Which hand should I cut off?
I'll lose my life right here

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