

Ah "Lets Play Clay"

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Lets play clay

So, in this game of who is waiting for who? we never meet
i will always be chasing my own tale or tail? is this a game of heads or tails? but there is no 1 tale, the tale is being written..
i want to meet in the Real.
Tell me, can we?

i'm tired of chasing.. maybe i just cannot wait anymore.. i have been running my life and waiting for so long. i wonder what you were running away from. i get afraid when it is real. I want to feel that which words cannot express. i cannot read my own text. i do not have the key.

Maybe life is a game. Maybe I never played it before always wary of what will happen never going there knowing that at the end there will be someone with me.. at the end of the fall that is not the ultimate death but a different kind of death that can be paced and make you feel alive.

To enjoy just a bit, a taste of life that i feel vaporating through my body each time i see you. You touch me with words and I can only imagine how it feels like in the real. I never thought I will be coming to someone. Now I know I will always come back to you.

I can never give up on love. This is my taste in life. This is when I feel alive. I won't let you give up too. You are afraid I can see it in your eyes. So, lets take turns being afraid and waiting for one another for the rest of our lives. Lets cut through the chase. Lets be.

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