

Poets of the Fall "Sleep"

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Hear your heartbeat
Beat a frantic pace
And it's not even seven AM
You're feeling the rush of anguish settling
You cannot help showing them in
Hurry up then
Or you'll fall behind and
They will take control of you
And you need to heal the hurt behind your eyes
Fickle words crowding your mind

So
Sleep, sugar, let your dreams flood in
Like waves of sweet fire, you're safe within
Sleep, sweetie, let your floods come rushing in
And carry you over to a new morning

Try as you might
You try to give it up
Seems to be holding on fast
It's hand in your hand
A shadow over you
A beggar for soul in your face
Still it don't mater if you won't listen

If you won't let them follow you
You just need to heal
Make good all your lies
Move on and don't look behind

So
Sleep, sugar, let your dreams flood in
Like waves of sweet fire, you're safe within
Sleep, sweetie, let your floods come rushing in
And carry you over to a new morning

Day after day
Fickle visions messing with your head
Fickle, vicious
Sleeping in your bed
Messing with your head
Fickle visions

Fickle, vicious:

Sleep, sugar, let your dreams flood in
Like waves of sweet fire, you're safe within
Sleep, sweetie, let your floods come rushing in
And carry you over to a new morning

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