

Harel Skaat

"Words"

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Noisy at night sounds great room has been covered
Bruiser Pacific busy
White linen walls windows
Prosecutors tell me
What I know
And the more that they're closer to me slowly
Researchers find out they are not ashamed to reveal
I start to talk
Number of nearly everything
Laughing and crying
I see it end
He is here
He's waiting
Not afraid so pure
I no longer need to ask
I'll break down the walls
Those built by
The end is here
I'll take it to me
I'll be
I'll be late
Perhaps
And that scares me to think
The unjustified distress who did not leave even a
minute
Not allowed to part
Although let me love only a few minutes
Then came back to me to approach closer and did not
give
I found the rooms quiet of my receiver
To escape
I can not find anywhere else
Listen to my voice and my refuge, they were
Now I know where I learned to speak
He is here ...

Thanks to razvan

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