

## Death Letters

### "Your Heart Upside Down"

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They returned, the eyes, the soft eerie sound  
Crying loud, but you saw its sharp mouth  
The bite, the bird, embrace all what hurts  
A callous thorn runs your roseate curls

A Sunday to kill all reasons why  
A Sunday to re-invent life

Walk the streets where your feet fly  
Holding on is thinner than slippery ice  
Dark and deceiving moments came and went  
The heart in a coffin is well spent

A Sunday to kill all reasons why  
A Sunday to re-invent life

And I'm here to say  
Cold blood, a heart astray  
And hear me now  
The heart upside down  
Well I'd take a stand  
If it didn't kill me to mend

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