

High Kite Ride

Hemina

Surely winds will blow when you are locked away
Cherishing a white and shiny pearl that we call time
Free choice costs us funnily
You must have heard the tale of Arabian nights
Where a magic carpet sails the sand dunes
To give a view that money could never buy

These fairy tales dictate your plans...

As you minimise what could only be death alive!
People from the lower floors hear the whimpers of a Woman consumed by
guilt
You broke the trust that was your glue
Now you bear a cross you can't undo
It's peppered with hate, it acts as his bait
There are limited ways to deal with your fate
Lay your body down for the High Kite Ride

I guess I was never too good at confrontations
I spent too much time bringing balance to the equation

As you minimise what could only be death alive!
People from the lower floors hear the whimpers of a Woman in a hell s
he's built
You broke the trust that was your glue
Now you bare a cross you can't undo.
It's peppered with hate, it acts as his bait
There are limited ways to deal with your fate
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Slowly the insults sink in - she is lost
Grasping at the last signs of normal life
It's a lie / you can cry
She knows it's always the same...

Put aside the kite string, you are locked away
Euphemising control as passion got you nowhere
But this life of misery

As I justify what could only be death alive!
Day-by-day ad nauseum
As I watch the petals of the table orchid wilt
I stole the trust that was our glue
If I leapt back in time I wouldn't hurt you
Once a loving man
Now a psychopath
There are just some things from which we cannot come back!

Lay your body down for the High Kite Ride!