

Peripeteia

Milky Chance

Broken hearts made of stone, did we lose our sensitivity?
You can find them all alone, watching flaming things go by
You're trying to catch the break of dawn, blame it on your curiosity
So, eternally your inner demons come back and out into the sun

And we have a lot of love to give
But it's not with each to all the misery
I dream of a past that we could have
Feel like we made up so entirely
x2

You stick around, you got it bad but no one's out there you can
listen to
It seems to be so hard to find the colorful state of mind
Until you're trying to catch it all - blame it on your own philosophy
Eventually your inner demons come back and out into the sun