

## Burning from the Inside

Bauhaus

Running without aim  
Through the razor weeds  
That only reach my knees  
And when I'm lying in the gray sleep  
I don't know how to walk the boards  
I open my eyes and look at the floor  
And now I don't see you anymore

There is no choice  
We make a point  
To counteract a threatening hand  
Close my hold  
Let's be near, let's be near the atmosphere

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Any more  
Any more  
Any more  
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