



Stories for the Train

Tales on the go

0:2:00

Bleeding Time

By Angela Bell

There she goes an angel travelling through time
weaving her dreams in the darkness
of a gold mine
If only you could hear the words she cannot speak
engraved in her heart are the memories deep

Like wounds they bleed, open and wide
Like wounds they bleed in silence, inside

Guarding the secrets of her past behind her broken smile
she walks through this world
alone, in single file
If only you could hear the words she cannot speak
etched in her soul are the memories deep

Like wounds they bleed, open and wide
Like wounds they bleed in silence, inside

Time is too late to erase the pain encased in the child,
inside of the woman
hidden in this gold mine
If only you could hear the words she cannot speak
in her heart and soul are the memories deep

Like wounds they bleed, open and wide
Like wounds they bleed in silence, inside

If only you could hear the words she cannot speak
unable to explode these memories deep

Tick tock
Tick tock
Tick tock
Tick tock

Like wounds they bleed, open and wide
Like wounds they bleed in silence, inside

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