

Falling

Front Line Assembly

The silence of the moment
Reveals a cry for help
Despondent eyes of sorrow
Cast a lonely spell
Hidding in the corner
Looking at the world

Divinity of right
Start to loose sight
Hold on to yourself
What do you see
As you start to fall
Makes no sound at all
Falling to the ground
Oh so free

Looking through a window
Gasping for some air
Spirits wander freely
Tied down to a chair
Shadows of confusion
Makes sinners of us all

The water swells below you
Reflecting times you cared
Remaining in the distance
The good times that we shared