

Fool

bôa

I was born and raised
As an eastern girl in a western world
I was told to choose
To choose to be what I chose to be
Speaking impartially
There doesn't seem to be a place for me
But when I look inside I find
A place to run to hide

I was born to love
A distant land and a rising sun
I was born to love this
Green and pleasant land
Which way should I turn?
Cause I seem to fall towards burning
But when I look inside I find the place
To cry, to fly, to die

You and I, born as fools now
You and I think, think we rule now

Now I see the world
As an ancient place as a smiling face
I can choose to be
What I want to be if I choose to be
Speaking impartially
If the smile grows cold without me
I know a secret place to cry, to fly, to die, to try

You know I'm burning in a flame now
You know

Now I see the world
As an ancient place as a smiling face
Now I see the world
As a place where I can run to hide to
Which way should I turn?
Cause I seem to fall towards burning
But when I look inside I find the place
To try, to hide, to fly

You and I, born as fools now
You and I think, think we rule now
You and I, born as fools now
You and I think, think we rule now

I will burn
I am falling
I feel the world burning
Rain