

Arafax Deep (Reimagined)

Falling Up

On the highway there are never any lights
We are the shadows of the night that pass you by
We are the writers of the things you cannot see

On the balcony she took another drink
But no one warned her of the blurry things she'd see
And then they shook their heads and shrugged as she was dusted
out to sea

But when all hope is gone
There are angels in the avalanche
You're never really lost
There are angels in the avalanche

When the window's closed but the curtains blow
And the painting's done, you still see through
I will search my heart, I can rest my eyes
All this broken sight just can see you

He comes to face them, he was never really scared
Because the place he traced them wasn't really there
It was flooded long ago when all the waters swiftly rose

Now he's running down the corridors and the fire floors
And he's pounding on the shelters and cellar doors
But none of them will open up, you're out of luck, you're out o
f options

Show me the meaning