

Rooftops

Falling Up

This, is this the song
From all the rooftops
And all the ramparts
That our lonely lives are whole
That our tiny hearts are full
Be the voice that echoes far
Hope is just above the bluest stars

See how they burn like sky fires
They're watching
All our ships on bellowed seas
Were we were running from his reach
We were afraid of how he showed
That love was broken and alone

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And all the ramparts
Be the voice that echoes far
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