

The Drop

Howards Alias

These buildings are dead, I watched as they crumbled around me,
And things that I thought were important all fell from my head.

I stumbled, fell back, then pretty much stared in amazement,
Whilst feeling the long lost caress of a past that's come back.

Will you stop me when it's done?

The picture's blurred out, a wishy-
washy reflection that's frayed
At the edges, And burned to a cinder is all I've made out.
So, just how could you tell? 'Cause I so thought my teary-
eyed mask had you
Fooled for a second but we're dead on our feet in this spell.

Will you stop me when it's done? I'm falling apart.

Falling apart, I'm falling apart.
Falling apart, I'm falling apart.
Falling apart, I'm falling apart.
Falling apart.

Is it the windows I've hid behind covered in sheets;
Or songs sung in tongues about you and me?
Old memories sacred that have faded to black?
That hence so far, this feeling can never grow back.

This blueprint worked out to be everything we didn't want,
From beginning to end all we're left with is signs of self doubt.
And now we can see; with clear heads, and open eyes.
Horizons are laced with the poisons of all that can and can't be.

Will you stop me? Oh. Will you stop me? Oh.
Please can somebody stop me when I'm done? I'm falling apart.

Falling apart, I'm falling apart.
Falling apart, I'm falling apart.
Falling apart, I'm falling apart.
Falling apart.

Falling apart.