

Falling Apart

Michael Schulte

I am sleepless for a weekend
So I start to say goodbye
Say goodbye to all that we had

Say goodbye to what we lost

We don't talk
We're not enough
And the storms slowly arise
When the light turns
And the cold terms arise

We were out and out, through the storms, through the night
We were running in the dark, we were following our hearts
And we would fall down and we would slowly fall apart
We would slowly fall into the dark

The cold terms arise
The cold terms arise

It is hard to let it all go
Let the past just disappear
Try to run time from an old life
But it always drags me down

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