

You Will Pull Through

Barcelona

First floor people
I'll take my place among the throngs
Everyone reading books on how not to fall

Some may say, the world looks the same through red eyes
No way
Covered in dirt off the floor, I'm seeing straight

Don't be scared if you know
Help me to explain myself

Who am I to fool now if you're gone, you're gone?
If I am found below the ground
I'm searching, desperate.

Prepared people, take your places on deck.
I'm a lost boy with no one to tell me I am safe

Overarching rules have told me not to think about,

Who am I to fool now if you're gone, you're gone?
If I am found below the ground
I'm searching, desperate.

This hole is deeper by the hour
My hands are bleeding I spin around
You're nowhere
I'll throw away my ugly plans
They're too tired to push me anywhere but down

So who am I to fool now if you're gone, you're gone?
When I am found below the ground
I'm searching, I'm desperate