

# Falling

Platitude

Disconnected  
Plastic faces, bold embraces

And I cover my eyes with my hands  
Like a child, invisible

It's time to face the mirror  
And start to live again  
It's time to face the mirror

Bullets flying  
Children crying  
Planet's dying

Logic, fear  
Autopilot brain

Falling, I'm falling...  
Who will catch me  
free falling  
Who will catch us  
And we cover our eyes

It's time to face the mirror  
What have we done  
It's time to face the mirror!

It's time to face the mirror  
And start to live again  
It's time to face the mirror!