

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!