

# Falling Stars

Serj Tankian

Please raise your child today  
The way that you were born to play  
The way that we all disappeared  
Allowing us to shatter fears

Pain, your every stamp  
When you fault enough to wanna die  
When you cry,  
You will find

Falling stars, drain every night

Falling stars, drain

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In an arrested silence (In an arrested silence),  
We plead to our insane gods (We plead to our insane gods),  
And their voices in our heads (Their voices in our heads),  
Like the silence in the woods,  
To stop appeasing man  
And his cruel culture of economic global domination (domination).  
The balance remains between  
That which is sought by the few (WEAPONS!), PROFIT,  
And that which is sought by the most, PEACE (Oh, peace).

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I can't believe that you wanted me so much pain, every