

# Falling Awake

## The Color Morale

In spite of my cheerful demeanor  
I'm afraid to set foot in the world  
We watch the same dead clocks  
These small hands need to meet the larger again

I chose a road, one that I didn't know...  
Now it has brought me here  
The stories that I have gathered in travels,  
I wouldn't trade for the years, back

There's a war inside,  
I need something to get me through this  
Without you, am I ever myself  
The only thing holding us back is us  
You should back away from us  
And ghosts from the last time  
Are all the same  
We can live again  
We can live again  
We can live again  
All we can do is try and try and try and try to change  
For ourselves

The night has been my covering  
And the day is my disguise  
But I can't seem to stay far enough away,  
From self created lies

For those of you who question your purpose  
Look inside the eyes staring back at you  
Past your devil  
They long for purpose too  
And maybe that's yours, I know cause it's mine

You are the second hand air that I breathe  
And these songs were made for you to sing before me  
And they are more than just sound  
And you are more than just an audience  
This is the family I've found

The night has been my covering  
And the day is my disguise  
But I can't seem to stay far enough away,  
From self created lies

I chose a road, and now I know  
Nothing will ever come easy  
I chose this road  
Staying asleep is worse than falling awake  
I chose this road  
Staying asleep is worse than falling awake