

Willow Tree March

The Paper Kites

You fall through the trees
And you pray with your knees on the ground
For the things that you need
With your lust and your greed weighing down
And you weaken your love
And you hold it above your head
Success is a song of the heart, not a song of your bed

And we all still die
Yeah we all still die
What will you leave behind?
Oh we all still die

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And you pray with your knees on the ground
For the things that you need
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And we all still die
Yeah we all still die
What will you leave behind?
Oh we all still die

Marching away from the stream
This tree it will die without leaves
Marching away from the stream
This tree it will die without leaves
This tree it will die
This tree it will die

And we all still die
Yeah we all still die
What will you leave behind?
Oh we all still die

And we all still die
Yeah we all still die
What will you leave behind?
Oh we all still die