

# Akai, The Fall

I knew a boy from south of the cities  
who told me once he loved riding angels

He followed them away from his mother  
who bore the weight of loving another

A heart full of wishes  
The world looks small from way up high  
But what goes up must come down

Not far from home our boy found a lady  
to fill the void of loving another  
She told him that she loved riding angels  
He took the weight of loving the female  
Her hero is woman

Off the ground just not as high  
But what goes up must come down

Lies are told when something is lacking  
For her the lies were love for the riding  
The angels tired of causing her crying  
The boy who tired of always convincing  
With bitter frustration

Back on land  
The clouds above  
What goes up must come down