

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