

Face Tomorrow, Puppet On Strings

drift out into a distant place
crawl back towards a steady base
and make a frame, in which you can play your final game

can you make sure that where I've been will fade
far away from every space that I create

don't stop until you made your wings
fly far away from the puppet on strings

take me to where I can let go of what I feel deep inside
'cause I'm not who I am
let me choose which way I want to go

make way, watch out, get away
I'm not using a brake
'till i find my place
'till i find my perfect place