

Poets Of The Fall, Lift

Times when I just can't
Bring myself to say it loud
'Fraid that what I'll say comes out somehow awry

That is when it seems
We move in circles day to day
Twist the drama of the play to get us by

And it feels like fear
Like I'll disappear
Gets so hard to steer
Yet I go on
Do we need debate
When it seems too late
Like I bleed but wait
Like nothing's wrong

You lift my spirit, take me higher, make me fly,
Touch the moon up in the sky, when you are mine
You lift me higher, take my spirit, make it fly,
Where all new wonders will appear

Like the other day
I thought you won't be coming back
I came to realize my lackluster dreams

And among the schemes
And all the tricks we try to play
Only dreams will hold their sway and defy

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Like I'll disappear
Gets so hard to steer
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Do we need debate
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