

Something With Numbers, Where I Used To Brea

Free falling My feet have been swept right from beneath me
Knees crumble I lay face down on the street
Hear voices And sounds that seem to echo near my face
Vision Is slowly being replaced

Did I feel What I thought It seemed so Impossible
Am I in heaven or in hell
Move slowly Sit myself half up
on a bright red rock near by Fire burning

All around me where am I
Sweat Pouring down my brow and turns to steam before it drops
Burning boundaries

As far as I can see
Did I feel What I thought
It seemed so Impossible

Am I in heaven or in hell
I'm dead and finally
I'm in heaven right where I should be