Anna Nalick, Citadel

I'm sitting on a citadel
Contemplating life
Making a point to waste my time
Im walking on clouds of white

What if I fall
What if I don't
What if I never make it home
What if I bleed
What if I break
And I find that I can't take
The city below
The citadel holding my own hand?

And I'm breaking on the balcony
Breaking window panes
Im killing the pain of broken hearts
I'm walking on clouds
I'm walking on stars

What if I fall
What if I don't
What if I never make it home
What if I bleed
What if I break
And I find that I can't take
The city below
The citadel holding my own hand

Holding on to something
That's keeping me from jumping
So afraid to go it alone
And holding up this fortress
With imaginary forces
Longing for a life down below

What if I fall?
What if I don't?
What if I never make it home?
What if I bleed?
What if I break?
And I find that I can't take
The city below
The citadel holding my own hand?
Yeah the city below
The citadel holding my hand