

Classic Case, Buildings

The sun's almost see through.

The transparent light can be seen from towering viewpoints above scenery.

So high when I look down, the thought of it has got me fainting, and fallible footholds pave my way.

From tall buildings everyone looks the same.

Look down and see them all.

From tall buildings no one has a name until the buildings start to fall.

Above the horizon I watch the moon rise in the east.

And gaze at the stars on a shooting spree.

The wind whispers to me, if you jump off I'll let you fly away from the troubles of city life

It's hard to escape such a tragedy.

Away from the world, I wanted to leave.

Remember to stand close to the edge.