

# Falling Up, Maps

One last hour before this place is on fire  
Losing all as the flames grow higher and higher  
Here I stand

The further I'm from you the harder I try to exist  
Take these blinds from my eyes and wake me from the inside  
Somebody tell me how did it come to this  
Take these blinds from my eyes and wake me from the inside

This last hour the night dropped into the sea  
The light spread wide and the sky broke open and free  
Here I stand

The further I'm from you the harder I try to exist  
Take these blinds from my eyes and wake me from the inside  
Somebody tell me how did it come to this  
Take these blinds from my eyes and wake me, wake me from the inside

Further out, maybe you could meet me where I am  
And further out, I know there is hope within your hands  
Within your hands, within your hands

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