

# Mozart Season, You Know What Happens When

When you're falling down through the hills  
I hope that you see the forest through the trees.  
Oh my god, run faster now, it's right at your finger tips.  
If we're the last of the living, then why send more to death?  
Though tomorrow is no promise, how can you take what's left?  
You're tearing down a world already torn!  
How many lives are left for you to reap?  
And if my hands fall short!  
It's been too long in this place full of hate.  
Reach out to the hand to pull you out of the lake.  
We've hid too long. These lives are all gone.  
Oh my god, what you running from? We're coming for you!