

# New Model Army, Falling

I said - Father, I'm going to change the world  
He said - Don't you think that maybe, son. It's changed enough already?  
Don't try to justify the things you live by  
This fear you carry with you is not of your own making  
Let it go - falling, falling, falling away

11,000 feet, we're out of breath and still climbing up  
High above the snow-line in the glittering ice  
And beneath us, like an ocean, the white clouds slowly drifting  
Breaking upon the mountain  
Let it go - falling, falling, falling away

Wasting all the years just waiting on a promise  
Undelivered but still not broken  
And the world ruses by you way out of control  
Like a carousel of noise with wild spinning lights

And sometimes we both sit here  
Paralysed with tension, seized up tight  
You want to make it safe, you want to make it okay  
But this fear you carry with you is not of your own making  
Let it go - falling, falling, falling away