

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 rushes 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