

White Lies, Death

I love the feeling when we lift up
watching the world so small below
i love the dreaming when i think of
the safety in the clouds out my window
i wonder what keeps us so high up
could there be a love beneath these wings
if we suddenly fall should i scream out
or keep very quite and cling to my mouth as i'm crying
so frightened of dying
relax yes im trying
this fears got a hold on me
yes, this fears got a hold on me

i love the quite of the night time
when the sun in the deathly sea
i can feel my heart beating as i speed from
then sense of time catching up with me
the sky set out like a pathway
but who decides which path we take
as people drift into a dream world
i close my eyes as my hands shake and when i see a new day
who's driving this anyway
i picture my own grave
cause fears got a hold on me
yes this fears got a hold on me

Floating neither up or down i wonder when i'll hit the ground
well the earth beneath my body shake
and cast your sleeping hearts awake
could it tremble stars from moon light skies
could it drag a tear from your cold eyes
i live on the right side i sleep in the left
thats why everythings got to be love or death
yes this fears got a hold on me