Fallen

Warren Hill

I choose the pain that burns me I choose the blood that stains my hands Embraced the thorn that wounds me Blinded that I might understandWhat I was and what I have become What I'll be when I join the pieces into one Fallen brightest of the bright To carry the lightWe choose the paths we follow We choose the fall so far from grace Cast down to find our own way We choose the will to make ourselvesWhat we were yeah what we have become What we'll be when we join the pieces into one Fallen brightest of the bright To carry the lightOh back to you Oh back to the one Oh back to you Oh I'm 93 million miles from the sunFallen brightest of the bright To carry the light

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