

# Falling

## Unjust

The sounds you make, the shine you wear  
It's your own special ways  
Of falling out, into the sun with her...I can't help falling  
I hear you calling  
The bitterness rings true  
The sound your breath makes  
Feeds every heartache  
I'll leave it all (behind)The falling glass beneath the waves  
It's this cold shadow place  
We came so far, to let it all be gone with her...The wound you stitch, inside it.  
They never open up  
The life you live...is for one

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