

The Fall

[Dmitry Nechaev](#)

I got from my insane
I got from the cold and pain I felt
Now I'm honest to say
Something that I meant Come to the fight
Of your life for your mind
Of your soul for the time
Cold in lips feels no life You are sick you are tired
Got your body out of time
Jump again, stand the fright
For the shine of outer side Still you're here, you are fine
There is nothing left behind
For your soul, for your pain
All that dream will never fade Bless your mind, you decide
Beat your fright go off your mind
See the light, say goodbye Breathe...Fall...

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