

# Citadel

## Paul von Lecter

I'm sitting on a Citadel  
Contemplating life  
Making a point to waste my time  
I'm walking on clouds of white  
What if I fall? What if I don't?  
What if I never make it home?  
What if I bleed? What if I break?  
And I find that I can't take  
The city below the Citadel  
Holding my own hand  
The city below  
And I'm breaking on the balcony  
Breaking window panes  
Killing the pain of broken hearts  
I'm walking on clouds, walking on stars  
What if I fall? What if I don't?  
What if I never make it home?  
What if I bleed? What if I break?  
And I find that I can't take  
The city below the Citadel  
Holding my own hand  
I'm holding on to something  
It's keeping me from jumping  
I'm so afraid to go it alone  
And holding up this fortress  
With imaginary forces  
Longing for a life down below  
What if I fall? What if I don't?  
What if I never make it home?  
What if I bleed? What if I break?  
And I find that I can't take  
The city below the Citadel  
Holding my own hand?  
The city below the Citadel  
Holding my own hand  
The city below the Citadel  
Holding my own

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