

# Death

## White Lies

I love the feeling when we lift off  
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 quiet and cling to My mouth as I'm crying?  
So frightened of dying  
Relax, yes, I'm trying  
But fear's got a hold on me Yes, this fear's got a hold on me  
Yes, this fear's got a hold on me  
I love the quiet of the nighttime  
When the sun is drowned in the deathly sea  
I can feel my heart beating as I speed from  
The sense of time catching up with me The sky's set out like a pathway  
But who decides which route we take?  
As people drift into a dreamworld  
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 fear's got a hold on me Yes, this fear's got a hold on me  
Yes, this fear's got a hold on me Yes, this fear's got a hold on me  
Yes, this fear's got a hold on me  
Floating neither up or down  
I wonder when I'll hit the ground  
Will the earth beneath my body shake  
And cast your sleeping hearts awake? Could it tremble stars from moonlit skies?  
Could it drag a tear from your cold eyes?  
I live on the right side, I sleep in the left  
That's why everything's got to be love or death  
Yes, this fear's got a hold on me  
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