

Sure  
It will be great to fly  
Sore over the skies  
What people think won't matter  
Feel my problems simply shatter  
Free as the birds, over the kites  
But it's just that I'm afraid of heights

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More than these frightened eyes can see  
God, Heaven, Hell – could it be?  
Choosing to ignore the circumstances  
Hoping that these earthlings only dances  
Frightened eyes  
Closed eyes

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Ah well,  
Everything will be fine  
She thought  
And leaned back,

While their worlds collapsed

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Smiles are so confusing. Words are even more. Perhaps you should open your eyes, stop looking so hard. Be careful not to flatter yourself.

It might hurt you.

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I am not  
Considered anything  
I am only  
Something  
In between the other things.

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Parentless children  
Needing somebody to huddle close to at night  
Only finds darkness when they try  
Tears wave goodbye, lift up the blankets and try not to cry

Parentless children marching through white landscapes  
Snow is whirling in their eyes, half closed, light and darkness  
rise and fall  
Don't let the light shimmering in, eyes are faded away  
Walking through desert of white  
Parentless children marching

Parentless children  
Sitting in their dark rooms  
Eyes faded away while starring into the wall  
Waiting to fade away  
Stay