

Face Tomorrow "Puppet On Strings"

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Drift out into a distant place
Crawl back towards a steady base
And make a frame, in which you can play your final
game

Can you make sure that where I've been will fade
Far away from every space that I create

Don't stop until you made your wings
Fly far away from the puppet on strings
Take me to where I can let go of what I feel deep inside
'cause I'm not who I am
Let me choose which way I want to go

Make way, watch out, get away
I'm not using a brake
'till i find my place
'till i find my perfect place

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