

## Howards Alias "The Drop"

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These buildings are dead, I watched as they crumbled  
around me,  
And things that I thought were important all fell from  
my head.  
I stumbled, fell back, then pretty much stared in  
amazement,  
Whilst feeling the long lost caress of a past that's come  
back.

Will you stop me when it's done?

The picture's blurred out, a wishy-washy reflection  
that's frayed  
At the edges, And burned to a cinder is all I've made  
out.  
So, just how could you tell? 'Cause I so thought my  
teary-eyed mask had you  
Fooled for a second but we're dead on our feet in this  
spell.

Will you stop me when it's done? I'm falling apart.

Falling apart, I'm falling apart.  
Falling apart, I'm falling apart.  
Falling apart, I'm falling apart.  
Falling apart.

Is it the windows I've hid behind covered in sheets;  
Or songs sung in tongues about you and me?  
Old memories sacred that have faded to black?  
That hence so far, this feeling can never grow back.

This blueprint worked out to be everything we didn't  
want,  
From beginning to end all we're left with is signs of self  
doubt.  
And now we can see; with clear heads, and open eyes.  
Horizons are laced with the poisons of all that can and  
can't be.

Will you stop me? Oh. Will you stop me? Oh.  
Please can somebody stop me when I'm done? I'm

falling apart.

Falling apart, I'm falling apart.

Falling apart, I'm falling apart.

Falling apart, I'm falling apart.

Falling apart.

Falling apart.

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