

Sky's The Limit

"With Paper Wings"

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I'm afraid that I'm coming apart with each days
passing.
I lost the air holding your hand burning up time
breathing.
My wrists so saddened by dull razorblades.
And how brave I was staring into the sun wishing my
heart was that strong.
So don't say that it's all gone because there are many
days I swore I lost.
My wrists so saddened by dull razorblades.
You'll pull through this.
I wake, I try, with paper wings I fly.
And I am clenching faith again, falling to my knees
again.
And for the first time in my life, I thought that maybe I'd
be right.
I'm afraid I am coming apart with each days passing.
Punching holes in the clouds,
Words gave way when whispers shatter the air.
Sweing words together, to make them all fit right.

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