

Moving Mountains

"The Cascade"

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Well I hope that you know,
That you died in my dream.

We were both in the grass,
When the wind took you and put you in my past.
So just breathe,
Hold it in and think of me.
Just don't fall back
So carelessly.
When everything is forced to fall in place,
I'll find my own - you'll find your own - embrace.

And the worst thing of all,
Was that I couldn't fall.
When I jumped off those cliffs,
Hoping I wouldn't live.

And can I hold on? Can I hold on to you?
And can we both die if the wind is passing through?
So just hold it in, breathe and just think of me.
Don't fall back so carelessly.
When everything is forced in place,
I'll find my own - you'll find your own own.
And the worst part of it all,
Was I could not seem to fall
When I jumped straight off those cliffs
Hoping that I wouldn't live.

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