

## Sky Sailing

### "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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