

## Devin Townsend

### "Praise The Lowered"

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Close your eyes, get ready...  
One won't stop the flow.  
Console your child... get him ready.  
... one more don't let go.  
Tonight...

It's you.

Calm your eyes... get em ready  
One won't stop the flow  
(Soul coming around... in morning sun)  
C'mon c'mon soul of mine... you're ready  
One more don't let go  
(Soul coming around... the mourn tonight...)  
Tonight, it's soda water  
Soda water, soda water boys...

Soda water so...

Ahh, soul of mine  
Ahh, sober  
Ahh sold the mind  
Ahh I'm so sober  
I know the way  
Ahh... stoned  
Ahh, so it ends  
Ahh oh stone sober...

Ah, gimme that wine!  
Gimmee that acid!  
And I wanna lose everything that's policing us, and  
then everything must begin!  
And I wanna do heroin!  
And I wanna do crack cocaine!  
And I wanna lose everything but release... why don't  
you just:

Smoke that fucking weed boy, drink the wine...

Weed boy, drink the wine...  
Weed boy, drink the wine...

Bring the pain!  
(All of it's all we are... that's all we are)  
Bring the pain!  
Weed boy, drink the wine...  
Weed boy, drink the wine  
Bring the pain!  
Weed boy, drink the wine...  
Weed boy, drink the wine...

Face yourself!  
Send me to hell!

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