

Downer "Mud Bath"

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In our quest for success
We trampled everything beneath our feet
Overlooking human suffering.
We bathe in our glory
All excess down the drain
Into the sea
Reducing fertile life to the mud that we sling.

Who is it that we call,
Our enemy?
Is it my closest friend?
I have my doubts
Why does shit have to be a problem for you?
What if we are born to die like this?

In our quest to repress
We fucked up everything beneath our feet
Overlooking natural suffering.
While they bathe in all our oil
That we pour down the drain
Into the sea
Reducing fertile life to the mud that we sling.

Who is it that we call,
Our enemy?
Is it my closest friend?
I have my doubts
Why does shit have to be a problem for you?
What if we are born to die like this?
We had our fears
Had our doubts
We made our choices.

Who is it that we call,
Our enemy?
Is it my closest friend?
I have my doubts
Why does shit have to be a problem for you?
What if we are born to die like this?
We had our fears
Had our doubts
We made our choices.

It seems that we're always wrong
No fear
What if I pretend to give a shit
About my placement among peers.
Hope is gone,
We have failed to save anyone here.
We have no fear.
We have no fear.
We have no fear.
We have no fear.
We have no fear.

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