

# Level "Down"

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When the morning comes  
I like to think that I'm the one  
To decide when to swallow all my pride  
What my think tank does  
Is makes an attempt to rid the fuzz  
That's accumulated from all the freak of nature's  
fumes

It's so cold  
And It's so cruel  
When the clock starts ticking  
And you're feelin' it slip away

It's so cold  
And It's so cruel  
When the clock starts ticking  
And you're feelin' it slip away

Down  
You can't help but bring me  
Down  
You can't help but bring me  
Down  
You can't help but bring me  
Down  
You can't help but bring me

I may invade the space  
Of those who just can't keep the pace  
So they gotta make room for each and every seed to  
bloom  
Is it much to soon  
To assume that I've become immune  
To the world, all of it's infected dreams

It's so cold  
And It's so cruel  
When the clock starts ticking  
And you're feelin' it slip away

It's so cold  
And It's so cruel

When the clock starts ticking  
And you're feelin' it slip away

Down  
You can't help but bring me  
Down  
You can't help but bring me  
Down  
You can't help but bring me  
Down  
You can't help but bring me

Now, At this point I just don't see no need to continue

(Screams/Shouts) Fuck!

Down  
You can't help but bring me  
Down  
You can't help but bring me  
Down  
You can't help but bring me  
Down  
You can't help but bring me

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