

Treponem Pal "Lowman"

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As the walls get nearer
Lowness is filling us
We can't see anything
But breath a different air
He looks like anyone
Anyone

But smells as a corpse
His small face is grey
With no trace of scorn

Look out for the low man
Low man

We just give up
The act is done
He's a part of us
It's now too late

Cos we are we are

As the walls get nearer
Lowness is filling us
We can't see anything
Anything
Cos we are
We are

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