

## The Cult "Coming Down"

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You dirty hippie girl, your soft lips make me swirl  
I despise all of your lies  
Your horses terrify me, I can't work out why  
The things you say are not okay

I'm not the prodigal son, I'm not the chosen one  
Why can't you decide when you chastise me, oh?

I'm coming down, coming down  
You baptize me, I don't wanna drown  
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken  
I'm coming down, coming down  
You baptize me, I don't wanna drown  
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud

Your dying flowers stink they smell like rotten ink  
From a poison pen so I wrote on your head  
Well, just how deep you'll go  
From whence you came, and don't you know?  
Whoa, innocence your winter's so harsh in your heart

I'm coming down, coming down  
You baptize me, I don't wanna drown  
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud  
I'm coming down  
You baptize me, I don't wanna drown  
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken

Pushin' me harder  
Pushin' me harder  
Pushin' me harder  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

I'm coming down, I'm coming, coming down  
You baptize me, I don't wanna drown  
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud  
I'm coming down, whoa yeah coming down  
You baptize me, I don't wanna drown  
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud

I'm coming down, I don't wanna drown  
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud

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