

## **Ryan Adams**

# **"Thirteen Below"**

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We were thirteen deep below the earth,  
When we saw the fatal light.  
A mighty blast of fire shook-us  
All and one to flight.  
For those of us still able,  
We moved to safer ground.  
The air was getting thinner,  
As we heard the crumbling sound.  
Heard the crumbling sound.

We made peace with our creator,  
Each in his own way.  
Some wrote notes to family,  
While others sat to pray.  
Time has moved so slowly,  
Who will hear our plight?  
As we sat there in the darkness,  
Prepared for our last fight.  
Fighting for our life.

We're waiting for a miracle,  
To see the light of day.  
It won't be long before we're found  
And we'll be on our way.

One by one among us,  
Would swear to see daylight.  
Exclaiming that they've found us  
And soon we'd be alright.  
It finally dawned upon me,  
That they truly saw the light.  
Not the one expected,  
But one to end their fight.  
One to end their fight.

Each one settled gently  
In hopes that were untrue.  
Frozen in expression,  
With thoughts of our rescue.  
Now I am the last one,  
Waiting for the light.  
My eyes are growing heavy,

I'm about to lose my sight.  
About to lose my sight.

Like the others here around me,  
I believe I see the light.  
When a surge of air surrounds me  
I feel I've lost the fight.  
A rush of saviors enter  
And I too see daylight.  
I'm coming with you brothers,  
Cause I too see the light.  
Cause I too see the light.

We're waiting for a miracle,  
To see the light of day.  
It won't be long before we're found  
And we'll be on our way.

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