

## The Gathering "Debris"

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Darling, baby  
Don't say maybe  
Disobey me, I'll be  
Like a bad penny  
I twist the truth  
I love your youth  
You're losing grip  
Take a trip, you,  
You're going down  
Going down  
You're going down  
Like fallen angels  
I will mesmerise  
You will paralyse  
Framed in your game  
Slowly fading  
No one knowing  
We are through  
Count your blessings  
Count to eighteen  
Souls to perish  
For a few stolen dreams only  
As we've walked down the alley  
On the misty afternoon  
No one looked back nor forward  
The city walls felt distant  
Never at our reach  
We're sentenced to your world  
You're going down  
You're going down  
With me  
You're going down with me  
I will mesmerise  
You will paralyse  
Like fallen angels

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