

Meet Me at the Bottom

Birth of Joy

Is there really nothing left to say when we are alone
We smoke our cigarettes and hide behind our faults
It's made of glass when it falls it breaks there won't be much
left

We can see the bottom while falling
We belong here ...
As we belong...
Do we belong?
We keep on searching for a lost life like old ghosts
Doesn't matter where we long our hearts are already sold
It is such a mess we live our days like they could be our last
We can feel the bottom while drowning
We belong here ...
It has been a long run to ...
Sometimes it comforts me that we are made strong
After everything we still keep pushing our ...
Meet me at the bottom while drowning