

## 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