

The Bottom (Of Munjoy Hill)

Cruel Hand

When your soul is trampled
Life dismantled
What was once in your hands
Now too much to handle
You begin to rethink everything that you are
Inside yourself is a constant war

You don't see the face that you saw before
Inside yourself is a constant war

Too low to live
Is this my time?
Been back and forth from the other side
Pushing me deeper into my black hole
Twisting my world, spinning out of control

I'll pull you from the bottom
If you pull me from the bottom

We live amongst leeches
We adapt to survive
"I'm not one of these creature"
I say time after time
If I slip away slowly and I notice the fall
Will your fierce hand of reality bring me back to it all?