

## A Low

## Cults

Eyes like a painting  
Watching  
Unfading  
Vacant figures

Fragment of being  
Fall into pieces  
Stitched together

I hit the bottom  
I've got no one to talk to  
Days were a problem  
Guess in a way  
The nights were too  
I wish it were simple  
It's hard to describe the point of view  
I meant to tell you  
I've stumbled down into

A low  
A low  
A low  
A low that I never thought I'd know  
But I'm not complaining  
You were there waiting  
(Waiting for me)  
Below  
A low  
A low  
A low that I never thought I'd know  
But I'm not complaining  
You were there waiting

Swallowed the feeling  
Good at concealing  
Desperate measures

Silence between us  
Down in the deepness  
Thought I'd see you

I meant to tell you  
I had no one to talk to  
I thought I told you  
I'd take you down with me too

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A low  
A low that I never thought I'd know

But I'm not complaining  
You were there waiting  
(Waiting for me)  
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