

The way down is so clearly outlined  
By the marks made on the way up  
The way that we break down, break down  
Taken down just to bring it back up

Try to drop this hate  
All inviolate  
Can you bear this cross  
Alone? All at what cost

Given and face-down  
Broken and comatose  
Given and face-down  
Broken and comatose

The ashes that float to the surface  
Burned pages, and all that I dare not hope  
Try to drown them forever in my wake  
Some kind of undertow keeps them afloat

This will set you free  
No dependency  
A span you draw yourself  
Alone, and no one else

Given and face-down  
Broken and comatose  
Given and face-down  
Broken and comatose

This will set you free  
No dependency  
A span you draw yourself  
Above, and no one else

Given and face-down  
Broken and comatose  
Given and face-down  
Broken and comatose