Down

Level

When the morning comes
I like to think that I'm the one
To decide when to swallow all my pride
What my think tank does
Is makes an attempt to rid the fuzz
That's accumulated from all the freak of nature's fumes

It's so cold and It's so cruel
(When the clock starts ticking and you're feeling it
slip away)
It's so cold and It's so cruel
(When the clock starts ticking and you're feeling it
slip away)

Down
You can't help but bring me
Down
You can't help but bring me
Down
You can't help but bring me
Down
You can't help but bring me

I may invade the space
Of those who just can't keep the pace so they gotta
make room
For each and every seed to bloom
Is it much to soon
To assume that I've become immune
To the world all of it's infected dreams

It's so cold and It's so cruel
(When the clock starts ticking and you're feeling it
slip away)
It's so cold and It's so cruel
(When the clock starts ticking and you're feeling it
slip away)

Down
You can't help but bring me
Down
You can't help but bring me
Down
You can't help but bring me
Down
You can't help but bring me

Now at this point I just don't see no need to continue

Down
You can't help but bring me
Down
You can't help but bring me
Down
You can't help but bring me
Down
You can't help but bring me

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