

# 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  
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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

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(When the clock starts ticking and you're feeling it  
slip away)  
It's so cold and It's so cruel  
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Now at this point I just don't see no need to continue

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