

# Never Coming Down

Nine Black Alps

Hate my tragedy

I need to feel like I'm something, anything.  
I wanna talk it out, you need to see I am bleeding, reeling.  
It's hard enough to see our bodies rust, without ever touching  
the ground.  
It's serious, it's killing us, the thought of ever coming down.

Hate my tragedy

I can't believe what I'm missing, are you listening?  
I wanna let you down, you need to see I am falling, calling.  
It's hard enough, to see our bodies rust, collapse, fall face down  
on the ground.  
It's serious, it's killing us, the thought of letting good friends down.

Ooh...

It's hard enough, to see our bodies rust, without ever touching  
the ground.  
It's serious, it's killing us, the thought of never coming down  
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