

## Debris

## The Gathering

Darling, baby  
Don't say maybe  
Disobey me, I'll be  
Like a bad penny

I twist the truth  
I love your youth  
You're losing grip  
Take a trip, you

You're going down  
Going down  
You're going down

Like fallen angel  
I will mesmerise  
You will paralyse

Framed in your game  
Slowly fading  
No one knowing  
We are through

Count your blessing  
Count to eighteen  
Souls to perish  
For a few stolen dream only

As we've walked down the ally  
On the misty afternoon  
No one looked back nor forward  
The city walls felt distant  
Never at our reach  
We're sentenced to your world

You're going down  
You're going down  
You're going down  
With me  
You're going down with me

I will mesmerise  
You will paralyse  
Like fallen angel