

## Face Down

White Lung

Shut my mouth real tight  
There's no room to bite on the herd  
When the herd squirms

All the world's pretend  
The dim will defend  
As I sink to the belly of the weak again

Drug that living crowd  
When you want them  
Throw my name around  
The dumb won't make a sound  
When you want them  
Ugly dies face down

Don't make a sound  
You don't make a sound  
Don't make a sound

They will crawl behind  
To your little waste of time  
When you spin spite, I lose my mind

All the world's pretend  
One dime to go and then  
I sink to the belly of the weak again

Drug that living crowd  
When you want them  
Throw my name around  
The dumb won't make a sound  
When you want them  
Ugly dies face down

Don't make a sound  
You don't make a sound  
And die face down

You say it's vile  
You say it's vile  
You say it's vile  
And you're right