

Falling Down

Sinbreed

The man, cramped up he feels
Knees touch his ears
Fingers fiercely pull his hair back
His eyes are dead wide open
Reveal the lands
Deserted waste, waiting to see

So many things we still have to decide
While the man still is wondering why
He shouldn't care where to run, go to
At the edge of the cliff

When he tried
For him to decide
He found his way, walked straight to decay
So his mind
The anger inside
Working together, which must be defied

The man rocks back and forth
Using his temper
Shoulders pull his spine through his neck
He's got a pronounced temper
A skill used well
But now it is, it's striking back

He found his way
He found his way
He found your way