

## Headed South

### Throwdown

What an anemic charade, a soulless display  
We force upon ourselves and all of the world  
Needless to say, this sterile cliché  
Has left me with another shovel down in a hole

I'm digging in vain, I'm digging in vain  
But when it boils down to a distraction nothing compares  
All I wanted was a haven away  
But I've traded neuroticism in for despair.

Tunneling further down  
Descending  
And just in case there's any doubt, I'll say it now...

Fuck the world, I'm headed underground  
Don't you wait, 'cause I'm already headed south (and I said)  
Oh whoa, I'm headed underground  
Don't mind me, I'll just be making my way down

I'm living miles away from the sordid parade  
A welcome sanctuary under the world  
Suffice it to say, the cynic in me  
Has left me with a shovel down in this hole

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But when it boils down to a distraction, nothing compares.  
All I wanted was a haven away  
But I've traded neuroticism in for despair.

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