

Cut Down

Fake Gimms

Seven years wash up behind me
And I'm wondering what the time is
It's a question of perception
I don't want you with hurt
There's an old man in the corner
In his sunk and withered features
See reflections of my future
Will you join me there
I'm here to find the watershed
To shake the past away
Drown, yeah, in a pool of tears
Start another day
Now, I've swallowed down the poison
Sister will you still believe me
Will you feed me down the serum
Will you follow me
I'm here to find the watershed
To shake the past away
Drown, yeah, in a pool of tears
Start another day
Now a secret haunts my
Favorite place
When I cut down
When I cut down
When I cut down
When I cut down
So I cut down
So I cut down
So I cut down
So I cut down

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