All Go Down

Far

Too much time spent
Thinking of ways to die.
Sticky liquid filters shield our eyes
From the sun
I'll try to be more
Open in my hope for our time
Blur the lines dividing what is ours
And what is mine.
Mother Theresa's been working nights
Say no more, I'm on my way
Gandhi's getting fed up,
He's looking for a fight
Say mo more, I'm on my way
And we all go down
And we all go down again
I swore I'd bring you something sort of mine...
Hands above my head, stealing sunlight from the sky
And I lost myself when you went away
Say no more, I'm on my way
Anyway... 'bye and we all go down
And we all go down again
I will pass on things that I've been shown
You'll see too why I feel so alone in this world
I'll try to be more open with my hope for out time
Blur the lines dividing what is our
And what is mine
Say no more, I'm on my way to the sky

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