

# Gods Look Down

## Scream

I dug myself in so deep  
I didn't think to pull a rope  
Now I'm sitting gritting my teeth  
To tear my insides open And the gods look down  
In anger of this poor child  
Yes, the gods look down and hunger I've tried  
my share  
But everywhere I've been they're  
pushing glass  
in the faces of sweet, sweet  
motherfuckers  
And the gods look down  
In anger of this poor child  
Yes, the gods look down and hunger Oh my god  
The machine is gone  
How can I get back from here?  
Oh my god!  
Oh my god!  
Oh my god!  
Oh my god! I dug myself in so deep  
I didn't think to pull a rope  
Now I'm sitting gritting my teeth  
To tear my insides open And the gods look down  
In anger of this poor child  
Yes, the gods look down and hunger  
Oh my god  
The machine is gone  
How can I get back from here?  
Oh my god!  
Oh my god!  
Oh my god!  
Oh my god!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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