

# Bring Down

## Stick Figure

All the earthly aims were formed  
From the earliest pass that climbs  
In my mind  
Now the joy has burned out and it's gone  
When the amber skies are filled  
Seems the days around are ripe for conquering  
Now the joy has burned out and it's gone  
But I don't know where

Bring down, bring down  
All thoughts  
Of greatness  
And leave all to be  
Sound and nothing more  
Pray for all to end  
And silence be all  
Now the joy has burned out and it's gone  
But I don't know where

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