

# Go Down

## Sam Phillips

You face the blue  
And wish the roof would open up  
But arches of commerce  
Have made the sky corruptGo downBreak the code of death  
For profit break the guns  
Break the silence of money  
Break the greedy unisonGo down  
Maybe someday you'll come back to meFind the mystical connection  
Find the dreams  
Under cynical wreckage  
Find the winding conscious streamGo down  
Maybe someday you'll come back to me

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