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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