

Pennywise, Falling Down

Falling Down everyday - to where I can't be found
Left like some wreckage that's been shot down over sacred ground
Can't find a place for refuge - safe exits slip away
No chance for my redemption - stumbling towards an early grave

Falling everyday - farther all the time
Searching for something there - something i can never find
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Without a sound - the silence waits-keeps pulling me back down
I push against it but there is no use I can't stop now
No place I can hold to - how much further can i go
Sliding down into the darkness - waiting for the fatal blow