

Sam Phillips, Go Down

you face the blue and wish the roof would open up
but arches of commerce have made the sky corrupt

go down

break the code of death for profit break the guns
break the silence of money break the greedy unison

go down

maybe someday you'll come back to me

find the mystical connection find the dreams
under cynical wreckage find the winding conscious stream

go down

maybe someday you'll come back to me