

# WERK, Down (feat. Kuba Koźba)

Sounds of your steps around my head  
I'm your hostage not your real friend  
When I sit in madhouse I know  
Realized what I did what was not before

In the sickness I'll do that trick  
I feel dark and I feel so weak  
In this state of mind I can't sleep,  
I can't walk, I can't even eat

Theres no matter what I wanna say  
Has no matter suicidal way  
I'm brick in the house without roof  
Like a fool whose got intelligence proof

Loosing everything what I got  
There's no money to out of gridlock  
I'll never do it one more  
I rise in a wicked bad world  
In a wicked bad world

And no one like me will be stand alone  
Through the thousand miles of dirty depths i roamed  
You don't know nothing about my lunacy  
I'll say no word don't push me down

I feel ill and it's no stupid fantasy  
Darkness is my shelter now not you and me  
That's why I'm homeless and buried home  
I'm going sleep soon so don't push me down