

Hot Water Music, All Heads Down

Where did it begin?
The skip in time, or the spark of sin.
Where corrupted minds were let to stand with
a head and tongue intact.

All I ask is how we carry on.
Tricked and blind, raped and robbed.
Shutting our mouths so not to speak,
and falling down to our knees.

All heads down to bow.
All heads down to bow to nothing
because nothing will save you.

It's you and yourself alone
because in the end, you're own your own.
So don't crawl into the pitiful
burrow of followers.

Where time erodes the strength and will,
we've got to hold to withstand the disarray
that brings us down to our knees.

All heads down to bow.
All heads down to bow to nothing
because nothing will save you.

It's you and yourself alone
because in the end, you're own your own.
So don't crawl into the pitiful
burrow of followers.

Stay upright and strong,
before the choice is gone,
and freedom fades like promises
made for the trade
of the vote in the game.