

ATB, Take Me Over

Looking down unaware of the world
What a strung out beautiful girl
Dawn is holding a sign, could use a little help here

She's aware in her own little way
Fading in and out of the day
As she sits there in shame, and she wonders

Can you take, can you take, can you take me lower?
Can you take, can you take, can you take me over?

Feeling too much pain to defy
The disease is deep in her eyes
So she might as well drown in the thing that saves her

She recalls that there was a time
When she wasn't actualized
To relinquish control to her savior

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