

Dead Soul Tribe, Comin' Down

Someone opened up the door
Let in something they have
Never known before
No one knew what waited
Outside the cage
The urge to fly is now
The need to get away

The wind is clouding at my breath
The dust is whirling round my
Slow and quiet step
Something stirring in the air
This silent calm
Is more than I can bare

Can you feel it coming down
Can you feel it coming down
And I knew that this day would come around
Can you feel it coming down

There s a knife from every lie
Still inside
Part of me has died
And the knives that you deny
Leave me open wide
Part of me has died

Its easy to escape