

Will Wakefield, It Comes Down

You wake up before the sun, angels twirling round your head
like the day old lover still asleep in your bed
you wish she'd leave soon, as you watch the sun come up
you want have a smoke, but all the windows are shut

you nail them up like trophies, in a hunters den
if they only new your purpose they might never come again
you've obtained enough to live, to satisfy your tastes
if the devil was a martyr, then you embodied his crusade

well you've had enough of love
and you've had enough of pain
and witnessed all your sadness
materialize in the rain
cause where you live, it comes down,
it comes down, it comes down, it comes down...

you had a heart attack but never missed a beat
and the torment in your head never felt so sweet
you want someone to pardon you for all things you've done
but when your jailor is yourself tell me who has won □and your phone rings off the hook like a final
and all the little lemmings ran to the edge just to see
that when the elevator closed, on your latest toy
what makes you a man, when you have the lust of a boy

well you've had enough of love
and you've had enough of pain
and witnessed all your anger
materialize into shame
cause where you live, it comes down,
it comes down, it comes down, it comes down...

she stares into your eyes, deep inside your brain
deep within your soul, and discovers your game
is there a doctor in the house, she screams in vain
as the look on her face, streaks like the rain

and you smile like a jackal with all it's teeth pulled out
and the darkness of your heart, begins to cough up a shout
isn't this just what you wanted, to finally see me weak?
the poison in my veins, never felt so sweet...

as you fade away, you look in her eyes and you say
has it all come down to this...
has it all come down to this...
has it all come down to this...
has it all come down, yes it has