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

She's awaare 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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