

Headed South

Throwdown

What an anemic charade, a soulless display
We force upon ourselves and all of the world
Needless to say, this sterile cliché
Has left me with another shovel down in a hole

I'm digging in vain, I'm digging in vain
But when it boils down to a distraction nothing compares
All I wanted was a haven away
But I've traded neuroticism in for despair.

Tunneling further down
Descending
And just in case there's any doubt, I'll say it now...

Fuck the world, I'm headed underground
Don't you wait, 'cause I'm already headed south (and I said)
Oh whoa, I'm headed underground
Don't mind me, I'll just be making my way down

I'm living miles away from the sordid parade
A welcome sanctuary under the world
Suffice it to say, the cynic in me
Has left me with a shovel down in this hole

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But when it boils down to a distraction, nothing compares.
All I wanted was a haven away
But I've traded neuroticism in for despair.

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