

Face Down

White Lung

Shut my mouth real tight
There's no room to bite on the herd
When the herd squirms

All the world's pretend
The dim will defend
As I sink to the belly of the weak again

Drug that living crowd
When you want them
Throw my name around
The dumb won't make a sound
When you want them
Ugly dies face down

Don't make a sound
You don't make a sound
Don't make a sound

They will crawl behind
To your little waste of time
When you spin spite, I lose my mind

All the world's pretend
One dime to go and then
I sink to the belly of the weak again

Drug that living crowd
When you want them
Throw my name around
The dumb won't make a sound
When you want them
Ugly dies face down

Don't make a sound
You don't make a sound
And die face down

You say it's vile
You say it's vile
You say it's vile
And you're right