

Elizabeth Zappa

No Way but Down

This is foreign land
Where do boundaries stand?
Come, take my hand.

Ignorance is bliss
Nothing is amiss
No harm in a little kiss.

Doubts are creeping in
Actions lead to sin
There's no way to win.

Do you know where you are?
Can you remove that scar?
Can't turn back- you've gone too far.

Pulse will race and hot sweat roll
As you grip tight while devils pull,
Prying loose your weakened soul.

Sinking helplessly into a certain doom
Then spiraling down to where dangers loom.
Screaming for salvation in an empty tomb.