

# Cynic Ridge, Broken

I struggle to pull  
myself from my bed  
Thoughts of defeat  
spin through my head  
Today is no different  
than the ones lived before  
I don't know if I can take much more

I'm broken again  
Drag me under again  
Peices of my life won't mend  
I'm broken again  
Crush my spirits again  
Broken Down Again

I roll myself over,  
Cold feet hit the floor  
Facing today  
Like I'm ready for war  
A battle is raging  
Inside my head...  
Tossing and turning I'm better of dead

I'm Broken again  
Drag me under again  
Peices of my life won't mend  
I'm broken again  
Crush my spirits again  
I'm broken again