

Far From Finished, Broken

Looking through broken window panes
For something that'll numb the pain
And it's something to help you forget
Bottles can serenade and newborn lives can turn a page
But there's always better way

Now it's been two years of all hard luck
You're getting used to being in a rut
And your heads all fucked
And you're a little stranger

Does it keep you running for the razors

Today you've lost every shred of innocent
It's time to come to grips again
Wake up are you waiting for someone to pick you off the floor
The answers always right in front of you
You know exactly what to do
Where are you running to

You walls are crumbling around you
Wishing something could hide you
From everyone of your regrets
But now it's too late
You've got that kind of hate
And it's all for yourself

Now put that bottle to your head
Ya pull the trigger and now you're dead
Was it everything you thought it would be

What are you looking for
You want it to hurt just a little bit more
It's contradictions and misconceptions
A circle of lies it's a fucking infection
Leading you around and make you always want more
'Till another one of our friends has been checked into the morgue

Today where's it gone now