

JJ72, Broken Down

Pasta machine broke down
by the weed in the field
I get so nice
when I see angels face
I will sip the wine
of the tears you cry
feel for me
sympathy
the kind that we all need
Crimson handed fiend
of hate strokes the soul of all
saints cannot flee
the strength of the call
we just carry on
as if we know all that is wrong
Feel for me
sympathy
the kind that we all need
Placid perspective straight
losing hope postponing fate
synchronise incarcerate
let them eat I can hate
'Cos I can say nothing new
despite the doves that flew
Feel for me
sympathy
the kind that we all need
Crimson handed fiend
of hate strokes the soul of all
saints cannot flee
the strength of the call
we just carry on
as if we know all that is wrong
Feel for me
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the kind that we all need