

# 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  
sympathy  
the kind that we all need