

# Mischief, Torn

I thought I saw a man brought to life,  
He was warm, he came around like he was dignified,  
He showed me what it was to cry,  
Well, you couldn't be that man I adored.  
You don't seem to know, seem to care, what your heart is for,  
But I don't know him anymore,  
There's nothing where he used to lie,  
My conversation has run dry,  
That's what's goin' on. Nothing's fine I'm torn...

I'm all out of faith,  
This is how I feel,  
I'm cold and I am shamed,  
Lying naked on the floor,  
Illusion never changed,  
Into something real,  
I'm wide awake and I can see the perfect sky is torn,  
You're a little late, I'm already torn,

So I guess the fortune teller's right,  
I should have seen just what was there and not some holy light,  
To crawl beneath my veins and now,  
I don't care, I have no luck, I don't miss it all that much,  
There's just so many things,  
That I can't touch I'm torn.

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Torn,

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My inspiration has run dry,  
That's what's goin' on ... nothing's right I'm torn

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Bound and broken on the floor,  
You're a little late, I'm already torn,

Torn.