

# Unkle, Broken

Gavin Clark:

Dead state I can feel the weight  
Light streaming in through an open grate  
Two thread score tearing up the floor  
Out in the alley with the trigger draw

Numb hands I can see the strand  
Hold it together with a severed ban

Three lost years I've been crying here  
I'm over, I'm over, I'm over, I'm broken

Strung out with wings of the dawn  
Hole in the black soul in the storm  
Torn down through the cracks in the dark  
We're miles adrift we're inches apart

I'm hit I can feel the grit  
Sat in the asher on the beaten brick  
Two thread main running through the vein

Out in the centre with a mirrored cane  
Numb feet I can hear you speak  
Hold it together with a severed streak

Three full years I've been crying here  
I'm over, I'm over, I'm over, I'm broken

Strung out with wings of the dawn  
Hole in the black soul in the storm  
Torn down through the cracks in the dark  
We're miles adrift we're inches apart

Stood up on the side of the Earth  
Thrown back to the track to the dirt  
Two thread lose an hour a day  
We're miles adrift, we're inches away

Hold it together with a severed bank  
Can't feel the blood