

Crowbar, Like Broken Glass

To the nines
Prepare myself fro drowning
Anytime
I made my own world
Losing it
I rob myself of everything
Destroying my body and my mind will fail

I drawn to the sound of broken glass
Drawn to the taste of broken glass
Stillborn again

Enemy
I see my own reflection
Look at me
I made my own wounds
Live alone
Survive in isolation
Poison my body and my mind will fail