

Enchant, Broken

Not what I've done, not what I've spoken
Not what I've shown, not that I lied
Just holding on would render me broken
But weak as I am, my hands remain tied
Fear of wrath, fear of pain
Fear of facing what I am
Fear this might leave a stain
Of your blood on my hands
My face is scarred, my hands unclean
Can't wash away the fool I've been
Murder one or suicide:
Which would be the greater sin?
Straining to hold each breath I'm taking
A shackle that pulls, I can't set it free
Not quite below, but slowly I'm breaking
In saving you I would be killing me
Fear of wind, fear of rain
We built this house on shifting sand
Fear this might leave a stain
Of my own blood on my hands
My face is scarred, my hands unclean
Can't wash away the fool I've been
Murder one or suicide:
Which would be the greater sin?
A wave that hits from behind me
A weight that pulls from beneath
A storm that blows all around me
A fear inside that has bound me

[Music: T. Leonard, D. Ott, P. Craddick]

[Lyrics: T. Leonard]