

Melanie Garside, Broken Fingers

broken fingers are taking all the strain i can offer myself no more
broken body is feeling all the weight i can draw with these hands no more
i cannot keep this up direction's gone find me the door
broken body is taking all the strain i can stand on my own no more
can you hear? it's me can you hear?
where do you get off? you get away
where do you get off? you get away
where do you get off? you get away
where do you?
climb on over the trappings of this mind you leave it to me
thinking over the struggle of the stairs can you offer your hand to me?
but pacing around in cages watching you crawl you're climbing the walls
broken body is taking all the strain i can offer myself no more
can you hear? it's me can you hear?
where do you get off? you get away
where do you get off? you get away
where do you get off? you get away
where do you get off? you get away
where do you get off?
slow motion dying
slow motion burn me
catch my weight i'm falling
it's dripping red all down my
fragment and scatter to the pale scatter to the pale
broken fingers are taking all the strain i can draw with these hands no more
broken body is taking all the weight before i fall
can you hear? it's me can you hear?
where do you get off? you get away
where do you get off? you get away
where do you get off? you get away
where do you? where do you?
where do you get off? you get away
where do you get off? you get away
where do you get off? you get away
where do you? where do you?
can you hear? it's me can you hear?