

Miranda Sex Garden, Broken Glass

and I can touch it, and I can stroke it,
deep inside.
hold on to my hand, through a time that
cannot last,
for it's all we'll ever have.

lonely for a place I've never been,
why can't I stay there?
why can't I stay there?

I see hell and heaven in your eyes,
they live as one and the same,
I see rays of blinding darkness
I taste another sheet of broken glass.

bury me there, bury me bury me over there
bury me there, bury me bury me over there

in a while, it will pass, faded like a dream.
except that piece of broken glass,
stinging in my heart.