

# Officer Negative, Pile of Broken Tools

Drawing back  
Now I see  
The pile of broken tools  
Beneath the dust  
In the darkness  
Some were useful once  
But some have never been  
We all lie stagnant  
With our hands around our necks  
Rusted with  
decisions from the past  
First shafts of light  
sting my eyes  
But I welcome the warmth  
to burn the scars

But I hold so closely  
The things that I despise  
Someone make me useful  
Something give me life  
I had a taste of something real  
But I quickly shut the door  
I just want to leave it all  
In the pile on the floor

I've opened up before  
And that's how I've been destroyed  
Shattered by those I love  
My hinges are rusted shut

(x2)  
I know what I must do  
Pry open my heart again  
In faith that you  
Will never do the same

Drop all that I've become  
Its so hard to let my whole life go  
Like a soft breeze  
You blow it all away  
The scales have finally been removed  
The scars finally start to fade  
Is this it?  
The truth I've been looking for?  
It is!  
I give it all  
Come  
and make me new again

(x4)Come.