Officium Triste, Pathway (Of Broken Glass)

Follow the trail of blood, From my feet, I left behind, On the pathway of broken glass.

Broken glass everywhere I walk, In every direction I go. To the left, the right or straight on. Every step my blood flows.

And I bleed,
For you,
For them.
Wish I could leave,
With you,
And them.
To be free
From glass
From blood
From pain
Away from this pathway

The pain I feel at every step I take. On the road you call life. Suppose it's some sort of debt I've made. To be paid by blood left behind.