

# 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.