

# Tara McLean, Divided

Check your weapons at the door  
You don't live here anymore  
For a heart cannot repent  
When it doesn't know it's spent  
Its lifetime beating itself to death  
There you are as still as stone  
Stretching skin over bone  
Well they say I've lost my will  
But I'm just standing still  
In a world that swallows cowards  
For the crime of killing time  
I'll be checking out the scenery  
From as high as I can be  
Come let faith be your garden  
Always changing always still  
Still breathing  
There you are in my mind  
Pale from living underground  
Divded and divided  
Until no one can be found  
Nothing left to break down  
I'll be checking out the scenery  
From as high as I can be  
Come let faith be your garden  
Always changing always still  
Still breathing