

# William Fitzsimmons, Shattered

Broadest road that i can travel  
i am drawn by what i see  
spirit living deep inside me  
is fighting to be free

i'm a homeless man who's trying  
(and i do not have a home yet)  
find a place to lay his head  
find some comfort in this journey  
(just another taste of pleasure)  
at least before i'm dead

there she is inside, waiting on another  
chance to make it right  
there she waits until, her brokenness can brake her  
and finally be still

and these sidewalks speak of demons  
(there are demons all around me)  
they are stepping on my toes  
and my head just spins in circles  
(i can't even stop this movement)  
round and round it goes

and i've got so many pipers  
(and i think i hear my song now)  
leading me right to my death  
i'm a slave to my indifference  
(and i'm comfortable in chains now)  
i'm a corpse with borrowed breath

there she is inside, waiting on another  
chance to make it right  
there she waits until, her brokenness can brake her  
and finally be still