

Broken Glass

Buckcherry

Murder books and the face in my nightmares
Blood and tears and the enemy's right here
Sickened, broken, blood shed, murder you're children
Torture, treason, never falling out of war
Standing on a broken glass!
Sing my angel, life has slowly slipped away
Killing fields and I'm starting to miss you
Poronograph's all I got for a bedroom
Sickened, broken, blood shed, murder you're children
Torture, treason, never falling out of war
Standing on broken glass!
Sing my angel, life has slowly slipped away
Life's so fragile a revolution taking place
Bullet shells and famine and stab wounds
I wish I could do more than write you
Sickened, broken, blood shed, murder you're children
Torture, treason, never falling out of war
Standing on broken glass!
Sing my angel, life has slowly slipped away
Life's so fragile a revolution taking place