

The Broken

Coheed and Cambria

I followed your every move in a stride that will's disguise
A little markings clue the find
Your red lips speak of painted figures
Teeth of mangled little listeners
The thoughts that hide your rusty scissors and
Hooded men.
Swinging amnesty across this violence,
Obscurity has no hero.

The world looks better when you're falling
Brace to comfort enough to crawl in
Divided we must
Pray for the broken
No one could fix us
We are, we'll always be
The wrong

Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah

Your touch seethes of emptiness
Callous tips against the brush
The world's now breaking off to crust

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We're conspiring

Oh

Where was your heart
When we needed it most
Live in denial
And I'll be your ghost
There is nothing to let go
Only time will let you know
If you're worth anything
You'll know then
Giving up way too early.
Let the axis turn you free
And destroy everything you love!

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