

# 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

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

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!

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 are  
We are, we are  
We are, we'll always be  
The wrong

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