

Broken Foundation

Funeral for a Friend

Waking up at three am, drowning in the haze
Of broken dreams and broken promises
Scared of making a fucking difference
Could you answer me, and tell me the truth

Leaving this place so empty handed
Beaten down, with a bad taste in my mouth
Leaving this place so empty handed
Beaten down, with a bad taste in my mouth
Until it falls apart

Broken foundation, buried underneath
And a smile to make the emptiness complete
Puncture my ribs, like something more
With beaten bruised and drunken heart

Waking up at three am, waking up at three am
Waking up to nothing

Leaving this place so empty handed
Beaten down, with a bad taste in my mouth
Leaving this place so empty handed
Beaten down, with a bad taste in my mouth
Until it falls apart

Broken foundation, buried underneath
And a smile to make the emptiness complete
Puncture my ribs, like something more
With beaten bruised and drunken heart

Coins across the floor, seasons burden me
And make the emptiness complete

Broken foundation, buried underneath
And a smile to make the emptiness complete
Puncture my ribs, like something more
With beaten bruised and drunken heart

Broken foundation
With beaten, bruised and drunken heart
Broken foundation
With beaten, bruised and drunken heart