

Your Beaten Heart

New Bomb Turks

So there were challenges you couldn't handle.
Guess your grip wasn't as tight as your bitterness.
So it's come to this.
Now your defense is most offensive
You claim the ones you avoided never talk to you.
Yeah, well where were you?

You know your eyes are empty.
Your lips they barely move.
You know your beaten heart ain't beating hard.
It beat it outta you.

The lies they pile on others.
The web it strangles you.
You know your beaten heart ain't beating hard.
It beat it outta you.

So there you're hanging onto air,
thinner than your glare, gasping for a breath,
fighting old despair.
Blueprints for happiness you played to a T
turned green with the greed that snuck right into you,
and gave you the blues.

So now you're out to avenge yourself.
Shove your hand to shake, but that grip it quakes.
It's too used to faking it.
Does your safety net have holes?
Do you wish you at least had foes?
Do you even know your name anymore?