

Bloody Knuckles, Broken Glass

Otherwise

~I'm making a masterpiece, I'm gonna write my name in the wet concrete of the walkway on which I tread, on our short march to meet the dead...

~A living catastrophe, I'm the one to blame, while the Russians in my head are playing roulette...

~Forever haunted by the truth, now I'm filled with hatred forever crawling back to you

~But I always hold my head up high & although I'm dying inside, suffering in silence!

~Playing a losing hand & the cards don't lie, back & forth the battles rage across this notebook page...

~Taking control again & I'll hide my shame, but the Russians in my head are playing roulette...

~Forever haunted by the truth, now I'm filled with hatred forever crawling back to you

~But I always hold my head up high & although I'm Dying inside, suffering in silence!

~I'm living in the past within the shadows cast, I burn before I crash, bloody knuckles, broken glass