

## Broken

Star Fucking Hipsters

we had to slice up the babies  
but got caught just before we got started  
no one slept through the crying  
haunting ghosts of our dearly departed

these broken lives, "someday" we said  
but now you're gone, ashes instead

the last words we had spoken  
whisper quiet through all the tall trees  
and this chill makes me lonely  
as I hold tight to fading memories

ashes and dirt turn into dust  
all full of hurt, cobwebs and rust  
and I would share with you

and this cold feeling holds me  
every time that we veer down this path  
and where are the stories  
of all out dead friends with no epitaphs

these broken lives / I empty bled  
left all alone / since you've been dead

lethargic we step, all struggle and trying  
no success for the living  
just drowning and dying  
a loser's life to be lived all alone  
a lucid dream for a sycophant drone  
the hate and the pain will always survive  
the self destruction from the needle and knife  
you've gone your way and there's nothing to do  
but take this darkness and share it with you  
and I would share it with you