

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