

Broken Wrist

Straight Line Stitch

Sitting here contemplating this world before me
and I wonder why it is the way it is
I can't place myself here

(chorus)

Far away but too close to be near
I speak aloud but you don't hear
I can't help but feel alone / so on my own
Scared to face the unknown (all alone)

Slowly beginning to come apart
My sense of rationality departs
Can I face another day? Can't raise my fist with a broken wrist
I ask myself am I bound to live and die this way?

(Chorus)

Whats next if i can't make this right?
I can't make this right
I can't raise my fist with these broken wrist