

Broken

Stream of Passion

Drop the blame
on my shoulders,
I will carry it far away from home.
You were forced into a corner,
I saw it all happen and didn't say a word.
My innocent mind is struggling
to find a glimpse of light
to touch your eyes.
Broken.
We are broken, we're burning inside.
Broken.
It's the pain that's left you
burning inside,
it's not the way you are.
Bitter words:
you don't mean them;
it's the continuous sound of shattered promises,
it's not the way you are.