

## **With Broken Wings**

# **"The Birth Of Catastrophe"**

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And I've begun my misery.  
I celebrate my death annually  
And with no control I watch my grave grow deeper.

(What is wrong with me..)

And I've begun my misery.  
I celebrate my death annually  
And with no control I watch my grave grow deeper  
As I slowly begin to walk towards it.

And while walking towards it  
I trip and fall.  
I sit awake to prevent from falling  
And while lying awake I see a door being shut.  
I begin to suffocate as I gasp for breath.

And I've begun my misery.  
I celebrate my death annually

And with no control I watch my grave grow deeper  
As I slowly begin to walk towards it.

And as I look over my lifeless body  
I think to myself.  
Is this how it ends?  
A life composed of misery, a life that trapped me.  
(a life that killed me)

And I've begun my misery.  
I celebrate my death annually  
And with no control I watch my grave grow deeper  
As I slowly begin to walk towards it. (x3)

What is Wrong With Me?

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