

Armor For The Broken

"Patterns"

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Buried beneath these vague
illusions
That carries me home,
that carries us home
Searching
for the right way back
I'm taking
this head on with my fears in a
death grip
I remain and empty
shell what do I call home where do
I go
I'm searching for a sign and
the currents getting stronger

Don't pull me down don't pull me
under
The choir is singing for
your failure
Our faults and
failures sink in so deep your
words are set against a second
chance
Your legs begin to buckle
your bowing down
No words could
ever explain this hell I walk
I
am letting go of judgement I will
fall alone I am the only me I will
fall alone
I'm ripping perfection
right through their fucking
teeth
I'm giving in I'm swallowed
by all my grief
If these feet
wont hold you down, my love will
be so heavy

