

## **Armor For The Broken**

### **"The Mending Chords"**

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hold your hands out  
to receive insects of such royalty  
laid across this black veil chained over  
chords of frustration  
as I collapse into your open wound  
if this is real then this is shame  
if this is real then this is the end...  
its times like these we all feel miles away  
a guilty conscience wont stop the shaking  
this downpour cant hide oceans  
a body abandon, numb and left alone  
we're chasing golden vision  
wearing the crown, I feed the few  
we're chasing golden vision  
and quench the thirst  
for those lost in the fold  
a holocaust shall rein  
gnawing at the heels of heroes  
pry her from these cold dead hands  
you're loosing sight  
of everything you ever loved  
my ribs will break in loving arms  
NO COMFORT, NO SYMPATHY  
bearing your teeth  
your voice falls upon deaf ears.

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