

Buckcherry

"Broken Glass"

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Murder books and the face in my nightmares
Blood and tears and the enemy's right here
Sickened, broken, blood shed, murder you're children
Torture, treason, never falling out

Standing on a broken glass
Standing on a broken glass
Standing on a broken glass
Standing on a broken
Sleep my angel, life has slowly slipped away

Killing fields and I'm starting to miss you
Pornograph's all I got for a bedroom
Sickened, broken, blood shed, murder you're children
Torture, treason, never falling out

Standing on broken glass
Standing on broken glass
Standing on broken glass

Standing on broken
Sleep my angel, life has slowly slipped away

Standing on broken glass
Standing on broken
Life's so fragile, revolution taking place

Bullet shells and famine and stab wounds
I wish I could do more than write you
Sickened, broken, blood shed, murder you're children
Torture, treason, never falling out

Standing on broken glass
Standing on broken glass
Standing on broken glass
Standing on broken
Sleep my angel, life has slowly slipped away

Standing on broken glass
Standing on broken
Life's so fragile a revolution taking place

Standing on broken glass
Standing on broken
Sleep my angel, life has slowly slipped away
Broken glass

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