

## Coheed And Cambria "The Broken"

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I'll follow your every move in a stride that will disguise  
Little markings clue the find  
Your red lips speak of painted figures  
The teeth of mangled little listeners  
The thoughts that hide your rusty scissors there  
And hooded men are swinging honesty across this  
violence  
Obscurity has no hero

The world looks better when you're falling  
Grace to comfort enough to crawling  
And divided, we must  
Pray for the broken  
No one could fix us  
We are, we'll always be  
The wronged

Blah, Blah, Blah.

Your touch seethes of emptiness  
The callous tips against the brush  
The world's now breaking off to crust

The world looks better when you're falling  
Grace to comfort enough to crawling  
And divided, we must  
Pray for the broken  
No one could fix us  
We are, we'll always be  
The wronged

We're conspiring

Where was your heart  
When we needed it most?  
Live in denial  
And I'll be your ghost  
There is nothing to let go  
Only time will let you know  
If you're worth anything  
and you know then  
That I'm giving up way too early

Let the axis turn you free  
And destroy everything you love

The world looks better when you're falling  
Grace to comfort enough to crawling  
And divided, we must  
Pray for the broken  
No one could fix us  
We are, we are  
We are, we are  
We are, we'll always be  
The wronged

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