

Cynic Ridge "Broken"

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I struggle to pull
myself from my bed
Thoughts of defeat
spin through my head
Today is no different
than the ones lived before
I don't know if I can take much more

I'm broken again
Drag me under again
Peices of my life won't mend
I'm broken again
Crush my spirits again
Broken Down Again
I roll myself over,
Cold feet hit the floor
Facing today
Like I'm ready for war
A battle is raging
Inside my head...
Tossing and turning I'm better of dead

I'm Broken again
Drag me under again
Peices of my life won't mend
I'm broken again
Crush my spirits again
I'm broken again

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