

## **Funeral For A Friend**

### **"Broken Foundation"**

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Waking up at three am, drowning in the haze  
Of broken dreams and broken promises  
Scared of making a fucking difference  
Could you answer me, and tell me the truth

Leaving this place so empty handed  
Beaten down, with a bad taste in my mouth  
Leaving this place so empty handed  
Beaten down, with a bad taste in my mouth  
Until it falls apart

Broken foundation, buried underneath  
And a smile to make the emptiness complete  
Puncture my ribs, like something more  
With beaten bruised and drunken heart

Waking up at three am, waking up at three am  
Waking up to nothing

Leaving this place so empty handed  
Beaten down, with a bad taste in my mouth  
Leaving this place so empty handed  
Beaten down, with a bad taste in my mouth  
Until it falls apart

Broken foundation, buried underneath  
And a smile to make the emptiness complete  
Puncture my ribs, like something more  
With beaten bruised and drunken heart

Coins across the floor, seasons burden me  
And make the emptiness complete

Broken foundation, buried underneath  
And a smile to make the emptiness complete  
Puncture my ribs, like something more  
With beaten bruised and drunken heart

Broken foundation  
With beaten, bruised and drunken heart  
Broken foundation

With beaten, bruised and drunken heart

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