

Crooked Fingers

"Separated"

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Your voices came through the wall,
My ears heard every word that was said.
I sit here with my tears,
Knowing tomorrow you won't be here,
And I sit, alone with myself,
Alone with my thoughts,
Surrounded by anger.
You don't think I can hear?
But each word gets louder and clearer.
I feel I am to blame.
I'll take this guilt upon myself,
My life has been shattered.
Torn in two, can I pick up the pieces,
Will cracks always remain.

Will I ever be the same?

How can you tear apart my life,
Or rule out what I feel inside.
Separated, caught between two sides.
Now I have to find purpose to my life,
Now I am not alone, help is by my side.

You have been to me the Father,
That I've never had to turn in my time of pain.
You helped me to get up and to fight against
The evil that tries to take my life.

(If your life has been destroyed by a divorce,
God can give you purpose and answers.)

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