

Otherwise

"Bloody Knuckles, Broken Glass"

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I'm making a masterpiece, I'm gonna write my name
in the wet concrete of the walkway on which I tread
on our short march to meet the dead
A living catastrophe, I'm the one to blame
while the Russians in my head are playing roulette

Forever haunted by the truth, now I'm filled with hatred
forever crawling back to you
But I always hold my head up high and although I'm
dying inside suffering in silence!

Playing a losing hand & the cards don't lie
back and forth the battles rage across this notebook
page
Taking control again & I'll hide my shame
but the Russians in my head are playing roulette

Forever haunted by the truth, now I'm filled with hatred
forever crawling back to you
But I always hold my head up high and although I'm
Dying inside
suffering in silence!

I'm living in the past within the shadows cast
I burn before I crash bloody knuckles, broken glass

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