

Blank Theory, The "Broken Glass"

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Every day I wake up
The sun rains down on me
But this one seems so different
It's black as day instead

Broken glass
In time I'll pass, from here I swear I'm scared
Broken glass
And blood red snow, escapes from quicksand never
last

I must have done something wrong again
Face the walls and hold him in
It's not how life's supposed to be
I've cried as many years as me

Broken glass
And blood red snow, my finger tips are scrapped
Broken glass
In time I'll pass, escapes from quicksand never last

Broken glass
In time I'll pass, from here I swear I hate
Broken glass
I'm running fast, no more bruised I can't look back, I
hated

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