

## Classic Crime, The "Broken Mess"

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He can't sleep, he can't eat  
He keeps thinking about her behind the locked door of  
her bedroom  
As she knowingly tortures the shell that is left of her  
bridegroom  
And what did he do to deserve  
This whore of a wife who parades her disgrace to his  
face now  
When he loved her and gave up his life in more ways  
than she knows how  
And all I can say is that

Love is a terrible art  
It's a hook in the heart  
That can drag you on broken glass  
And as you protest  
The shards in your flesh  
The hook tears out your chest  
Until you're just a broken mess

Where is God in this rot?  
Depraved, she commits the most heinous of sins and  
breaks her vows  
But he loves her despite all the crimes she devises in  
his house  
Where is God? I've been taught  
That He's close to the broken, it's true I have spoken  
with Him some  
When I look in my brother's eyes I can see where his  
love comes from  
And all he can say is that

Love is a terrible art  
It's a hook in the heart  
That can drag you on broken glass  
And as you protest  
The shards in your flesh  
The hook tears out your chest  
Until you're just a broken mess

But he has mercy on her lover and does not bleed him

dry  
A credit to his self-control  
If it were me that monster would probably die

Love is a beautiful thing  
She can make your heart sing  
When you're walking on broken glass  
She will open your eyes  
Make your heart feel alive  
Point you toward the sunrise  
Help you leave all this broken mess behind

Love is a beautiful thing  
will you leave your broken mess behind?  
Oh love is a beautiful thing  
will you leave your broken mess behind?  
[fade out]

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