

Death Campaign

"Pile Of Broken Tools"

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Drawing back
Now I see
The pile of broken tools
Beneath the dust
In the darkness
Some were useful once
But some have never been
We all lie stagnant
With our hands around our necks
Rusted with
decisions from the past
First shafts of light
sting my eyes
But I welcome the warmth
to burn the scars

But I hold so closely
The things that I despise
Someone make me useful
Something give me life
I had a taste of something real
But I quickly shut the door
I just want to leave it all
In the pile on the floor

I've opened up before
And that's how I've been destroyed
Shattered by those I love
My hinges are rusted shut

(x2)
I know what I must do
Pry open my heart again
In faith that you
Will never do the same

Drop all that I've become
Its so hard to let my whole life go
Like a soft breeze
You blow it all away
The scales have finally been removed

The scars finally start to fade
Is this it?
The truth I've been looking for?
It is!
I give it all
Come
and make me new again

(x4)Come.

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