

The Broken

Coheed and Cambria

I'll follow your every move
In a stride that wills disguise
Little markings clue the find Your red lips speak of painted figures
The teeth of mangled little listeners
The thoughts that hide your rusty scissors And hooded men swinging honesty
Across this violence
Obscurity has no hero The world looks better when you're falling
Grace to comfort enough to crawling
Divided we must pray for the broken, no one can fix us
We are, we'll always be the wronged Blah, blah, blah, blah
Blah, blah, blah, blah Your touch seethes of emptiness
The callous tips against the brush
The world's now breaking off to crust The world looks better when you're falling
Grace to comfort enough to crawling
Divided we must pray for the broken, no one can fix us
We are, we'll always be the wronged We're conspiring, oh Where was your heart when we needed it most?
Live in denial and I'll be your ghost
There is nothing to let go
Only time will let you know
If you're worth anything and you know then Giving up way too early
Let the axis turn you free
And destroy everything you love The world looks better when you're falling
Grace to comfort enough to crawling
Divided we must pray for the broken, no one can fix us
We are, we'll all, we are, we'll all
We are, we'll always be the wronged

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