# Crimescene

## Richard Thompson

Broken glass, a broken chair
Lamp hangs by a thread
Scattered pages, spattered walls
Mayhem on the bedPeace is gone and love is gone and
Darkness wins the day
A soul is torn away
A soul is torn awayA crumpled shirt a hank of hair
A shoe print made of blood
Phone ripped out, the shades all drawn
A life is hammered shutAnd I should ball my fists and scream
Against the dying of the dream
But I can't aim my rage at fate
Where's the face to pin the hate?But I can't aim my rage at fate
Where's the face to pin the hate?
Where's the face to pin the hate?A ticket booked, a suitcase packed
A diary on the desk
Free will's just a walk on part
In this ugly humoresquePeace is gone and love is gone and
Darkness wins the day
A soul is torn away
A soul is torn awayA soul is torn away
A soul is torn awayAnd I should ball my fists and scream
Against the dying of the dream
But I can't aim my rage at fate
Where's the face to pin the hate?But I can't aim my rage at fate
Where's the face to pin the hate?Here we stand around like victims
Waiting for the crime
Waiting for the butcher's knife
One cut at a timeYou plan and he plans
You sleep while he steals
Your wheels can only spin
Inside of other wheelsPeace is gone and love is gone and
Darkness wins the day
A soul is torn away
A soul is torn awayA soul is torn away
A soul is torn away

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