

# Crimescene

**Richard Thompson**

Broken glass, a broken chair  
Lamp hangs by a thread  
Scattered pages, spattered walls  
Mayhem on the bed Peace is gone and love is gone and  
Darkness wins the day  
A soul is torn away  
A soul is torn away A crumpled shirt a hank of hair  
A shoe print made of blood  
Phone ripped out, the shades all drawn  
A life is hammered shut And 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 humoresque Peace is gone and love is gone and  
Darkness wins the day  
A soul is torn away  
A soul is torn away A soul is torn away  
A soul is torn away And 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 time You plan and he plans  
You sleep while he steals  
Your wheels can only spin  
Inside of other wheels Peace is gone and love is gone and  
Darkness wins the day  
A soul is torn away  
A soul is torn away A soul is torn away  
A soul is torn away

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