

When I'm Broken

The New York Room

a wilting rose
the dying day
my darkest hour
thunder and rain a candle glows
lighting my way
lament and mourn
cry out in vain (X2) red by night, black by day
a bleeding heart, a child at play
a spiders web, the gilded cage
in shady gloom, the silent rage when I am lonely
and I keep the world at bay
with you only
I can wish it all away
and when I am broken
dont put me on a shelf
or cast adrift
please dont leave me by myself am I asleep, is this a dream?
or is it real, just as it seems
I cannot believe, how can it be?
when I dont bleed, when I cant scream scarce are made
a garden gray
reeds and stalks
stone and clay the winter wind
whispers my name
then echoing
cries out in vain (X2) seasons of mist, the morning dew
the midnight storm and thoughts of you
the barren fields, thickets and thorn
bristles my skin, bruises my soul when I am lonely
and I keep the world at bay
with you only
I can wish it all away
and when I am broken
dont put me on a shelf
or cast adrift
please dont leave me by myself am I asleep, is this a dream?
or is it real, just as it seems
I cannot believe, how can it be?
when I dont bleed, when I cant scream

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