Broken Mess

The Classic Crime

He can't sleep, he can't eat
He keeps thinking about her behind the locked door of her bedroom
As she knowingly tortures the shell that is left of her bridegroom
And what did he do to deserve
This whore of a wife who parades her disgrace to his face now
When he loved her and gave up his life in more ways than she knows how
And all I can say is thatLove is a terrible art, it's a hook in the heart
That can drag you on broken glass
And as you protest the shards in your flesh
The hook tears out your chest until you're just a broken messWhere is God in this rot?
Depraved she commits the most heinous of sins and breaks her vows
But he loves her despite all the crimes she devises in his house
Where is God? I've been taught
That He's close to the broken, it's true I have spoken with Him some
When I look in my brother's eyes I can see where his love comes from
And all he can say is thatLove is a terrible art, it's a hook in the heart
That can drag you on broken glass
And as you protest the shards in your flesh
The hook tears out your chest until you're just a broken messBut he has mercy on her lover and does not bleed him dry
A credit to his self control if it were me that monster would probably dieLove is a beautiful thing, she can make your heart sing
When you're walking on broken glass
She will open your eyes, make your heart feel alive
Point you toward the sunrise
Help you leave all this broken mess behindLove is a beautiful thing
Will you leave this broken mess behind?

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