

Broken Down

JJ72

Pasta machine broke down by the weed in the field

I get so nice when I see Angel's face

I will sip the wine of all the tears you cry

Feel for me sympathy, the kind that we all needCrimson handed fiend of hate strokes, the soul of all

Saints cannot flee the strength of the call

We just carry on as if we know all that is wrong

Feel for me sympathy, the kind that we all needPlacid perspective straight, losing hope postponing fate

Synchronize, incarcerate, let them eat, I can hate

So, I can say nothing new despite the doves that flew

Feel for me sympathy, the kind that we all needCrimson handed fiend of hate strokes, the soul of all

Saints cannot flee the strength of the call

We just carry on as if we know all that is wrong

Feel for me sympathy, the kind that we all need

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