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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