Born of a Broken Man

Rage Against The Machine

My fears hunt me down
Capturing my memories
The frontier of loss
They try to escape across the street where
Jesus stripped bare
And raped the spirit he was supposed to nurture
In the name of my, in the name of myBorn of a broken man
But not a broken man
Born of a broken man
Never a broken man
Born of a broken man
Never a broken manLike autumn leaves
His sense fell from him
An empty glass of himself
Shattered somewhere within
His thoughts like a hundred moths
Trapped in a lampshade
Somewhere withinTheir wings banging and burning
On through endless nights
Forever awake he lies shaking and starving
Praying for somebody to turn off the lightBorn of a broken man
But not a broken man
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Never a broken manMy fears hunt me down
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Never a, never a, never a broken manBorn of a broken man
Born of a, born of a, born of a broken man
Never a, never a, never a broken man

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