

Shattered

William Fitzsimmons

Broadest road that i can travel
i am drawn by what i see
spirit living deep inside me
is fighting to be free i'm a homeless man who's trying
(and i do not have a home yet)
find a place to lay his head
find some comfort in this journey
(just another taste of pleasure)
at least before i'm dead there she is inside, waiting on another
chance to make it right
there she waits until, her brokenness can brake her
and finally be still and these sidewalks speak of demons
(there are demons all around me)
they are stepping on my toes
and my head just spins in circles
(i can't even stop this movement)
round and round it goes and i've got so many pipers
(and i think i hear my song now)
leading me right to my death
i'm a slave to my indifference
(and i'm comfortable in chains now)
i'm a corpse with borrowed breath there she is inside, waiting on another
chance to make it right
there she waits until, her brokenness can brake her
and finally be still

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