Broken

Enchant

Not what I've done, not what I've spoken
Not what I've shown, not that I lied
Just holding on would render me broken
But weak as I am, my hands remain tiedFear of wrath, fear of pain
Fear of facing what I am
Fear this might, leave a stain
Of your blood on my handsMy face is scarred, my hands unclean
Can't wash away the fool I've been
Murder one or suicide
Which would be the greater sin?Straining to hold each breath I'm taking
A shackle that pulls, I can't set it free
Not quite below, but slowly I'm breaking
In saving you I, I would be killing meFear of wind, fear of rain
We built this house on shifting sand
Fear this might, leave a stain
Of my own blood on my handsMy face is scarred, my hands unclean
Can't wash away the fool I've been
Murder one or suicide
Which would be the greater sin?A wave that hits from behind me
A weight that pulls from beneath
A storm that blows all around me
A fear inside that has bound meFear of wrath, fear of pain
Fear of facing what I am
Fear this might, leave a stain
Of your blood on my handsMy face is scarred, my hands unclean
Can't wash away the fool I've been
Murder one or suicide
Which would be the greater sin?

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