

Broken Mirror (Seven Years Bad Luck)

[Coretta Scott](#)

This time spent broken
Holding out for sleep
holding out for something special she says "god, we ruined special long ago"
And there's gotta be something
perpetuate the most intolerable of dreams thus far known
The couch as the bloody scene
My God if you hurt her, then you're talking to me
In reverie, the shadows behind the stairs will cloth
Our frailty like our skin will never have to be exposed
Excuses why you never got out
The bruises makeup would never cover
A single regret, forceps and I guess that's it yeah
But I was like you once
never again
The couch as the bloody scene
and my God in heaven if you ever touch her again
then you're talking to me

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