

# Pathetic Justice

## Code seven

gold ring  
my heart string  
I have nothing  
but a gold ring I took a pastel picture  
my head was in a jar  
and I know just where she keeps it  
to keep her friends this close  
there's a crack in the crystal glass  
and I know that this will all pass She took it apart with a piece of the picture  
now I can't get back to that place  
and I know that when she sees it  
she keeps her friends this close  
there's a crack in the crystal glass  
and it holds the memories of our past gold ring  
my heart string  
I am nothing  
but an old dream

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