Torn

Cassadee Pope

Thought I saw a man brought to life
He was warm
He came around like he was dignified
He showed me what it was to cryWell you couldn't be that man that I adored
You don't seem to know
Don't seem to care what your heart is for
Well I don't know him anymoreThere's nothing where he used to lie
This conversation has run dry
That's what's going on
And nothing's fineI'm Torn
I'm all out of faith
This is how I feel
I'm cold and I am shamed
Lying naked on the floor
Illusion never changed
Into something real
I'm wide awake and I can see
The perfect sky is torn
You're a little late
I'm already tornSo I guess the fortuneteller's right
Should have seen just what was there
And not some holy light
To crawl beaneath my veins and nowI don't care
I have no luck
I don't miss it all that much
There's just so many things
That I can't touchI'm Torn
I'm all out of faith
This is how I feel
I'm cold and I am shamed
Lying naked on the floor
Illusion never changed
Into something real
I'm wide awake and I can see
The perfect sky is torn
You're a little late
I'm already torn
TornOoh, oohThere's nothing where he used to lie
My inspiration has run dry

Well that's what's going on
And nothing's rightI'm all out of faith
This is how I feel
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Lying naked on the floor
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The perfect sky is tornI'm all out of faith
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Lying broken on the floor
You're a little late
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Torn

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