

Epicure, So Broken

If I saw myself, crossing the road,
I would put my foot down, slam it to the ground.
I'd want it to hurt... It's what I deserve.

And if I found myself drowning at sea,
I would take the anvil that you gave me,
calmly and quietly to the ocean floor.

And im so broken,
and what's worse, I've broken others.
Each lie I've spoken,
seemed to lead to another.

And if I found myself dancing in flame,
and you offered me wings,
I would remain...
Calmly and quietly, ashes to the floor.