

# Far From Finished, Broken

Looking through broken window panes  
For something that'll numb the pain  
And it's something to help you forget  
Bottles can serenade and newborn lives can turn a page  
But there's always better way

Now it's been two years of all hard luck  
You're getting used to being in a rut  
And your heads all fucked  
And you're a little stranger

Does it keep you running for the razors

Today you've lost every shred of innocent  
It's time to come to grips again  
Wake up are you waiting for someone to pick you off the floor  
The answers always right in front of you  
You know exactly what to do  
Where are you running to

You walls are crumbling around you  
Wishing something could hide you  
From everyone of your regrets  
But now it's too late  
You've got that kind of hate  
And it's all for yourself

Now put that bottle to your head  
Ya pull the trigger and now you're dead  
Was it everything you thought it would be

What are you looking for  
You want it to hurt just a little bit more  
It's contradictions and misconceptions  
A circle of lies it's a fucking infection  
Leading you around and make you always want more  
'Till another one of our friends has been checked into the morgue

Today where's it gone now