TOLA, Recycled/Fragile

I lose my temper form time to time My veins cut open and i bleed inside My arms are lifted up there high in the sky I walk on broken glass and you wonder why

Froget about yout morals Tehre;s no such thing I revealed myslef to you And you walked away form me

Forget about what i said I doesn't mean a thing I gave myslef to you And you walked away form me