

## Broken Glass

Buckcherry

Murder books and the face in my nightmares  
Blood and tears and the enemy's right here  
Sickened, broken, blood shed, murder you're children  
Torture, treason, never falling out of war  
Standing on a broken glass!  
Sing my angel, life has slowly slipped away  
Killing fields and I'm starting to miss you  
Pornograph's all I got for a bedroom  
Sickened, broken, blood shed, murder you're children  
Torture, treason, never falling out of war  
Standing on broken glass!  
Sing my angel, life has slowly slipped away  
Life's so fragile a revolution taking place  
Bullet shells and famine and stab wounds  
I wish I could do more than write you  
Sickened, broken, blood shed, murder you're children  
Torture, treason, never falling out of war  
Standing on broken glass!  
Sing my angel, life has slowly slipped away  
Life's so fragile a revolution taking place