

Pathway Of Broken Glass

Officium Triste

Follow the trail of blood,
From my feet,
I left behind,
On the pathway of broken glass.

Broken glass everywhere I walk,
In every direction I go.
To the left, the right or straight on.
Every step my blood flows.

And I bleed,
For you,
For them.
Wish I could leave,
With you,
And them.
To be free
From glass
From blood
From pain
Away from this pathway

The pain I feel at every step I take.
On the road you call life.
Suppose it's some sort of debt I've made.
To be paid by blood left behind.