

# Torn

Cassadee Pope

I thought, I saw a man brought to life  
He was warm, he came around and he was dignified  
He showed me what it was to cry  
Well, you couldn't be that man I adored  
You don't seem to know  
Seem to care what your heart is for  
But I don't know him anymore

There's nothing where he used to lie  
The conversation has run dry  
That's what's going on  
Nothing's fine, I'm torn

I'm all out of faith  
This is how I feel  
I'm cold and I am shamed  
Lying naked on the floor  
Illusion never changed into something real  
I'm wide awake and I can see  
The perfect sky is torn  
You're a little late, I'm already torn

So I guess the fortune teller's right  
Should have seen just what was there  
And not some holy light  
It crawled beneath my veins  
And now I don't care, I had no luck  
I don't miss it all that much  
There's just so many things  
That I can't touch, I'm torn

I'm all out of faith  
This is how I feel  
I'm cold and I am shamed  
Lying naked on the floor  
Illusion never changed into something real  
I'm wide awake and I can see  
The perfect sky is torn  
You're a little late, I'm already torn, torn

There's nothing where he used to lie  
My inspiration has run dry  
That's what's going on  
Nothing's right, I'm torn

I'm all out of faith  
This is how I feel  
I'm cold and I am shamed  
Lying naked on the floor  
Illusion never changed into something real  
I'm wide awake and I can see  
The perfect sky is torn

You're a little late, I'm already torn, torn