Broken

Anson Seabra

If you see the boy I used to be, could you tell him that I'd like to find him
And if you see the shell that's left of me, could you spare him a little kindness

'Cause I've been high and I've been low, I've spent a thousand nights alone, tryna hold on tight
And feelings come but they won't go, please won't someone take me home before I lose my mind

Am I broken?
Am I flawed?
Do I deserve a shred of worth or am I just another fake, fucked up lost cause?
And am I human?
Or am I something else?
'Cause I'm so scared and there's no one there to save me from the nightmare that I call myself

I've tried everything and anything but nothing seems to work quite like it should
Between the madness and the apathy, seems there's nothing left inside of me that's good

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