

Broken Statue

BLP KOSHER

Mannequin, my friend
Bring me to your world I'll heal you
Let us not pretend
I won't make like I don't see you
Mannequin, my friend
Mannequin, my friend I feel you
I feel you I feel you

I fear you but I feel you
Blame it on myself I look for the end turn me into plastic trea
t me like I'm dead
God is this realistic fever dreams instead
And I can't feel the breeze, no hair, to cut the wind
A helping hand
Can't feel my hands
Saw me they ran
My life so bland
And I'm still looking at you disguised with many man
And I am just a statue looking for a friend

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