

Breaking Bottles

Brand New Sin

I've got a hell of a story
Of being destined for glory
Right on the ultimate highway

The unbelievable crime
The inconceivable timing
That ticks away my day

So all the names have been changed
But there's a truth in the pages
Somewhere between the lines.

It's just protecting the innocent
It shelters the malcontent
Time after time

It's like a fucking disease.
I'm way too busy trying not to bleed
While I'm just breaking bottles.

There's always something about me
Always making me doubt you
Did I fail to mention

You wouldn't know where you're going
If the wind wasn't blowing
You weren't paying attention

It must've happened a thousand times
You leave me to hold the line
I stop to remind you

Running as soon as you hit the ground
I'm watching them run you down
The demons behind you