

## Broken

Enchant

Not what I've done, not what I've spoken  
Not what I've shown, not that I lied  
Just holding on would render me broken  
But weak as I am, my hands remain tied

Fear of wrath, fear of pain  
Fear of facing what I am  
Fear this might, leave a stain  
Of your blood on my hands

My face is scarred, my hands unclean  
Can't wash away the fool I've been  
Murder one or suicide  
Which would be the greater sin?

Straining to hold each breath I'm taking  
A shackle that pulls, I can't set it free  
Not quite below, but slowly I'm breaking  
In saving you I, I would be killing me

Fear of wind, fear of rain  
We built this house on shifting sand  
Fear this might, leave a stain  
Of my own blood on my hands

My face is scarred, my hands unclean  
Can't wash away the fool I've been  
Murder one or suicide  
Which would be the greater sin?

A wave that hits from behind me  
A weight that pulls from beneath  
A storm that blows all around me  
A fear inside that has bound me

Fear of wrath, fear of pain  
Fear of facing what I am  
Fear this might, leave a stain  
Of your blood on my hands

My face is scarred, my hands unclean  
Can't wash away the fool I've been  
Murder one or suicide  
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