

## Broken Wrist

### Straight Line Stitch

Sitting here contemplating this world before me  
and I wonder why it is the way it is  
I can't place myself here

(chorus)

Far away but too close to be near  
I speak aloud but you don't hear  
I can't help but feel alone / so on my own  
Scared to face the unknown (all alone)

Slowly beginning to come apart  
My sense of rationality departs  
Can I face another day? Can't raise my fist with a broken wrist  
I ask myself am I bound to live and die this way?

(Chorus)

Whats next if i can't make this right?  
I can't make this right  
I can't raise my fist with these broken wrist