

# Broken

Tantric

She was a pitcher of a softball team  
Disassociated with her feelings  
She was the one who always stood between  
An unlit fuse that would grow to be this muse  
She was so fragile, she was never mean  
Skipping lunch and go get lost in music  
Disassociated with her dreams  
So she could be and grow to be this muse  
For me to use  
This muse for me to use

Well I guess I always knew  
She was broken form the start of it  
There was always something different  
In the way her heart existed  
Broken, she was always broken  
She was always broken  
She was always broken down

Happiness is few and far between  
She never let it go, she was dwelling  
When others never stopped to smell the rose  
She would stop the world to find life's true meaning  
She always put her pain up on the shelf  
Why bother sharing it with anyone else  
The empty pages of a diary  
Where they're for us to read  
In a language of a note to touch your heart  
Maybe you can remember, how to use your heart

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Some live their lives and never believe  
Life everywhere but never breathe  
They walk alone and never see  
Alone  
Alone  
Alone

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