

Hearing colour

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Revenge of the Broken Man

Why is that no one sees what's on the inside?
They were different; they saw each other for everything.
But I guess he had it coming, all love's in the past reached futility.
So I guess it was just a matter of time before the broken man appeared – again.

She was there we he thought she'd be, in the arms of a man but it wasn't he.
He grabbed her arm but she pulled away, look in her eyes was of disarray.
He squared up to him so he put him down, she tried to run but he stood her ground
No look of love was in her eyes, as he stared she started to cry.

They never spoke after that night, she took herself from his life.
Place seems empty now just like he, guess that's the way it'll always be.
You can never change, what's happened before, but this broken man has shut the door.
To any love that comes his way, bitter and twisted he will always stay.

So we saw what was on the inside. But as you can see, he stands alone.
It won't happen again, he won't let it. No more love for someone like that.
But this is not the end of the broken man, breaks can mend. He'll have his revenge.

