

## Hands Of Orlac

Birdeatsbaby

How I'd like to shake this body off  
I want to adore the hands that hate us all  
My darling there must be pieces missing  
Drink to us and swear to tell no one  
What becomes of you

How I'd like to shake this body off  
A feather to the storm  
The hands that break the soul  
They will keep us spinning  
Now you're saying things you've never meant

We're really not so different  
We'll isolate the enemies  
And make them helpless just like me  
I'm like my father, sire, father, liar  
Father, sire, father, liar

How I'd like to shake this body off  
And to scratch away these thorns  
The hands that will not hold  
And they will not help us  
Now I sleep at night

How do the hands keep bearing down on me?