

Far out and failing  
So they lead you away  
Speak for me would you  
I have nothing to say

And you would not notice  
My hands have let go  
Feel free to replace them  
They are idle and slow

Mothers and fathers  
You sisters all lost  
The pending opinions  
Are you worth what they've got

And they would not notice  
Your hands open wide  
Some Judas before them  
With thorns in your side

Feel free to lay down  
You could use a rest  
Speak for me would you  
Since you've taken my breath

And you would not notice  
My hands have let go  
Feel free to replace them  
They are idle and slow