

## Hollow Hands

Daylight Dies

One day you will find a letter  
Words escaping from a drowning man  
Giving in  
Losing hope  
Surrendering  
To the hands of time

So hard to see what's leaving you  
The youth draining from our eyes

So hard to feel what's killing us  
The slow, collapsing of our lives

My hands have lost their substance  
They slowly lose all shape before my eyes  
Always shaking  
Always thinning  
Always numb  
Always fading  
In the light of day