

# These Hands

## Fades Away

Looking at the sun  
For the last time as a free man,  
With cuffs around his hands,  
He walks through the lonely doors.  
Razor-wire army stand guard against escape,  
While the fences and the concrete  
Cling boldly to the floor.

When the cell door closes,  
All he can think of is,  
"What was I thinking?"  
When reality sinks in,  
He buries his face in his hands.

No matter what those hands have done,  
They're no different than my own.  
These hands (these hands),  
These hands will all plead guilty in the end.

Terrified and lonely beyond imagination,  
He slips into a daydream he knows he's had before.  
Bright hallucinations run rampant through a mind  
That's been beaten down and broken by a world that is no more.

When the clock tower bellows,  
All of the memories are  
Ripped into pieces.  
When reality sinks in,  
He buries his face in his hands.

No matter what those hands have done,  
They're no different than my own.  
These hands (these hands),  
These hands will all plead guilty in the end.

Something's wrong here.  
Why should anyone choose death  
To save a lying thief like me?  
Show who you are, Sound the alarm, \*  
This is something we've seen before.

No matter what those hands have done,  
They're no different than my own.  
These hands (these hands),  
These hands will all plead guilty in the end.

We'll all plead guilty.