

# A Tale Of Outer Suburbia

## Hands Like Houses

Pry the darkness from my eyes.  
Divided, let the light seep in.  
Trees devoid of branches and hollow hives.  
An endless black and empty beds.  
It's not the same, something's changed.  
I never used to be able to see past the trees.  
A thousand unfamiliar are lying thick on the air and I can't breathe  
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Is our skin to keep the world out or our bodies in?  
This doesn't look like home; this doesn't look like home.  
Is our skin to keep the world out or our bodies in?  
I'll tear apart the town then sleep, and sleep alone.

If I'm a flame, I'm a forest fire speaking savage tongues as I emerge  
from the hills.  
I am an avalanche.  
I am unchained.  
I'm awoken.  
I'll unleash hell.  
So I roar, pin back my ears, and stone by stone I'll tear it all, I'll  
tear it apart.

Is our skin to keep the world out or our bodies in?  
This doesn't look like home; this doesn't look like home.  
Is our skin to keep the world out or our bodies in?  
(This doesn't look like home; this doesn't look like home.)  
I'll tear apart the town then sleep, and sleep alone.  
(This doesn't look like home; this doesn't look like home.)

I've lost faith, the forest's changed.  
My stomach's empty, I'm feeling faint.

I've lost heart, the forest's scarred.  
I hear no birds, just TVs and cars.

I've lost faith, the forest's changed.  
My stomach's empty, I'm feeling faint.

I've lost sight, the forest's died.  
The brambles are bare, and I'm hollow inside.  
Each breath rattles like dice in my chest, each breath gambled, unwinding  
till death.

Is our skin to keep the world out or our bodies in?  
This doesn't look like home; this doesn't look like home.  
Is our skin to keep the world out or our bodies in?  
(This doesn't look like home; this doesn't look like home.)  
I'll tear apart the town then sleep, and sleep alone.  
(This doesn't look like home; this doesn't look like home.)