

These Hands Weren't Meant For Us

Listener

These hands were strong once, they held my head and what's inside
I tried to train them to stop the shaking, but they wouldn't listen to these lies
there's something out there I promise, it's coming for all of us
and it is evil, and I have seen it, it takes life and devours trust
it's bad when I close them worse with my eyes open. I see it if I sleep
so I keep my mind blank, and think of bravery, change and hope but I'm so weak
please take me in like I'm family, I've been out for far too long
my stone hearts aching, but I am changing. stay by me, leave me alone

I'm changing, I hold my head to keep from shaking
my hands are full, but I'm not (explosions build w/ horn)

I thought these hands were strong with how they used to hold the world
then it slipped away, I couldn't keep it, and now nothing isn't blurred
but ever since the first time that I flew above the stars
like a dragon into heaven trying to tiptoe past the guards
with bricks and bones, blood and stones and skin holding it all loose
I take one last breath and don't think of death, that halo made a noise
and let's not speak of murder even if the motive is clear
because death is sleep anyways, and I'm fine right here
I couldn't see what I was looking for, didn't want to hear it
trying to control everything I see, when all I could do is swim in it
or drown or tread in these careless waters just to get by
and just getting by? choking down every single ridiculous lie
like an axe in the back, like a coward or a hack.
now regret hates me, it's fear that saved me putting mountains in my path
These arms were strong once, they moved the ground to keep us safe
but they are crumbling, my fingers numbing. I'm not reaching out I'm pushing you away
please trust it's for your well being, I don't want you here when I come down
so no words are spoken, with my eyes wide open, I'm all ready to be found

I'm changing, I hold my head to keep from shaking
my hands are full, but I'm not

I'm changing, I hold myself to keep from shaking
these hands are done, but I'm not

and I'm not full, but I'm not done either - just trying to hear what I need to see
and if I see it I promise I'll let you hear it - and if you'll listen, then I'm all ears

these hands weren't made for us - but they grab at every will we conjure up
my hands weren't built for me - but they still burn the ground enough
acting like they want to be found, just to go and hide again
these hands are all to blame, tearing where it needs to mend
each finger bent in shame, knuckles every shade of white
our hands are all the same, over our face cover our eyes
my passports all worn out, if you need these hands they're all for you
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I don't know what I want, but I know what I don't want to do