

Place Your Hand

Melissa Etheridge

I've an image in my pocket
Of some dark demon
That temptation brought to life
And it chokes all of my breath out
I'm scratching and screaming'
'Til morning comes to night

Place your hand
My body will decide
Place your hand
My anger will subside

There are fragments of possessions
Shards of past relations
Splintering my skin
A fear so black and hollow
It can suffocate creation
And refuse to let you in

Place your hand
My body will decide
Place your hand
My anger will subside

And they speak to me like prophets in my dreams
Speak to me like prophets in my dreams
Shouting like prophets in my dreams

Sometimes I think it's easy
Too easy for the living
To receive the promised land
Can flesh provide the answer
The reaction for sensation
Justify your hand

Place your hand
My body will decide
Place your hand
My anger will subside