

# Bomb Hands

## Social Code

With a match in his hands  
He breaks down the tallest buildings  
He's a bomb and his fuse is always burning  
Everything he touches always falls to pieces  
The pain and the rage eases everything

I'm tied to your tragedies  
I'm tired of your miseries, swearing on me  
Like your bomb hands, like your bomb hands  
Like your bomb hands, get back, get back

In the mirror I see reflections of your laughing  
I'd get away but I'm handcuffed to his heartbeat  
Everything he touches always falls to pieces  
The pain and the rage eases everything

I'm tied to your tragedies  
I'm tired of your miseries, swearing on me  
Like your bomb hands, like your bomb hands  
Like your bomb hands, get back, get back

Match to the flint, to the fuse, to the fuel  
From the spark to the clock as the seconds start to drop  
Match to the flint, to the fuse, to the fuel  
From the spark to the clock as the seconds start to drop

Like your bomb hands, like your bomb hands  
Like your bomb hands, like that, like that  
Like your bomb hands, like your bomb hands  
Like your bomb hands, get back, get back

Tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock