

The Man Behind The Hands

The Color Morale

And the sky awaits us all,
Now I know today will be the day
Where my throat goes first,
But tonight there will be no slowing of my heart
Or calming my pulse.

I want you to feel,
I want you to feel your pulse in my words
And make your actions speak louder.

We're as children numbered in millions,
Made for a kingdom,
But all designed to fail.
We were designed to fail,
We were all designed to fail.
We were designed to fail,
We were all designed to fail.

This Is the reason he created seasons,
So we can all learn when our leaves fall.
In June, this is the reason he created seasons,
So shoot the arrow, but don't miss the apple.

I need my eyes,
I need my eyes as much as my throat,
As much as my voice.

God send us down and angel,
So she can purge the church.
Send her to the earth
As living proof of worth worship.
Not your priests,
Nor your whores,
Not anything more than,
More than what you leak out of all your pores.

You have already been marked for death,
You have already been marked for death,
You made the mark yourself.

So I ask you all, if tomorrow never came,
Would you think or would you act the same?
And I will ask you If tomorrow never came,
Would you think or act the same?

Please help the man,
Please help the men behind their masks,
Behind their hands.