

## Hands and Faces

The Used

How can I not taste it,  
When it's right there put it in my hand.  
And let's not put it in their faces.  
Hide the obvious just a little bit,  
It's coming to this.  
You'll know they'll never face it,  
They're just a face all covered with a rag.  
And they can't stop talking,  
So the bigger it gets.  
And yeah they take up space but still nothing's wasted.  
A lie is a lie with crossed hearts and hopes to die.  
You can find me underground,  
Where I can't hear a sound.  
I watched you get down on your knees,  
In hopes that I would turn around.  
So now you'll find me underground,  
Where I can't hear a sound.  
I tried hard to erase it.  
I tried not to use it cause' I can.  
And don't tell me what a race is,  
Cause I can get fucked up more than a little bit  
It's coming to this.  
We pay to watch it wasted,  
They're just a face all covered with a rag.  
And they might keep running,  
But the slower they move.  
And those moves in time with their perfect placement.  
What can I say,  
I would have gone another way  
Cause that isn't me.  
I was born to fade away.  
It's nothing you did, just something I felt as a kid.  
And now I can't feel  
I can't feel anything at all.  
It's nothing at all,  
I feel nothing at all