

# In Your Hands

## Thrice

Bound to this couch, I lie in waiting  
Watching wind blown memories  
Slip past my window sill I  
Can't fall asleep Voice in my head disturbs me  
Waking nightmares keep  
Have my cries fallen on deaf ears  
Can you hear me Or am I talking to myself again  
Is there anybody listening  
Are you taking this in  
Am I wasting my breath Tell me is the wind in your sails  
Worth everything you give  
Are you looking for something  
Forgiveness I leave it up to you  
I guess, Im better off removed  
Because the situations  
Growing too thick  
In your hands Could it have been something I said  
Or was it something that I did  
Did I ruin my chance  
Have you written me off Tell me where did I cross the line  
And can I work my way back this time  
Will I always regret this  
Decision I leave it up to you  
I hope you find a good excuse  
Because Ive given about all that I can give  
In your hands Are you taking this in  
Am I wasting my breath  
Did I ruin my chance  
Have you written me off Are you taking this in  
Am I wasting my breath  
Did I ruin my chance  
Have you written me off

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