

Idle Hands

Shadows Fall

Just a word all it takes to set it off
Uncontrolled all restraint has been lost Absorbing more than I can stand
Of these self defeating unreal demands
Giving into frustrations command
The devil makes good use with idle hands Overwhelming desire to react
I am too far gone forever turning back
Searching for something to lash out at
Turning inward it is myself that I attack The anger grows inside everyday
Unquenchable I have become my own prey From where has this rage been spawned?
Been building deep inside for far too long
Forgotten memories buried and hidden
Creating my own emotional prison Overwhelming desire to react
I am too far gone forever turning back
Searching for something to lash out at
Turning inward it is myself that I attack Can it be that I have lost
Control of my contractions and my thoughts?
Can it be that I have lost
Control of my contractions and my thoughts? Overwhelming desire to react
I am too far gone forever turning back
Searching for something to lash out at
Turning inward it is myself that I attack It is myself, I attack
It is myself, I attack
It is myself, I attack
It is myself that I attack

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