These Hands

Pressure 4-5

Life, it's like I'm never there
Time, I've got no more to spare
Awake to the sound of a million people
Look around to see that no one's thereBreaking out of a new cell
What you wanted to be
Try to reason, try to think
Want some sympathyUsed, these hands are used and dirty
And screaming for something new
Wait, I've waited for so long
To break away from all that's wrongBut it's inconsequential, it seems nothing matters
It seems nothing matters unless you screamBreaking out of a new cell
What you wanted to be
Try to reason, try to think
Want some sympathyUsed, these hands are used and dirty
And screaming for something new
You said nothingBreak up the pieces, they're killing you slowly
No fiction fact or fantasy could make you seeBreaking out of a new cell
What you wanted to be
Try to reason, try to think
Want some sympathy

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