

Broken Hands

Hundred Reasons

We aspire to be
Just like you as we
Fall to our knees to be grateful
If we could fake
What we should believe
We'd fool you into thinking we're grateful
Take what you want from me
Nobody's telling you
Where to go
Don't think I am so naive
To be fooled by these
Smokescreens
Confess to the priest
Absolve your sins
That eat you little by little
The dust settles into
Arms of hope
I'd break if you'd fold a little
We languish in the sun
Broken hands all blistered
Just trying to hold on
As we stood still on fire
Now and forever and
Now and forever

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