

The Hand, The Furnace, The Straight Face

Project 86

Quiet, it's 4 A.M.
I was sound asleep
Trying to hunt the sheep
There is a choice within a voice
Lurking somewhere between
Hidden parts and facial scars
And remnants of the deepest needs
I am convinced in sleeplessness
That we need some source of rest
Following with frequency
Won't become a place to lay our heads
I've searched and tried
And tumbled in the midst
I've swallowed pride and nullified
What's left of innocence
Reparations won't be made
We'll set a precedent
Never too late to recreate
So here's your evidence
Am I getting through?
Is this loud enough?
Any means by all extremes
This feeling follows action
You can take my worst mistakes
And use them for excuses
You can try to realize
This vessel's by itself is worthless
I've searched and tried
And tumbled in the midst
I've swallowed pride and nullified
What's left of innocence
Reparations won't be made
We'll set a precedent
Never too late to recreate
So here's your evidence
The hand, the furnace, the straight face
The hand, the furnace, the straight face
(The hand, the furnace)
I've searched and tried

(The straight face)
And tumbled in the midst
(The hand, the furnace)
I've searched and tried
(The straight face)
And tumbled in the midst
I've searched and tried
And tumbled in the midst
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