

These Hands

Reuben Bullock

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 there Breaking out of a new cell
What you wanted to be
Try to reason, try to think
Want some sympathy Used, 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 wrong But it's inconsequential, it seems nothing matters
It seems nothing matters unless you scream Breaking out of a new cell
What you wanted to be
Try to reason, try to think
Want some sympathy Used, these hands are used and dirty
And screaming for something new
You said nothing Break up the pieces, they're killing you slowly
No fiction fact or fantasy could make you see Breaking out of a new cell
What you wanted to be
Try to reason, try to think
Want some sympathy

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