

Hands Like Roots

The Builders and The Butchers

Raise your chin and howl
Until all your insides are inside out
The air is black and foul
Sitting in the basement and wanting for you to come down
When your hands move like roots
Making their way through the ground
Oh, come all ye faithful
Come men, women, servants and sons
Leave behind your golden wings for the sticks and rocks and mud
And if thee should die tonight
Well it won't be without a sound
When your hands move like roots
Making their way through the ground
When your hands move like roots
When your hands move like roots
When your hands move like roots
Making their way through the ground

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>