

Broken Hands

Lamb of God

Blood of all you had to lose I can feel your fear and weakness
I see my own in the mirrors of your eyes
Caught into a corner, hopeless
Near death ahead and truth behind There's a bad storm blowing in
And most of us won't make it
The wreckage of your past
Means nothing now, forsake it The memories cripple you
You're torn apart, your dumb mistake It only fell apart 'cause you let it
Blood of all you had to lose
Pick up the pieces with your broken hands It only fell apart 'cause you live in it
Blood of all you had to lose
Pick up the pieces with your broken hands Well, there's those that do
And those that just do talkin'
We're all going through hell
Let's burn or keep on walkin' The bigots sink their ships
And fuel death riding the wind
Right now it's do or die
How will you choose to live? The memories that ruined you
You're torn apart, your dumb mistake It only fell apart 'cause you let it
Blood of all you had to lose
Pick up the pieces with your broken hands It only fell apart 'cause you live in it
Blood of all you had to lose
Pick up the pieces with your broken hands You'd best release self-pity
Locked in devastation's throes
The noose awaits you swinging
A blade of malice cuts the rope Hostility ensues, no attempt to repent
Your struggles vindicate the illest of intent It only fell apart 'cause you let it
Blood of all you had to lose
Pick up the pieces with your broken hands It only fell apart 'cause you live in it
Blood of all you had to lose
Pick up the pieces with your broken hands
With your broken hands

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