

I Am

Hands Like Houses

The disconnect
Is welling up
And good intentions are not enough
Your words are weary
Their hearts are strained
And idle vows find the deepest pains

Iâ€™m sick, Iâ€™m tired
Of hollow hope
Of promises, empty
Your way with words
Theyâ€™re feeding back inside my head
Oh, the things I could say that wonâ€™t change a thing

I am not the same
I wonâ€™t feed on fame

Youâ€™re one of a thousand voices
In my head that all just sound the same
If mine never made a difference
It wonâ€™t make the meaning change
Youâ€™re one of a thousand voices
In my head that all just sound the same
If I will make a change
Itâ€™s by my words and not my name

Iâ€™m tired, Iâ€™m sick
Of misfit beggars
With able tongues and easy outs
I hear you clearer than you hear yourself
Bite down on your blindness, and spit it out

I wonâ€™t sink into the sea of grey
I wonâ€™t melt into the choir of angels

I wonâ€™t sink into the sea of grey
A violence of colour
I wonâ€™t melt into the choir of angels
Iâ€™ll step up and scream it
I am dissonant

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