

# 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  
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I've swallowed pride and nullified  
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(The hand, the furnace)  
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