

Empty Hands

Greg Holden

I am all alone; your words have never brought me peace
They rain down upon my head and destroy everything
With weary eyes I stare at the sea
In the distance I hear you call out for me

I am so tired of running away
Only to come back right where I had buried this with my hands

Still you tell me that I can be trusted with a burden that I never wanted
No matter how I try to push you away I still hear you call out to me

I'm not the better man I'm called to be
Why can't I escape? You pull me under the waves.
I'm the one who made this sea
It's taken everything from me
Still you try to sing me to sleep.

But I buried this with my hands.
No matter what I try I keep coming back.

There were days that I asked for this to change, but there was a fear inside of me
A fear that made me question who I am and why I'm capable of such horrible things
And every single promise that you whispered in my ear,
That fear just kept growing until it consumed me.
But I let that fear go, and I can see who you are. Your words gave me nothing
I've been running away for too long; I'm not running anymore
I will stand my ground and scream out loud

My heart won't be yours.

So I buried this with my hands.
And no matter what you try I won't be coming back.

I'm not the better man I'm called to be
Why can't I escape? You pull me under the waves.
I'm the one who made this sea
It's taken everything from me
And no matter what you try you won't sing me to sleep.

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