

In The Hands Of A Broken Man

Glass Hands

This is hell
I'm positive, I can tell
Because I've seen the real world
And this place isn't as dark
But where are your faces?
Talk to me, we were born with lips to speak.
And it's getting so hard to see
I wish I could dream without my sleep
And I'm surrounded by quicksand
But I won't sink
Why won't I sink?
The product of an hourglass
Flipping back and forth in the hands of a broken man
Yeah
I belong in a world where nothing's safe to say
In here I can't say,
"Maybe his reflection's stopped staring back at me."
It's time to go
We move too slow
To get over the death of a loved one
I need to hear you say, "I'm here to stay, my son."
I'm here to stay, my son.
And all of these walls won't keep out my generation
I will try to be who you want me to be
'Cause all you ever wanted was for me to be happy
'Cause this is my life
And I'm not taking a single thing for granted
These broken hands are wearing thin
I belong in a world where nothing's safe to say
In here I can't say,
"Maybe his reflection's stopped staring back at me."
It's time to go
We move too slow
To get over the death of a loved one
I need to hear you say, "I'm here to stay, my son."
And I let myself fall, 'cause it's better than nothing
Now I lay in the darkness to learn what light is to me
And I have so much reason to write
But the weight on my hands make it hard to pick up a pen

And all I know is that I want you back today
I found out the hard way
These cracks in the highway won't slow me down
Slow me down
And then my heart gave out
A hint of doubt told me,
"I've tried all I can, I hope you understand."
(I belong, I belong)
I belong in a world where nothing's safe to say
In here I can't say,
"Maybe his reflection's stopped staring back at me."
It's time to go
We move too slow
To get over the death of a loved one
I need to hear you say, "I'm here to stay, my son."
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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