

Hospital Handshakes

[Rocky Votolato](#)

Is this an exercise or an exorcism?
Firework pilots fly towards the explosion in the sky
The bright coloured lights suffer in the horizon of my mind
I'm a patient with no patience
Hospital handshakes We must each be broken if we're ever to be made new again
The current of this currency is pain
Painting me golden You're a ghost in the sun
A massacre on the winter
Silence, see deafening defeat
Drowning in minor seconds
Til there's no line between the truth and the lies we're all hiding behind
If it's a choice, what will we decide?
When we choose sides between the darkness and the light We must each be broken if we're ever to be made new
again
The current of this currency is pain
Painting me golden
Painting me golden
Painting me She held my hands and walked me back from the ledge where I was standing
My father sent me to my mother to be punished no longer
I'm gonna heal up now from this trauma
I've closed the window
Shorten the shadows Hospital handshakes
We must each be broken if we're ever to be made new again
The current of this currency is pain
Painting me golden
Painting me golden
Painting me
Painting me gold
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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