We Came As Romans "Broken Statues"

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Show me your hands, Let me wash them clean. Show me your hands, Let me wash them clean.

We all need this, to be renewed. After time and wear, we're broken statues. Vines intertwined around your insides. Hold you down.

You beg for restoration. Your best has crumbled from being so weathered. So weathered.

We all deserve this, to be renewed.

To change our ways.

To change our ways, to be allowed to choose.

So let me build you back up,

As you are carrying me too.

As you are carrying me too!

Show me your hands. Let me wash them clean. Show me your heart. And let me heal you, let me heal you.

We're broken statues, vines intertwined. We're broken statues, vines intertwined.

[Show me your hands. Let me wash them clean. Show me your heart. And let me heal you, let me heal you.]

We will mend statues from the ground to the skies. We will mend statues from the ground to the skies.

Show me your hands! Show me your hands. Let me wash them clean. Show me your heart. And let me heal you, let me heal you.

Show me your hands. Let me wash them clean. Show me your hands. Let me wash them clean.

We will mend statues from the ground to the skies. We will mend statues from the ground to the skies.

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