

Armor For The Broken

"He Held Victory Within His Fists"

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I'm swept beneath my feet a wind
that guides me to places far away
we're trying to show an ounce of compassion
allow the wind to guide you, allow...
we've all stood amongst the giants
and measured the dirt looking for answers
(I'm looking for answers
in all the wrong places)
it's time to end this cycle
(somethings got to give)

we're building futures on burial grounds
replacing minds with wires (they'll pull you out)
and as I sit back I watch the world go numb

now your feeding them lies
will you forget me when I'm gone?
when the tidal waves fall
he held victory within his fists

we've all fed from the bottom
and followed the sky chasing the vultures
follow the sky...
why do we flinch
at the sight of helping hands
time was the last thing on your mind
if you could take it back
take back what you never had

I'll try to embrace the end with open arms
if these words give you comfort
I ask for repetition

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