

## **Cruel Hand "Motions That Lie"**

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I am caught  
There's no way out  
of an endless existence;  
created myself.  
My days are aligned  
none too defined.  
Living and breathing are motions that lie.  
Endless weeks,  
end me please.  
Hours that pass  
ours to bleed.  
I see no end  
the end sees me.  
He knows my face;  
I'm waiting to meet.  
Endless weeks  
End me please  
Hours that pass  
Ours to bleed  
This is a cycle  
so familiar, one that I cannot break.  
Every time that it starts over  
all this pressure  
increases in weight.  
increases in weight  
increases in weight  
endless weeks  
end me please  
hours that pass  
ours to  
bleed

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