

Cruel Hand

"One Cold Face"

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So constructive in your misfortune The mastermind of
your own destruction Feeling so small They start to
crawl to the shelter of shadows Cast by those bound to
fall What they don't know keeps them chained to
ground Never willing to leave or even look out The look
in their eye says ready to die Caught in a race for the
casket to lie I see their faces everyday One thousand
words in one cold face This is a vice for those who are
viceless A way out from the world for those without
ways out Distraction for some without ways to numb
Everything that comes when under the sun This is my
vice amongst other vices A means to ignore the whole
world that surrounds us This is my vice amongst other
vices A means to ignore the whole world I see their
faces everyday One thousand words in one cold face
One cold face One Cold Face

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