

## **Fit For Rivals**

### **"Cut Off Your Hands"**

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Pass this on as myÃ,Â epilogue.  
Heartless, selfish,Ã,Â alone they'll fall.  
Light theÃ,Â match, breathe in deep IÃ,Â cried.  
Lock the doors, let themÃ,Â burn inside.  
Cut off your handsÃ,Â there's no escaping.  
You try toÃ,Â get up to sever theÃ,Â craving.  
Redrawn, appease thisÃ,Â con, and recess back to  
whatÃ,Â you've become.  
The end isÃ,Â neigh, fading intoÃ,Â night.  
Vengeance, consequence,Ã,Â left entwined.  
Abhor theÃ,Â hopeless, apprise this crime,  
soonÃ,Â everything will be alright.  
YouÃ,Â think I've had enough, but I'm notÃ,Â giving up.  
You think I've hadÃ,Â enough.  
And I say.

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