

## **Freakwater** **"Flat Hand"**

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Flat hand, open palm  
Your mouth was screaming, your eyes were calm  
Flat land, 23rd Psalm  
Little Bo Peep, your sheep done gone

Flat hand to leave no trace  
Mark where the nail went, left a scratch across your  
face  
Flat land, glittering strand  
Lover's angels banished from the sand

No eyes shine brighter  
To the flailing, failing fighter  
Who once held above her head  
A glowing trembling lighter

No heart pounds harder to the sinking, drinking martyr  
Who trembled on the bank

As her last dream boat sank  
Beneath the deep and sleepless water

Holy Mary, hold the phone  
I want a little baby that's all my own  
Hold the line, hold me tight  
I got a hole in my arm and I can't get it right

Holy flesh, howlin' bones  
Run off and left me, all alone  
Hopped up boy, hothouse frail  
I got a hole in my arm and I know, I'm bound to fail

Blood of my blood is what you are  
No wise man's gift sent from afar  
Blood of my blood flows through your veins  
And bound our hearts in crimson chains

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