

Hund Bob

"Broken Hands"

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We aspire to be
Just like you as we
Fall to our knees to be grateful
If we could fake
What we should believe
We'd fool you into thinking we're grateful

Take what you want from me
Nobody's telling you
Where to go
Don't think I am so naive
To be fooled by these
Smokescreens

Confess to the priest
Absolve your sins
That eat you little by little
The dust settles into
Arms of hope
I'd break if you'd fold a little

We languish in the sun
Broken hands all blistered
Just trying to hold on
As we stood still on fire
Now and forever and
Now and forever

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