

The Stills

"Hands On Fire"

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It starts with a match
And the wind that blows
What you bury inside
What no one knows
Can I escape these
Hands that glow
It starts with a match
And the wind that blows

Not who I wanted to be
A thousand leagues under the sea
My hands are on fire

I'll make my move
With no eyes in sight
The slightest touch
The wrong choice
Makes it right
I saw the flames
Crawl up your spine
When the room got warm
I froze up inside

Not who I wanted to be
A thousand leagues under the sea
My hands are on fire

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