

## The Subtle Way "Melee"

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So when you know where my parts ache  
My dear remove your blades  
And tie my heartstrings back again  
Until they unwind

How long will my gears turn?  
How deep will my aim burn

Wait for the sirens to come around again  
I'll hide my hands from the rose  
Wait for them  
I'll hide my hands

Will my prints grace every shore?  
No bounds will break my oars  
'Cause I can see and I can breathe, I'm only hanging  
overboard  
So read my lips and fill me in cause I am not done  
breathing yet

Why sweeten our tongues, if only salt drips from our  
brow  
Why fill our own lungs, if not a word will make a sound  
There's no coincidence here  
We wouldn't climb just to look down  
Our words will sound

Take your time, I'll take mine

I know how hard it is to lift up a tired hand  
That's wide of the mark and quick in the sand  
Lift your hand.

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