

Us Against The Archers "The Hands"

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Please get yourself out of my dreams, So I can finally find sleep. And the skin that's draped over these bones will crawl to the vacant spots on the bedroom floor.

And when she finally came to me, I had nothing to say except:

I, I am fresh from the guillotine. And when her hands dropped down, I don't know what came over me and you. You only want to tear me apart, and I can't say I blame her.

Let's slow down, just enough to catch my breath. I don't want to hear a word.

How long did it take to stop my hands from shaking when I'm next to you? And you know...

Let's put our tongues to sleep, let our hands carry the conversation. And they say...

I, I am fresh from the guillotine. And when her hands dropped down, I don't know what came over me and you. You only want to tear me apart, and I can't say I blame her.

If I knew it was the last time that I got to see your face I would have nailed both our hands to the floor. And if we decide to end this then I might as well just die. We both know I can't stand on my own.

What's left when you leave me, a shell of what used to be, a boy who needs more than just some hands that will tear at me.

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