

Crooked Fingers

"What Will Become"

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Deliver me from this Body of Death,
I've found no help from within myself,
I've taken my life and filled it with pain,
Take sins hands from around my neck.
Complacent hands are choking me to death.

You said (you'd never leave me)
Take my hands (off my eyes)
Breath in me (breath of life)
Take my soul (take my life)

What will become of this world,
When it all burns,
When it all fades away,
These choices that we make,
Mean so much in the end.

I will lift up my hands,
Reaching for my security.

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