

## Ceremony

### "My Hands Are Made Of Spite"

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There's a conflict being fought that weighs us down as we ignore it.

We can taste it on our tongue, feel it burning through our skin.

Solutions can take away the years, still it lingers in the air we breathe.

Trying to escape the past each second sucks blood out of me.

Forced to wear all my misfortunes.

Grow up like a modern man, still I can't find time to made amends.

Such a hopeless wreck swearing with a spited tongue.

Everything I gave out, I am getting back.

When I die, I'll burn in hell, resting in a bed of sins

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