

## Eidola

### "Cruel Hands"

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If cruel, by cruel, be cruel and twist the knife  
If cruel, by cruel, be cruel and spread the suffering.

By cruel be proud for what your cruel hands made  
With loving eyes embrace the cruelty that was done  
today.

Do you feel, do you feel anything at all?  
Or is this all a numbness brought on by the world.

If cruel, by cruel, be cruel and spill the blood again  
If cruel, by cruel, be cruel and take me to the end.

Outcasted, pushed away  
From prying eyes a world away  
In body, mind and soul you're torn for evermore.

The blade sings a softer song  
And the screams a gentle lullaby engulfed  
In the swoon of sorrow, and ecstasy  
Until tomorrow when I cease to breath.

I look into your eyes and I see that there's a pain  
I could never truly understand  
The sorrow's sown deep within you  
Out of reach from a healing.

If cruel, by cruel, be cruel and end what in joy you  
began  
Fulfill what you set out to do lest I'm freed and my  
vengeance begin.

A bitter cold touch, exhibition of sin  
And a heart that is too far gone  
The tools that betray, the darkness from the day  
The shadows is where you remain.

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