

## Hands Like Houses

### "Spineless Crow"

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Streets, these visions, an origami city folding in  
Construction, creation, we are architects and kings  
Lifting street stones from their beds to build these  
homes from memory  
As we're tangled in our sleep

We were young together, but I've grown ancient  
Cracked and weathered and filled with regret  
Waiting to sink, rushing to sink in my sleep

The realisation sinks in through the skin like a disease,  
A blight inside of me  
Missing your touch, your weight on my fingers  
What was familiar becomes unfamiliar  
Give me an anchor, a lifeline to hold  
Bring me back to something I know for sure

We were young together, but I've grown ancient  
Cracked and weathered and filled with regret  
Waiting to sink, rushing to sink in my sleep

Locked away, a dream-dweller pale from hiding with  
secrets  
Deeper than daylight dares, dares to seek  
Come out, emerge!  
Hands to our eyes, over-exposed for all we are  
Oh, for all we are

We were young together, but I've grown ancient  
Cracked and weathered and filled with regret  
Waiting to sink, rushing to sink in my sleep

Lay me down in a den of dreamers  
Put me to rest on a bed of sleepers

Doubt is a plague  
We'll never be safe here again  
When all their eyes are tied to me  
Just carry the conversation please

We were young, sandcastle kings building empires,

cities and homes  
Architects tangled up, tangled up in our sleep  
Wake up, wake up, wake up

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