

Hands Like Houses

"The Sower"

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I wade through the earth
Sowing my own, bound up in discords
Spread in the stones
Planting deep into ready fears
Soak in these heavy rains
Break from your chrysalis beneath the clay
Though I leave you behind
I'm all the while, wanting to make my way home
All the while, watching to see just how you've grown

I'm the seeds among you, I am emerald blades
With other sides and deeper shades
Oh, I'm the weeds among you, I'm constriction
I'm the tightness in your chest
I could ruin you

I am the horizon, the sinking sun
I'm the buried, the believer, the tomorrow that will
come
The tomorrow that will come

I'm the seeds among you, I am emerald blades
With other sides and deeper shades
Oh, I'm the weeds among you, I'm constriction
I'm the tightness in your chest
I could ruin you

I could ruin you

Convict me of the devil in the details
Of these crimes; oh, so meticulous were we
Of passion; I'll plead guilty
I'll plead guilty to every taken chance

Cause I am tangled machinery, I am wreckage
Distinguish the scars between;
The pleasure as you dragged me down,
Or the shards as they dragged you free

I am the knotted anchors below the ground
I'm the shadow that weighs you down

I'm the ghost on your lips, the phantom's kiss
I'll be the page of your book that's missing

I'm the seeds among you, I am emerald blades
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