

Pressure 4-5 "These Hands"

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Life, it's like I'm never there
Time, I've got no more to spare
Awake to the sound of a million people
Look around to see that no one's there

Breaking out of a new cell
What you wanted to be
Try to reason, try to think
Want some sympathy

Used, these hands are used and dirty
And screaming for something new
Wait, I've waited for so long
To break away from all that's wrong

But it's inconsequential, it seems nothing matters
It seems nothing matters unless you scream

Breaking out of a new cell
What you wanted to be
Try to reason, try to think
Want some sympathy

Used, these hands are used and dirty
And screaming for something new
You said nothing

Break up the pieces, they're killing you slowly
No fiction fact or fantasy could make you see

Breaking out of a new cell
What you wanted to be
Try to reason, try to think
Want some sympathy

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