

## **Salt The Wound "From My Hands"**

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With death in my hands I'll clean myself of all this filth  
scratching out the stains of a lying tongue that spoke,  
as chords from the string I'll pull myself out of this and  
cast this life of shit into the flood and rise above where  
I belong.

Drenched in self-righteousness I'm letting go of  
apathy, I won't put up the front of a victim anymore.  
So sick of cheap excuses from everyone I know I'm  
scattering the ashes of who I was.

Letting go of the person I used to be looking back and  
laughing at what I once believe.

Escaping the plagues of my life, and letting go of my  
regret, I'm casting my past in the flood forgetting  
every line we spent.

With death in my hands I'll clean myself of this. (2x)  
Scratching out the stains of every lie that you spoke,  
sarcasm infecting everything you say, with my scarred  
hands I'll pull myself out and rise above all this where I  
belong, from my scarred hands I am reborn.

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