

## Sleeping At Last "Careful Hands"

Visit "[Careful Hands](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Put your coat on, this city trembles.  
Keep your chin up, as you untangle God  
From cold blood and bruises.

We are X-rays of something broken.  
Cursive bloodlines write every forecast:  
An orchestration  
Of dissonance and innocent surrender.

When our color dies,  
We will bury the ashes of time,  
And we will earn new eyes.

Wrists get tired rewriting futures.  
Bodies beg us to be creatures of habit.  
We are creatures of habit.

Only with careful hands  
We'll turn their fangs into feathers and cures.  
Only with careful hands  
We'll divide the prisoner  
From the pioneer.

Clever beauty,  
Umbrellas folding.  
In architecture, our lines will measure  
A map to find us.  
Blue ink will guide us home.

Cranes are creeping, lifting metal,  
We will find new ways to settle,  
Tipping scales from the killer to it's prey

I can feel the weight around us,  
Climbing every rib inside us,  
A sanctuary in a lion's mouth.

Visit [Sleeping At Last](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.