

## Veneria

# "Violets In My Hand"

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This is a story about a man  
A short story about the violence in his hand  
On automatic trigger  
He ain't used to taking shit  
So no one's giving it  
And his ego's getting bigger  
He's scarred by his own civil war  
Hate ÆfÂçâ, -" he hurts the ones he hates  
He hurts the ones he loves and don't care for  
The reaper sleeps on his floor

Violence, violence in his hand

As a child he slept on rainy roofs  
Safe from his father's cloven hooves  
And his mother's eyes of fire  
They never figured out what it all meant  
The fear of descent  
So, rising from the pyre and the smoke  
Redeemingly soaked by the rain  
To wash away the pain  
To loosen up the strain upon his mind  
He still keeps it inside

Violence, violence in his hands

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