

## Helping Hands

Amoral

This, all this used to rhyme  
Had it's place and time  
One perfect line

You, you were my guide  
The voice inside  
The one to lie

My body aches from all the aid  
Near-fatal blows from helping hands  
The fastest way to a heart is through the  
chest with the knife  
It'll take my death for you to come alive

I, I was led astray  
Lost along the way  
Lost among the pray

Now, all there's left to do  
To make sure that you won't follow suit

My body aches from all the aid  
Near-fatal blows from helping hands  
The fastest way to a heart is through  
the chest with the knife  
It'll take my death for you to come  
alive