

## Bloody Knuckles

### Strung Out

This phalanx that we are with hearts up on our shields  
We are holding  
But not for long  
One by one we fall only here to rise again  
In fields of armor we remain  
Our bodies twisted by the words we can't explain  
Bloody knuckles stain the walls and poison fills my lungs  
As the beauty of your voice cuts me down  
And though we weave in motion through the passing of our days  
We are devotion  
We are the pain  
We are beauty  
That lost its way  
Broken hearts we sing along to  
The hymns of our devotion  
We gave it all and we lost our minds  
We don't need to be forgiven  
It's like falling on our swords  
Just for taking a stand  
It's the journey of love  
That we'll never understand  
Beauty in our union like a fire in the void  
Serenading the hopeless like passing of days  
Through it all we knew we'd stand like the brave  
No beginning  
No end  
With Like names old as days  
Without solitude  
Without thought  
Without feeling  
With bloody knives  
And razor blades  
We die for our devotion  
We gave it all  
We lost our minds  
We don't need to be forgiven  
Forgiven you never asked to be alive  
Forgiven for all the hell that you survived  
Forgiven