

Hands Of Orlac

Birdeatsbaby

How I'd like to shake this body off
I want to adore the hands that hate us all
My darling there must be pieces missing
Drink to us and swear to tell no one
What becomes of you

How I'd like to shake this body off
A feather to the storm
The hands that break the soul
They will keep us spinning
Now you're saying things you've never meant

We're really not so different
We'll isolate the enemies
And make them helpless just like me
I'm like my father, sire, father, liar
Father, sire, father, liar

How I'd like to shake this body off
And to scratch away these thorns
The hands that will not hold
And they will not help us
Now I sleep at night

How do the hands keep bearing down on me?