

Hands

Bumblefoot

Hands untied speak my mind
I had so much to say
For longest time the words weren't mine
I died an empty slave
I lost my sense of touch (I lost my sense of me)
And I was drunk with puke (shrunk every time I breathed)
My hands told wasted time (my time was not complete)
I killed time swatting flies (while roaming landfill
stink)
I lost my sense of sight (cause through my hands I see)
And what I knew wasn't true (the dummy wasn't me)
I took my coat of pins (and turned it inside out)
I rid my bones of skin (and rid myself of sound)
Hands, tired hands, dirty pants
The cardhouse man fell down
Now silence is peace - speaks to me
What once was said by sound
I'm free
I'm remembering who I am
My hands can feel again...