

Broken Hands

For All Eternity

Purpose, isn't found in my broken hands or my selfishness.

Everything they have told me has broken my spirit,
and it has left me, without a plan or a purpose for this life
that i am meant to lead.

I'm a broken man, I find no purpose in these hands, I can't build anything for myself.

They have left me, with no guideline or outline of what or who
I am meant to be.

Everything's unclear (everything that I see here), so tell me what,
what do you expect from me?

I'm just a broken man, gripping to life with a broken hand.

I wish, I had the strength to live a life, a life free of regret.

All these thoughts running through my head, in my own strength,
I think I'd just wind up dead.

Lend me a helping hand, someone teach me to be a better man.

It's like I've heard it all before. Give me a reason to breathe
or I won't breathe at all.

Living through all this pain, living amongst this hate, I can't
bear another day.

What could I do, what could I say, that could make this pain go
away,

What could I do, what could I say, I can't bear another day, and
it's eating me away.

I am alone and cold, hopeless and broken and wretched with no
place to go.

I am alone and cold, in desperate need of a purpose and a chance
of hope.

I wish, I had the strength to live a life, a life, full of hope.

To live a life, free of regret.

Give me the strength.