

## Broken Hands

## Hundred Reasons

We aspire to be  
Just like you as we  
Fall to our knees to be grateful  
If we could fake  
What we should believe  
We'd fool you into thinking we're grateful

Take what you want from me  
Nobody's telling you  
Where to go  
Don't think I am so naive  
To be fooled by these  
Smokescreens

Confess to the priest  
Absolve your sins  
That eat you little by little  
The dust settles into  
Arms of hope  
I'd break if you'd fold a little

We languish in the sun  
Broken hands all blistered  
Just trying to hold on  
As we stood still on fire  
Now and forever and  
Now and forever