

Wrest Your Hands

New Bomb Turks

Well it's the death of your soul yeah baby
Yeah the way of your mind
Play the Hand to the man
Let's us touch up in the full in his mouth?
Yeah there's a long walk ahead
Yeah but those cats that can't speak their soul should sense away
But each one [?]

Yeah as I call the shots before you come by the stone
to find you long your last chance at yourself
[?] wrest your hands from fate
and be your own god tonight
Alright

Well it looks like inflation sunk your two cents to the dirt
Just meet your don't have to buy into anything
(Especially this)
and there's a long walk ahead
and those who can't speak their soul
let the words flow and never shut up tonight

Yeah as I call the shots before you come by the stone
finally lost your chance at yourself
[?] wrest your hands from fate
and be your own, yeah be your own god tonight