

## These Hands

Pressure 4-5

Life. It's like I'm never there  
Time. I've got no more to spare  
Awake to the sound of a million people  
Look around to see  
That no one's there

Breaking out of a new cell  
What you wanted to be  
Try to reason  
Try to think  
Want some sympathy

Used. These hands are used and dirty  
And screaming for something new

Wait. I've waited for so long  
To break away from all that's wrong  
But it's inconsequential  
It seems nothing matters  
It seems nothing matters unless you scream

Used. These hands are used and dirty  
And screaming for something new

You said...nothing

Break up the pieces, they're killing you slowly  
No fiction fact or fantasy could make you see