

# The Coldest Hands

Radical Face

I see you watching  
I see your old rusty hands  
I see you drawing your lines through the things they do

The talk and the walk and the teeth and the spaces in between  
Yeah, I know how to steal 'cause I learned from you

You are the rot, you are the underline  
You are the fault beneath the plan  
And all you've ever built is with the coldest hands

And I was the fix, I was the anchor  
I was the card up your sleeve  
And all I ever did was wait and say please

The moon, and the sky, and the blood, and the bones  
And the rocks, and the shadows on the walls  
They're riddled with the faces, names  
And waste of our collective thoughts

When we were young we shaped the world  
Like it was clay beneath our hands  
And as far as we were concerned it was ours to damn  
And now we're older, not quite so bold  
And we've got the coldest hands  
And we mess things up  
So do us all a favor and come wreck our plans  
Before we smash you against the walls