

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