

Wicked Hands

Ruston Kelly

It was a can of paint
With an ironic name
Black Magic shade
Over the fireplace
And you turned away
As Sufjan sang
Is there dignity in death
If there isn't any hope left
But I know I tried to be
What I thought you needed me to be
But I was becoming something
That would never be me
I heard the mating call
For everything that made us fall
Out of the promised land
With bags of contraband

I'm stranded in the desert
With my empty and wicked hands
Just trying to find my way before I'm lost
But I cannot keep living with the memory
Of all the heartbreak
I swore that I forgot

And in the early light
I find my enemy lines
And I bend into the dream
That today I will make peace
With that box of things
That's still haunting me
So I take it to the trash
Throw it in and I don't look back
'Cause I know there's more to me
Than even I have seen
So I get up and keep on fighting
In spite of me
I hear the siren call
For everything that makes me fall
Far from the promised land
Looking for heroin

And I wake up in the morning
With my ugly and wicked hands
I just cannot bear the weight of all I've lost
'Cause I cannot keep doing all the same things
And pretend like there will not be a cost

All this time I thought it was a lost fight
To get back everything I left behind my
Days of rage and shame
I still don't understand

God help me hide
My wicked hands
God help me hide
My wicked hands
God help me hide

My wicked hands
God help me hide
My wicked hands