

# 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