

These Hands

Tech N9ne

See these hands reach through the darkness
A voice to call your name
When you claim that you've been rescued
It's me you really saved

These two hands
Reaching out to get you out wherever you stand
My mind putting lies in a newsstand
I'm just looking for a way to get a new strand move man
Who playing moves on my Holy Ghost
Haunting myself 'til it goes for broke
My medicine's evident, take a spoon relish it
You don't get a second chance of me overdosed
Pain in the eyes ain't minimized
They ain't gonna die, ain't never gonna break you and I
Stake is so high, taking a stride
Ache in my hand, when I wanna wake you, rise
These hands been trying to get you some peace, a bit of composure
But they come with the beef and a fist I must keep
When they're reaching for closure

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When I put the pen to the paper then repeat the ritual
I'm teleporting to a place
Beyond the all the limits, the stratospheric sound
The race of speed of light I meditate
I'm searching for a haven or a shelter at the center
I'm a nervous wreck, I contemplate
The ricochet of fact that saving you is saving me
Without each other we disintegrate
We're in this together
Surviving this Planet through hate and the madness
And differences, we're vigorous with ignorance
Vicious maliciously plan to facilitate sadness
We're birds of a feather, come from the same cloth
To survive this endeavour while thank you all hardly
Part of me is lost in the darkness without you I'm fallen forever

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These hands have an angel touch
But that doesn't mean that I never had 'em mangled up
By the teeth of a demon, stop them when it came to luck
'Cause I bang so tough, battling to change your luck
Tangled up and live in enough sin
Seeing my mother tussle with a demon and cussing
I can see you never trust 'em when he gave her concussions
I seen the blood it was gushing from hella consumption, abducted
Man it was cowardice, my angel was powerless
I'm wishing that it get seconds, minutes, an hour less

These hands throughout my elegant feed span
Will never reband but are sick and disease ran
People are tryna kill you
But evil it never will do
Nothing in dying, feel you crying, heal you
These hands will make a demon fry and die in mildew

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