

From My Hands

Salt The Wound

With death in my hands I'll clean myself of all this filth
Scratching out the stains of a lying tongue that spoke, as Chords from the string
I'll pull myself out of this and Cast this life of shit into the flood and rise above where I belong.
Drenched in self-righteousness I'm letting go of apathy, I Won't put up the front of a victim anymore.
So sick of cheap excuses from everyone I know I'm Scattering the ashes of who I was.
Letting go of the person I used to be looking back and Laughing at what I once believe.
Escaping the plagues of my life, and letting go of my Regret, I'm casting my past in the flood forgetting every Line we spent.
With death in my hands I'll clean myself of this. [2x]
Scratching out the stains of every lie that you spoke, Sarcasm infecting everything you say, with my scarred Hands I'll pull myself out and rise above all this where I Belong, from my scarred hands I am reborn.