

## Dead Hands

The Flatliners

We'll stretch the skin out till it hurts  
A smile from ear to ear  
Your side of the story,  
The worst  
Attempt at preventing tears  
Here I am, the archetype of words  
Give me a moment!  
And I'll make it worse!

The flesh it opens in cold blood,  
It's put to paper with a  
Constant upper hand I could  
Claim to be at peace with it  
Or I could set fire to your dying wit!  
Welcome to heartbreak!  
You're gonna drown in it!  
And I'll be on the ocean floor!

Black hearts dead hands!  
The ink has finally run dry from this lonely pen!  
The cardiac arrest is worse  
When honest spines are still  
The blade it ruptures no remorse  
But a hell of a way to feel  
Your insides flatten out and flee the course  
And a tangled conscience creates a new Cold War  
I won't be your open door!

Black hearts dead hands!  
The ink has finally run dry from this tragic pen!  
Black hearts dead hands!  
We'll sink down to the bottom while you're busy sifting sands!  
Your cold dead hands! Those cold dead hands!

I'd like to thank the sands of time for burying us both just right!