

# Lamb Of God, Broken Hands

I can feel your fear and weakness  
I see my own in the mirrors of your eyes  
Carved into a corner hopeless  
There's death ahead and doom behind

There's a bad storm blowing in  
And most of us won't make it  
The wreckage of your past  
Means nothing now, forsake it

The memories cripple you  
You're torn apart, your doubt must  
Die

It only fell apart 'cause you let it  
Bled of all you had to lose  
Pick up the pieces with your broken  
Hands

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Well there's those that do  
And those that just do talking  
We're all going through hell  
It's burn or keep on walking

The blackguards sing their shanty  
Pure death riding the wind  
Right now it's do or die  
How will you choose to live?

The memories that ruin you  
You're torn apart your doubt must  
Die

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You best belay self-pity  
Locked in devastation's throes  
The noose awaits you swinging  
A blade of malice cuts the rope

Hostility ensues, no attempt to repent  
Your struggles vindicate the illest of intent  
Die

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