

Revelation Theory, M367 (Out Of Our Hands)

Pain troubles me, filled up, it lives in here.
Cold air I breathe, full of mistakes I've made.
Stay back. It's out of our hands.
Try too hard. Try to understand.
It's out of our hands.
There's nothing to hide, we're helpless and this world is never changing.
And all that we had is turning to grey.
Crossed apathy, crawled up, I feel like hell.
Forced fear it seems, life has encompassed me.
Stay back. It's out of our hands.
Try too hard. Try to understand.
It's out of our hands.
There's nothing to hide, we're helpless and this world is never changing.
And all that we had is turning to grey.
I'm holding up these paper walls and you keep telling us all, "It's ok";
You turn around, you turn around and say...
You turn around, you turn around and say...
Turn around, you turn around and say...
You turn around, you turn around and say
Stay back. It's out of our hands.
Try too hard. Try to understand.
It's out of our hands.
There's nothing to hide, we're helpless and this world is never changing.
We've done all we can so cover my eyes.
We're blind at night.
This world is never changing.
And all that we have is turning to grey.