

Damiera, Broken Hands

We build with broken hands
Keeps us impressed with our lies
Almost courageous
Enough to face our selfishness
Unactive while we stand
We save our legs for fist fights
This absence masks us jealous contagious wrecks
Stalled now we are creeping to stealness at our safety's displace
Caught in astounding fulfillment as we let up
Are we accepting?
Are we repairing?
Are we shut down?
Are we contained in our pride?
Are we accepting?
Are we repairing?
Are we shut down?
Are we contained in our pride?
Found acrobatic animosity
Active sealant as we peel away
Disguises built to hide
Are we accepting?
Are we repairing?
Are we shut down?
Are we contained in our pride?
Are we accepting?
Are we repairing?
Are we shut down?
Are we contained in our pride?