

Greenwood, Arms Of My Father

Broken arms of quiet stillness tend to cover me
Banished echoes of my soul
Careful polish makes the edges seem much sharper
But the rust inside still makes me cold
As I scream

Father free me from the questions I am asking
Nothing new beneath the sun
What is freedom, what is purpose, what is real?
The cries of a heart undone

The dirt beneath my fingers reminds me of my searching
I'm only living breath by breath
A time to cry, a time to heal, a time to lift my eyes once more
Another hit of crystal meth

But you said nothing can tear me away from the arms of my father

She sits inside a wooden box of her devising
Bangs her head against a wall
She's waiting for a knight in shining armour who isn't coming
Softly damns her crystal ball
As she screams

He's broken in his body heart and mind
Why did he try so hard?
It only took five minutes for his dreams to fall to pieces
Alone in a construction yard.
But you said nothing can tear me away

Not angels, nor demons, nor death, nor life,
Not papers, nor stalemates, not the blood on the knife.
Not the height of the mountain, the depths of the sea,
Not you or your arguments, not even me..
Nothing can tear me away
From the arms of my father