

Social Code, Bomb Hands

With a match in his hands
He breaks down the tallest buildings
He's a bomb and his fuse is always burning
Everything he touches always falls to pieces
The pain and the rage eases everything
I'm tied to your tragedies
I'm tired of your miseries
Swearing on me

Like your bomb hands
Like your bomb hands
Like your bomb hands get back
Get back

In the mirror I see reflections of your laughing
I'd get away but I'm handcuffed to his heartbeat
Everything he touches always falls to pieces
The pain and the rage eases everything
I'm tied to your tragedies
I'm tired of your miseries
Swearing on me

Like your bomb hands
Like your bomb hands
Like your bomb hands get back
Get back

Match to the flint to the fuse to the fuel
From the spark to the clock as the seconds start to drop
Match to the flint to the fuse to the fuel
From the spark to the clock as the seconds start to drop

Like your bomb hands
Like your bomb hands
Like your bomb hands
Like that like that
Like your bomb hands
Like your bomb hands
Like your bomb hands get back
Get back

Tock tick tock tick tock tick tock