

I've an image in my pocket  
Of some dark demon  
That temptation brought to life  
And it chokes all of my breath out  
I'm scratching and screaming'  
'Til morning comes to night

Place your hand  
My body will decide  
Place your hand  
My anger will subside

There are fragments of possessions  
Shards of past relations  
Splintering my skin  
A fear so black and hollow  
It can suffocate creation  
And refuse to let you in

Place your hand  
My body will decide  
Place your hand  
My anger will subside

And they speak to me like prophets in my dreams  
Speak to me like prophets in my dreams  
Shouting like prophets in my dreams

Sometimes I think it's easy  
Too easy for the living  
To receive the promised land  
Can flesh provide the answer  
The reaction for sensation  
Justify your hand

Place your hand  
My body will decide  
Place your hand  
My anger will subside