

I Am

Hands Like Houses

The disconnect
Is welling up
And good intentions are not enough.
Your words are weary Their hearts are strained
And idle vows find the deepest pains.
I'm sick, I'm tired
Of hollow hope Of promises, empty
Your way with words
They're feeding back inside my head
Oh, the things I could say that won't change a thing.
I am not the same
I won't feed on fame.
You're one of a thousand voices
In my head that all just sound the same.
If mine never made a difference
It won't make the meaning change. You're one of a thousand voices
In my head that all just sound the same.
If I will make a change
It's by my words and not my name. I'm tired, I'm sick
Of misfit beggars
With able tongues and easy outs.
I hear you clearer than you hear yourself.
Bite down on your blindness, and spit it out.
I am not the same
I won't feed on fame.
You're one of a thousand voices
In my head that all just sound the same
If mine never made a difference It won't make the meaning change
You're one of a thousand voices
In my head that all just sound the same
If I will make a change
It's by my words and not my name. I won't sink into the sea of grey (A violence of colour)
I won't melt into the of angels
I'll step up and scream it -
I am dissonant.
(A violence of colour)
You're one of a thousand voices
In my head that all just sound the same
If mine never made a difference
It won't make the meaning change
You're one of a thousand voices
In my head that sound the same

If I will make a change
It's by my words and not my name.

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