

Hinweis zur Entstehung und zu den Rechten dieses Songs: Dieser Songtext ist Teil eines künstlerischen Projekts im Kontext von Arbeitssicherheit, Prävention und Safety-Kultur. Text, Idee und inhaltliches Konzept stammen von René Noël. Die musikalische Umsetzung, Arrangements und Stimmen wurden mithilfe KI-basierter Musiksoftware erstellt und anschließend kuratiert, bewertet und freigegeben.

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Steel and Grind

My hands know steel, they know the grind,
they know the weight of working time.
They've learned the feel of every edge,
every moment you don't get a second chance.

They grab, they hold, they never lie,
they feel the danger passing by.
One sharp mistake, one careless move,
and the day goes south before it's through.

That's why I wear
what protects my hands.
Not out of fear,
but respect for the work I stand.

Against the cut,
against the bite,
against what hurts when you don't see it in time.
These gloves don't talk,
they don't complain,
they keep my work
where it belongs – safe.

Some substances look clean and calm,
but leave their mark beneath your skin.
They take their time, they don't rush in,
until you feel what you're really in.

I learned not everything you touch
is meant to be held bare and rough.
One wrong call is all it takes
to understand what protection means.

That's why I wear
what protects my hands.
Not because I have to,
but because experience understands.

Against chemicals,
against the blade,
against the risks that quietly stay.
These gloves don't shine,
they don't pretend,
they make sure
I can do it all again.

These hands
brought me this far.
And I plan
to keep it that way –
till the shift is done,
till I'm back home,
till tomorrow.

I wear
what protects my hands.
They're my tools,
they're who I am.

Without them
no craft,
no grip,
no pride.
Protection's not weakness –
it's how you stay in the game.

You might not notice
what I'm wearing today.
But my hands are still here.

And that's everything.