

The Hammer Holds

Bebo Norman

A shapeless piece of steel,
That's all I claim to be
This hammer pounds to give me form,
This flame, it melts my dreams
I glow with fire and fury,
As I'm twisted like a vine
My final shape, my final form
I'm sure I'm bound to find

So dream a little, dream for me
In hopes that I'll remain
And cry a little, cry for me
So I can bear the flames
And hurt a little, hurt for me
My future is untold
But my dreams are not the issue here,
For they, the hammer holds

And the water, it cools me gray,
And the hurt's subdued somehow
I have my shape, this sharpened point,
What is my purpose now?
And the question still remains,
What am I to be?
Perhaps some perfect piece of art
Displayed for all to see

So dream a little, dream for me
In hopes that I'll remain
And cry a little, cry for me
So I can bear the flames
And hurt a little, hurt for me
My future is untold
But my dreams are not the issue here,
For they, the hammer holds

The hammer pounds again,
But flames I do not feel
This force that drives me, helplessly,
Through flesh, and wood reveals
A burn that burns much deeper,
It's more than I can stand
The reason for my life was to take
The life of a guiltless man

So dream a little, dream for me
In hopes that I'll remain
And cry a little, cry for me
So I can bear the pain
And hurt a little, hurt for me,
My future is so bold
But my dreams are not the issue here,
For they, the hammer holds

This task before me may seem unclear
But it, my maker holds
Tištěno z www.txp.cz