

Hold

Well you can hold your hands together all you please
Won't erase those tender tidings you endured
You were just another family member on their knees
Just a social work statistic out the door
They beat against the tender sightings of your soul
With all those pretty little hammers of control
And where they are tonight well you will never know
But I swear that I will find them now

More

It's more than just a simple question of decay
More than all those fists that beat into your door
It's more than all the shrinks that told you you're okay
It's more than anything that I have waited for
They beat against the tender sightings of your soul
With all those pretty little hammers of control
And if they even can remember I don't know
But I swear that they'll remember now

Home

It's just another word you'll always push away
Just a memory you wear outside your clothes
And it will burn down into cinders and some day
They will burrow down to their parental holes
They beat against the tender sightings of your soul
With all those pretty little hammers of control
And if they've ever paid a price well I don't know
But I swear that they will pay one now